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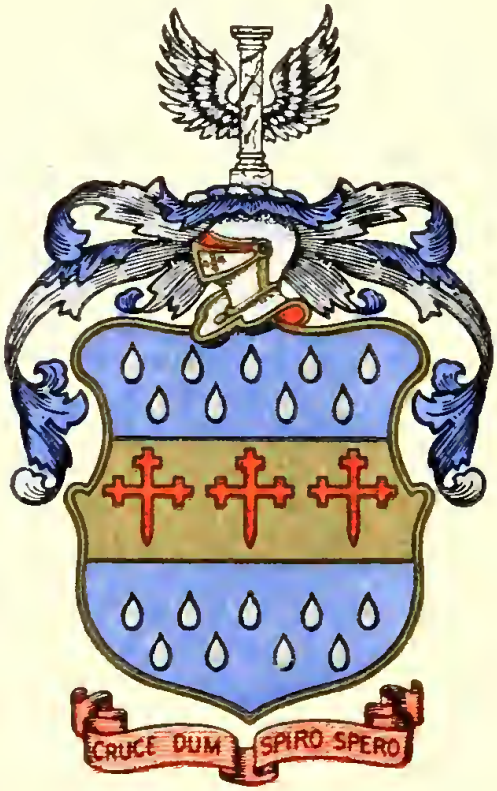

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De Wilde pinxt Audinet Sculp.

Mr DIMOND as PHILASTER,

Dear Arethusa, do but take this Sword,
And search how temperate a heart I have.

London Printed for J. Bell, British Library, Strand, Octr 1st 1791.

PHILASTER.

WILLIAM & MARY DARLINGTON.
THEATRICAL LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

A

TRAGEDY.

AS ALTERED FROM

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

ADAPTED FOR

THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRES-ROYAL,

DRURY-LANE, AND COVENT-GARDEN.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOKS,

By Permission of the Managers.

"The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation."

LONDON:

Printed for the Proprietors, under the Direction of

JOHN BELL, British Library, STRAND,

Bookseller to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

M DCC XCI.

On comparing this play with the original, the reasons assigned by the Editor in his Advertisement, for the alterations he had presumed to make, were so obvious, it was judged to be more acceptable to the reader in its present form, than as originally written.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE present age, though it has done honour to its own discernment by the applauses paid to Shakspere, has, at the same time, too grossly neglected the other great masters in the same school of writing. The pieces of Beaumont and Fletcher in particular, (to say nothing of Jonson, Massinger, Shirley, &c.) abound with beauties, so much of the same colour with those of Shakspere, that it is almost unaccountable, that the very age which admires one, even to idolatry, should pay so little attention to the others; and, while almost every poet or critic, at all eminent in the literary world, have been ambitious of distinguishing themselves, as editors of Shakspere, no more than two solitary editions of Beaumont and Fletcher, and one of those of a very late date, have been published in the present century.

The truth is, that nature indeed is in all ages the same; but modes and customs, manners and languages, are subject to perpetual variation. Time in-

sensibly renders writings obsolete and uncouth, and the gradual introduction of new words and idioms brings the older forms into disrepute and disuse. But the intrinsic merit of any work, though it may be obscured, must for ever remain; as antique coins, or old plate, though not current or fashionable, still have their value, according to their weight.

The injuries of modern innovation in the state of letters may be in a great measure repaired, by rendering the writings of our old authors familiar to the public, and bringing them often before them. How many plays are there of Shakspere, now in constant acting, of which the directors of the theatres would scarce hazard the representation, if the long-continued, and, as it were, traditional approbation of the public had not given a sanction to their irregularities, and familiarized the diction! The language even of our Liturgy and Bible, if we may venture to mention them on this occasion, would perhaps soon become obsolete and unintelligible to the generality, if they were not constantly read in our churches. The stile of our authors, especially in this play, is often remarkably plain and simple, and only raised or enriched by the sentiments. It is the opinion of Dryden, that even "Shakspere's language is a little obsolete in comparison of theirs; and that the English language in "them arrived to its highest perfection; what words "have since been taken in, being rather superfluous, "than necessary."

Philaster has always been esteemed one of the best productions of Beaumont and Fletcher; and, we are told by Dryden, was the first play that brought them into great reputation. The beauties of it are indeed so striking and so various, that our authors might in this play almost be said to rival Shakspere, were it not for the many evident marks of imitation of his manner. The late editors of Beaumont and Fletcher conceive, that the poets meant to delineate, in the character of Philaster, a Hamlet racked with the jealousy of Othello; and there are several passages, in this play, where the authors have manifestly taken fire from similar circumstances and expressions in Shakspere, particularly some, that will readily occur to the reader, as he goes along, from Othello, Hamlet, Cymbeline, and Lear.

To remove the objections to the performance of this excellent play on the modern stage, has been the chief labour, and sole ambition, of the present editor. It may be remembered, that The Spanish Curate, The Little French Lawyer, and Scornful Lady, of our authors, as well as The Silent Woman of Jonson, all favourite entertainments of our predecessors, have, within these few years, encountered the severity of the pit, and received sentence of condemnation. That the uncommon merit of such a play as Philaster might be universally acknowledged and received, it appeared necessary to clear it of ribaldry and obscenity, and

to amend a gross indecency in the original constitution of the fable, which must have checked the success due to the rest of the piece, nay, indeed, was an insuperable obstacle to its representation.

But though the inaccuracies and licentiousness of the piece were inducements (according to the incudi reddere *of Horace) to put it on the anvil again, yet nothing has been added more than was absolutely necessary, to make it move easily on the new hinge, whereon it now turns: nor has any thing been omitted, except what was supposed to have been likely to obscure its merit, or injure its success. The pen was drawn, without the least hesitation, over every scene now expunged, except the first scene of the third act, as it stands in the original; in regard to which, the part that Philaster sustains in it occasioned some pause: but, on examination, it seemed that Dion's falsification of facts in that scene was inconsistent with the rest of his character, though very natural in such a person as Megra: and though we have in our times seen the sudden and instantaneous transitions from one passion to another remarkably well represented on the stage, yet Philaster's emotions appeared impossible to be exhibited with any conformity to truth or nature. It was therefore thought adviseable to omit the whole scene; and it is hoped, that this omission will not be disapproved, and that it will not appear to have left any void or chasm in the action;*

since the imputed falsehood of Arethusa, after being so industriously made public to the whole court, might very naturally be imagined to come to the knowledge of Philaster in a much shorter interval, than is often supposed to elapse between the acts; or even between the scenes of some of our old plays.

The scenes in the fourth act, wherein Philaster, according to the original play, wounds Arethusa and Bellario, and from which the piece took its second title of Love Lies a Bleeding, have always been censured by the critics. They breathe too much of that spirit of blood, and cruelty, and horror, of which the English tragedy hath often been accused. The hero's wounding his mistress hurt the delicacy of most; and his maiming Bellario sleeping, in order to save himself from his pursuers, offended the generosity of all. This part of the fable, therefore, so injurious to the character of Philaster, it was judged absolutely requisite to alter; and a new turn has been given to all those circumstances: but the change has been effected by such simple means, and with so much reverence to the original, that there are hardly ten lines added on account of the alteration.

The rest of the additions or alterations may be seen at once, by comparing the present play with the original; if the reader does not, on such occasions, of himself too easily discover the patch-work of a modern hand.

There is extant in the works of the duke of Buckingham, who wrote The Rehearsal, and altered The Chances, an alteration of this play, under the title of The Restoration, or Right will take Place. The duke seems to have been very studious to disguise the piece, the names of the Dramatis Personæ, as well as the title, being entirely changed; and the whole piece, together with the prologue and epilogue, seemed intended to carry the air of an oblique political satire on his own times. However that may be, the duke's play is as little (if not less) calculated for the present stage, as the original of our author's. The character of Thrasomond (for so the duke calls the Spanish prince) is much more ludicrous than the Pharamond of Beaumont and Fletcher. Few of the indecencies or obscenities in the original are removed; and with what delicacy the adventure of Megra is managed, may be determined from the following specimen of his grace's alteration of that circumstance, not a word of the following extract being to be found in Beaumont and Fletcher.

Enter the guard, bringing in THRASOMOND, in drawers, muffled up in a cloak.

Guard. *Sir, in obedience to your commands,*
We stopt this fellow stealing out of doors.
[They pull off his cloak.

Agremont. *Who's this, the prince?*

Cleon. *Yes; he is incognito.*

King. *Sir, I must chide you for this looseness!*

You've wrong'd a worthy lady; but no more.

Thrasomond. *Sir, I came hither but to take the air.*

Cleon. *A witty rogue, I warrant him.*

Agremont. *Ay, he's a devil at his answers.*

King. *Conduct him to his lodgings.*

If to move the passions of pity and terror are the two chief ends of tragedy, there needs no apology for giving that title to the play of Philaster. If Lear, Hamlet, Othello, &c. &c. notwithstanding the casual introduction of comic circumstances in the natural course of the action, are tragedies; Philaster is so too. The duke of Buckingham entitles his alteration a tragi-comedy; but that word, according to its present acceptation, conveys the idea of a very different species of composition; a play, like The Spanish Friar, or Oroonoko, in which two distinct actions, one serious and the other comic, are unnaturally woven together; as absurd a medley (in the opinion of Addison) as if an epic writer was to undertake to throw into one poem the adventures of Æneas and Hudibras.

As to the form in which the piece is now submitted to the public, some, perhaps, will think that the editor has taken too many liberties with the original, and many may censure him for not having made a more thorough alteration. There are, it must be confessed, many things still left in the play, which may

be thought to lower the dignity of tragedy, and which would not be admitted in a fable of modern construction: but where such things were in nature, and inoffensive, and served at the same time as so many links in the chain of circumstances that compose the action, it was thought better to subdue in some measure the intemperance of the scenes of low humour, than wholly to reject or omit them. It would not have been in the power, nor indeed was it ever in the intention or desire, of the editor, to give Philaster the air of a modern performance; no more than an architect of this age would endeavour to embellish the magnificence of a gothic building with the ornaments of the Greek or Roman orders. It is impossible for the severest reader to have a meaner opinion of the editor's share in the work than he entertains of it himself. Something, however, was necessary to be done; and the reasons for what he has done have already been assigned; nor can he repent of the trouble he has taken, at the instance of a friend, whom he is happy to oblige, when he sees himself the instrument of restoring Philaster to the theatre, of displaying new graces in Mrs. Yates, and of calling forth the extraordinary powers of so promising a genius for the stage as Mr. Powell.

PHILASTER.

Is the only Tragedy of BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, which even occasionally revisits the modern stage.—No doubt a multitude of readers will be ready with the usual outcry against the bad taste of the times; but the fact is, so completely dissimilar are the manners of its characters from any thing which we perceive at present, that we revolt from its scenes if they are pretended to be PICTURES of LIFE, though, in the closet, they may amuse us highly as the rich production of fanciful imagination.

These Authors now and then flash forth with a burst of truth and nature—but no scene is unmixed with extravagance of sentiment, with passion evaporating in conceit, with colloquy often feeble and inefficient. They excel in descriptive passages, and fail in the tenour of mental transcript—their dialogue is a suit of sentences, in which the response is frequently inapposite to the demand, harsh in its construction, and obscure by the indefinite style of its expression.

The present Play has many improbabilities in its structure—PHILASTER is a shade of HAMLET the

Dane, mixed with a spice of the frenzy of Othello, and the torments of Posthumus. It is dangerous to blend passions; not from the difficulty, for it is more difficult to sustain *one grand* MASTER-PASSION than to fluctuate between opposing feelings; but because, for instance, the violence of JEALOUSY diminishes the sympathy for OPPRESSION; and the PRINCE dispossessed is lost in the LOVER, whose imaginary dishonour is known by the spectator to be ungrounded. —There is a confusion between *actual* WRONG and *supposititious* SUFFERING.

BELLARIO is a character innocent and unhappy— She cherishes a passion which deserves a reward from its generosity, and misses it only by a want of poetical justice.

PROLOGUE.

Written by GEORGE COLMAN, Esq. on Mr. POWELL's first Appearance at Drury-Lane.

WHILE modern tragedy, by rule exact,
Spins out a thin-wrought fable, act by act,
We dare to bring you one of those bold plays,
Wrote by rough English wits in former days;
Beaumont and Fletcher! those twin stars, that run
Their glorious course round Shakspere's golden sun;
Or when Philaster Hamlet's place supplied,
Or Bessus walk'd the stage by Falstaff's side.
Their souls, well pair'd, shot fire in mingled rays,
Their hands together twin'd the social bays,
Till fashion drove, in a refining age,
Virtue from court, and nature from the stage.
Then nonsense, in heroics, seem'd sublime;
Kings rav'd in couplets, and maids sigh'd in rhime.
Next, prim, and trim, and delicate, and chaste,
A hash from Greece and France, came modern taste.
Cold are her sons, and so afraid of dealing
In rant and fustian, they ne'er rise to feeling.
O say, ye bards of phlegm, say, where's the name
That can with Fletcher urge a rival claim?

Say, where's the poet, train'd in pedant schools,
Equal to Shakspere, who o'erleapt all rules?
Thus of our bards we boldly speak our mind;
A harder task, alas! remains behind:
To-night, as yet by public eyes unseen,
A raw, unpractis'd novice fills the scene.
Bred in the city, his theatric star
Brings him at length on this side Temple-Bar;
Smit with the muse, the ledger he forgot,
And when he wrote his name, he made a blot.
Him while perplexing hopes and fears embarrass,
Skulking (like Hamlet's rat) behind the arras,
Me a dramatic fellow-feeling draws,
Without a fee, to plead a brother's cause.
Genius is rare; and while our great comptroller,
No more a manager, turns arrant stroller,
Let new adventurers your care engage,
And nurse the infant saplings of the stage!

Dramatis Personæ.

DRURY-LANE.

Men.

KING, - - - - - - Mr. Packer.
PHILASTER, - - - - - A Young Gentlem.
PHARAMOND, - - - - Mr. Barrymore.
DION, - - - - - Mr. Fawcett.
CLEREMONT, - - - - - Mr. Phillimore.
THRASILINE, - - - - - Mr. Chaplin.
CAPTAIN, - - - - - Mr. Waldron.
COUNTRYMAN, - - - - Mr. Burton.
Messengers, { - - - - - Mr. Spencer. / Mr. Lyons.
Woodmen, { - - - - - Mr. Alfred. / Mr. Jones.

Women.

ARETHUSA, - - - - - Miss Collins.
EUPHRASIA, *disguised under the name of* Bellario, - - - - Mrs. Jordan.
MEGRA, *a* Spanish *lady*, - - Mrs. Ward.
GALATEA, - - - - - Miss Tidswell.
Lady, - - - - - - Miss Palmer.

SCENE, *Sicily.*

PHILASTER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An antechamber in the palace. Enter DION, CLEREMONT, *and* THRASILINE.

Cleremont.

HERE's nor lords nor ladies.

Dion. Credit me, gentlemen, I wonder at it. They received strict charge from the king to attend here. Besides, it was loudly published, that no officer should forbid any gentleman that desired to attend and hear.

Cler. Can you guess the cause?

Dion. Sir, it is plain, about the Spanish prince, that's come to marry our kingdom's heir, and be our sovereign.

Cler. Many, that will seem to know much, say, she looks not on him like a maid in love.

Thra. They say too, moreover, that the lady Megra (sent hither by the queen of Spain, Pharamond's mother, to grace the train of Arethusa, and attend her to her new home, when espoused to the prince)

carries herself somewhat too familiarly towards Pharamond; and it is whispered, that there is too close an intercourse between him and that lady.

Dion. Troth, perhaps there may; tho' the multitude (that seldom know any thing but their own opinions) speak what they would have. But the prince, before his own approach, received so many confident messages from the state, and bound himself by such indissoluble engagements, that I think their nuptials must go forwards, and that the princess is resolved to be ruled.

Cler. Sir, it is thought, with her he shall enjoy both these kingdoms of Sicily and Calabria.

Dion. Sir, it is, without controversy, so meant. But 'twill be a troublesome labour for him to enjoy both these kingdoms with safety, the right heir to one of them living, and living so virtuously; especially, the people admiring the bravery of his mind, and lamenting his injuries.

Cler. Who, Philaster?

Dion. Yes, whose father, we all know, was by our late king of Calabria unrighteously deposed from his fruitful Sicily. Myself drew some blood in those wars, which I would give my hand to be washed from.

Cler. Sir, my ignorance in state-policy will not let me know why, Philaster being heir to one of these kingdoms, the king should suffer him to walk abroad with such free liberty.

Dion. Sir it seems, your nature is more constant than to enquire after state-news. But the king,

of late, made a hazard of both the kingdoms of Sicily and his own, with offering but to imprison Philaster; at which the city was in arms, not to be charmed down by any state-order or proclamation, till they saw Philaster ride through the streets, pleased, and without a guard; at which they threw their hats and their arms from them, some to make bonfires, some to drink, all for his deliverance. Which, wise men say, is the cause the king labours to bring in the power of a foreign nation to awe his own with. [*Flourish.*

Thra. Peace; the king.

SCENE II.

Draws, and discovers the KING, PHARAMOND, ARETHUSA, *and train.*

King. To give a stronger testimony of love
Than "sickly" promises, "(which commonly
"In princes find both birth and burial
"In one breath)" we have drawn you, worthy sir,
To make your fair endearments to our daughter,
And worthy services known to our subjects,
"Now lov'd and wonder'd at." Next, our intent
To plant you deeply, our immediate heir
Both to our blood and kingdoms. "For this lady,
"(The best part of your life, as you confirm me,
"And I believe) though her few years and sex
"Yet teach her nothing but her fears and blushes;

" Think not, dear sir, these undivided parts,
" That must mould up a virgin, are put on
" To shew her so, as borrow'd ornaments,
" To speak her perfect love to you, or add
" An artificial shadow to her nature."
Last, noble son, (for so I now must call you)
What I have done thus public, is " not only
" To add a comfort in particular
" To you or me, but all; and" to confirm
The nobles, and the gentry of these kingdoms,
By oath to your succession, which shall be
Within this month at most.

Pha. Kissing your white hand, mistress, I take leave,
To thank your royal father; and thus far
To be my own free trumpet. Understand,
Great king, and these your subjects, gentlemen,
Believe me, in a word, a prince's word,
There shall be nothing to make up a kingdom
Mighty and flourishing, defenced, fear'd,
Equal to be commanded and obey'd,
But through the travels of my life I'll find it,
And tie it to this country. And I vow,
My reign shall be so easy to the subject,
That ev'ry man shall be his prince himself,
And his own law: (yet I his prince and law)
And, dearest lady, let me say, you are
The blessed'st living; for sweet princess, you
Shall make him yours for whom great queens must die.

Thra. Miraculous!

Cler. This speech calls him Spaniard, being nothing but
A large inventory of his own commendations.
But here comes one more worthy those large speeches,
Than the large speaker of them.

Enter PHILASTER.

Phi. Right noble sir, as low as my obedience,
And with a heart as loyal as my knee,
I beg your favour.

King. Rise; you have it, sir.
Speak your intents, sir.

Phi. Shall I speak them freely?
Be still my royal sovereign——

King. As a subject,
We give you freedom.

Dion. Now it heats.

Phi. Then thus I turn
My language to you, prince, you, foreign man.
Ne'er stare, nor put on wonder; for you must
Indure me, and you shall. This earth you tread on,
(A dowry, as you hope, with this fair princess)
By my dead father (oh, I had a father,
Whose memory I bow to!) was not left
To your inheritance, and I up and living,
Having myself about me, and my sword,
The souls of all my name, and memories,
These arms and some few friends, besides the gods,
To part so calmly with it, and sit still,
And say, I might have been. I tell thee, Pharamond,

When thou art king, look I be dead and rotten,
And my name ashes. For, hear me, Pharamond,
This very ground thou goest on, this fat earth,
My father's friends made fertile with their faiths,
Before that day of shame, shall gape, and swallow
Thee and thy nation, like a hungry grave,
Into her hidden bowels. Prince, it shall;
By Nemesis, it shall.

King. You do displease us.
You are too bold.

Phi. No, sir, I am too tame,
Too much a turtle, a thing born without passion,
A faint shadow, that every drunken cloud sails over,
And maketh nothing.

Pha. What have you seen in me to stir offence
I cannot find, unless it be this lady,
Offer'd into mine arms, with the succession,
Which I must keep, though it hath pleas'd your fury
To mutiny within you. The king grants it,
And I dare make it mine. You have your answer.

Phi. If thou wert sole inheritor to him
That made the world his, and were Pharamond
As truly valiant as I feel him cold,
And ring'd among the choicest of his friends,
And from this presence, spite of all these stops,
You should hear further from me.

King. Sir, you wrong the prince.
I gave you not this freedom to brave our best friends;
You do deserve our frown. Go to; be better temper'd.

Phi. It must be, sir, when I am nobler us'd.

King. Philaster, tell me
The injuries you aim at in your riddles.

Phi. If you had my eyes, sir, and sufferance,
My griefs upon you, and my broken fortunes,
My wants great, and now nought but hopes and fears,
My wrongs would make ill riddles to be laughed at.
Dare you be still my king, and right me not?

King. Go to;
Be more yourself, as you respect our favour;
You'll stir us else. Sir, I must have you know
That you're, and shall be, at our pleasure, "what
"fashion we
"Will put upon you." Smooth your brow, or, by
the gods——

Phi. I am dead, sir; you're my fate. It was not I
Said I was wrong'd. I carry all about me
My weak stars led me to, all my weak fortunes.
Who dares in all this presence speak, (that is
But man of flesh, and may be mortal) tell me,
I do not most entirely love this prince,
And honour his full virtues?

King. Sure he's possess'd!

Phi. Yes, with my father's spirit. It's here, O
King!
A dangerous spirit; now he tells me, king,
I was a king's heir, bids me be a king,
And whispers to me, these be all my subjects.
'Tis strange, he will not let me sleep, but dives
Into my fancy, and there gives me shapes

That kneel, and do me service, cry me king.
But I'll suppress him ; he's a factious spirit,
And will undo me. Noble sir, your hand ;
I am your servant.

King. Away ; I do not like this.
For this time I pardon your wild speech.

[*Exeunt* King, Pha. Are. *and train.*

Dion. See how his fancy labours. Has he not
Spoke home, and bravely ? What a dangerous train
Did he give fire to! How he shook the king!
Made his soul melt within him, and his blood
Run into whey! It stood upon his brow,
Like a cold winter dew.

Phi. Gentlemen,
You have no suit to me ; I am no minion.
You stand, methinks, like men that would be courtiers,
If you could well be flatter'd at that price,
Not to undo your children. You're all honest.
Go, get you home again, and make your country
A virtuous court, to which your great ones may,
In their diseased age, retire, and live recluse.

Cler. How do you, worthy sir ?

Phi. Well, very well,
And so well, that, if the king please, I find
I may live many years.

Dion. The king must please,
Whilst we know what you are, and who you are,
Your wrongs and injuries. Shrink not, worthy sir,
But add your father to you ; in whose name

We'll waken all the gods, and conjure up
The rods of vengeance, the abused people
Who, like to raging torrents, shall swell high,
And so begirt the dens of these male-dragons,
That, through the strongest safety, they shall beg
For mercy at your sword's point.

Phi. Friends, no more;
Our ears may be corrupted. 'Tis an age
We dare not trust our wills to. Do you love me?

Thra. Do we love Heav'n and honour?

Phi. My lord Dion,
You had a virtuous gentlewoman call'd you father:
Is she yet alive?

Dion. Most honour'd sir, she is;
And for the penance but of an idle dream,
Has undertook a tedious pilgrimage.

Enter a lady.

Phi. Is it to me, or any of these gentlemen you come?

Lady. To you, brave lord; the princess would intreat your present company.

Phi. Kiss her fair hand, and say, I will attend her.

Dion. Do you know what you do?

Phi. Yes; go to see a woman.

Cler. But do you weigh the danger you are in?

Phi. Danger in a sweet face!
Her eye may shoot me dead, or those true red
And white friends in her face may steal my soul out;
There's all the danger in't. But be what may,
Her single name hath armed me. [*Exit.*

Dion. Go on;
And be as truly happy as thou art fearless.
Come, gentlemen, let's make our friends acquainted,
Lest the king prove false. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Changes to another apartment. Enter ARETHUSA *and a lady.*

Are. Comes he not?
Lady. Madam?
Are. Will Philaster come?
Lady. Dear madam, you were wont
To credit me at first.
Are. But didst thou tell me so?
I am forgetful, and my woman's strength
Is so o'ercharg'd with danger like to grow
About my marriage, that these under things
Dare not abide in such a troubled sea.
How look'd he, when he told thee he would come?
Lady. Why, well.
Are. And not a little fearful?
Lady. Fear, madam! sure he knows not what it is.
Are. You are all of his faction; the whole court
Is bold in praise of him; whilst I
May live neglected, and do noble things,
As fools in strife throw gold into the sea,
Drown'd in the doing. But I know he fears.

Lady. Fear, madam! Methought his looks hid more
Of love than fear.

Are. Of love! to whom? To you?
Did you deliver those plain words I sent
With such a winning gesture, and quick look,
That you have caught him?

Lady. Madam, I mean to you.

Are. Of love to me! Alas! thy ignorance
Lets thee not see the crosses of our births.
Nature, that loves not to be question'd why
She did or this, or that, but has her ends,
And knows she does well, never gave the world
Two things so opposite, so contrary,
As he and I am.

Lady. Madam, I think I hear him.

Are. Bring him in. [*Exit Lady.*
You gods, that would not have your dooms withstood,
Whose holy wisdoms at this time it is
To make the passion of a feeble maid
The way unto your justice, I obey.

Re-enter lady and PHILASTER.

Lady. Here is my lord Philaster.

Are. Oh! 'tis well.
Withdraw yourself. [*Exit Lady.*

Phi. Madam, your messenger
Made me believe you wish'd to speak with me.

Are. 'Tis true, Philaster.
Have you known,
That I have ought detracted from your worth?

Have I in person wrong'd you? Or have set
My baser instruments to throw disgrace
Upon your virtues?

Phi. Never, madam, you.

Are. Why then should you, in such a public place,
Injure a princess, and a scandal lay
Upon my fortunes, "fam'd to be so great,"
Calling a great part of my dowry in question?

Phi. Madam, "this truth, which I shall speak, will seem
"Foolish. But" for your fair and virtuous self,
I could afford myself to have no right
To any thing you wish'd.

Are. Philaster, know,
I must enjoy these kingdoms of Calabria
And Sicily. By fate, I die, Philaster,
If I not calmly may enjoy them both.

Phi. I would do much to save that noble life;
Yet would be loth to have posterity
Find in our stories, that Philaster gave
His right unto a sceptre and a crown,
To save a lady's longing.

Are. Nay, then, hear;
I must, and will have them, and more.

Phi. What more? Say, you would have my life;
Why, I will give it you; for it is of me
A thing so loath'd, and unto you that ask
Of so poor use, I will unmov'dly hear.

Are. Fain would I speak; and yet the words are such

I have to say, and do so ill beseem
The mouth of woman, that I wish them said,
And yet am loth to utter them. Oh, turn
Away thy face! a little bend thy looks!
Spare, spare me, Oh, Philaster!

Phi. What means this?

Are. But that my fortunes hang upon this hour,
But that occasion urges me to speak,
And that perversely to keep silence now
Would doom me to a life of wretchedness,
I could not thus have summon'd thee; to tell thee,
The thoughts of Pharamond are scorpions to me,
More horrible than danger, pain, or death!
Yes—I must have thy kingdoms—must have thee-

Phi. How, me!

Are. Thy love! without which, all the land
Discovered yet, will serve me for no use,
But to be buried in.

Phi. Is't possible?

Are. With it, it were too little to bestow
On thee. Now, though thy breath may strike me dead,
(Which, know, it may) I have unripp'd my breast.

Phi. Madam, you are too full of noble thoughts,
To lay a train for this contemned life,
Which you may have for asking. To suspect
Were base, where I deserve no ill. Love you!
By all my hopes I do, above my life.
But how this passion should proceed from you
So violently———

Are. Another soul into my body shot,

Could not have fill'd me with more strength and spirit,
Than this thy breath. But spend not hasty time
In seeking how I came thus. 'Tis the gods,
The gods, that make me so; and sure our love
Will be the nobler, and the better bless'd,
In that the secret justice of the gods
Is mingled with it. Let us leave and part,
Lest some unwelcome guest should fall betwixt.

Phi. 'Twill be ill
I should abide here long.

Are. 'Tis true, and worse
You should come often. How shall we devise
To hold intelligence, that our true loves,
On any new occasion, may agree,
What path is best to tread.

Phi. I have a boy,
Sent by the gods, I hope, to this intent,
Not yet seen in the court. Hunting the buck,
I found him sitting by a fountain-side,
Of which he borrow'd some to quench his thirst,
And paid the nymph again as much in tears.
A garland lay by him, made by himself,
Of many several flowers, bred in the bay,
Stuck in that mystic order, that the rareness
Delighted me; but ever when he turned
His tender eyes upon them, he would weep,
As if he meant to make them grow again.
Seeing such pretty helpless innocence
Dwell in his face, I ask'd him all his story;
He told me, that his parents gentle dy'd,

Leaving him to the mercy of the fields,
Which gave him roots; and of the crystal springs,
Which did not stop their courses; and the sun,
Which still, he thank'd him, yielded him his light;
Then took he up his garland, and did shew
What every flower, as country people hold,
Did signify; and how all, ordered thus,
Express'd his grief; and to my thoughts did read
The prettiest lecture of his country art
That could be wish'd; so that, methought, I could
Have studied it. I gladly entertain'd him,
Who was as glad to follow; and have got
The trustiest, loving'st, and the gentlest boy,
That ever master kept. Him will I send
To wait on you, and bear our hidden love.

Enter Lady.

Are. 'Tis well; no more.

Lady. Madam, the prince is come to do you service.

Are. What will you do, Philaster, with yourself?
Dear, hide thyself. Bring in the prince.

Phi. Hide me from Pharamond!
When thunder speaks, which is the voice of Jove,
Though I do reverence, yet I hide me not.

Are. Then, good Philaster, give him scope and way
In what he says; for he is apt to speak
What you are loth to hear. For my sake do.

Phi. I will.

Enter Pharamond.

Pha. My princely mistress, as true lovers ought,
I come to kiss these fair hands; and to shew,
In outward ceremonies, the dear love
Writ in my heart.

Phi. If I shall have an answer no directlier,
I am gone.

Pha. To what would he have an answer?

Arc. To his claim unto the kingdom.

Pha. I did forbear you, sir, before the king.

Phi. Good sir, do so still; I would not talk with you.

Pha. But now the time is fitter.

Phi. Pharamond,
I loath to brawl with such a blast as thou,
Who art nought but a valiant voice. But if
Thou shalt provoke me further, men will say,
Thou wert, and not lament it.

Pha. Do you slight
My greatness so, and in the chamber of the princess?

Phi. It is a place, to which, I must confess,
I owe a reverence; but wer't the church,
Ay, at the altar, there's no place so safe,
Where thou dar'st injure me, but I dare punish thee.
"Farewell." [*Exit.*

Pha. Insolent boaster! offer but to mention
Thy right to any kingdom——

Arc. Let him go;
He is not worth your care.

Pha. My Arethusa!
I hope our hearts are knit; and yet so slow
State ceremonies are, it may be long
Before our hands be so. If then you please
Being agreed in heart, let us not wait
For pomp and circumstance, but solemnize
A private nuptial, and anticipate
Delights, and so foretaste our joys to come.
Are. My father, sir, is all in all to me;
Nor can I give my fancy or my will
More scope than he shall warrant. When he bids
My eye look up to Pharamond for lord,
I know my duty; but, till then, farewell. [*Exit.*
Pha. Nay, but there's more in this—some happier man;
Perhaps Philaster——'Sdeath! let me not think on't—
She must be watch'd—He too must be ta'en care of,
Or all my hopes of her and empire rest
Upon a sandy bottom——If she means
To wed me, well; if not, I swear revenge. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

An apartment in the palace. Enter PHILASTER *and* BELLARIO.

Philaster.
AND thou shalt find her honourable, boy;
Full of regard unto thy tender youth.

For thine own modesty, and for my sake,
Apter to give, than thou wilt be to ask,
Ay, or deserve.

Bel. Sir, you did take me up
When I was nothing; and only yet am something,
By being yours. You trusted me, unknown;
And that which you are apt to construe now
A simple innocence in me, perhaps
Might have been craft, the cunning of a boy
Harden'd in lies and theft; yet ventur'd you
To part my miseries and me; for which
I never can expect to serve a lady,
That bears more honour in her breast than you.

Phi. But, boy, it will prefer thee; thou art young,
And bear'st a childish, overflowing love
To them that clap thy cheeks, and speak thee fair.
But when thy judgment comes to rule those passions,
Thou wilt remember best those careful friends,
That plac'd thee in the noblest way of life.
She is a princess I prefer thee too.

Bel. In that small time that I have seen the world,
I never knew a man hasty to part with
A servant he thought trusty. I remember,
My father would prefer the boys he kept
To greater men than he; but did it not,
Till they were grown too saucy for himself.

Phi. Why, gentle boy, I find no fault at all
In thy behaviour.

Bel. Sir, if I have made
A fault of ignorance, instruct my youth;

I shall be willing, if not apt, to learn:
Age and experience will adorn my mind
With larger knowledge; and if I have done
A wilful fault, think me not past all hope
For once. What master holds so strict a hand
Over his boy, that he will part with him
Without one warning? Let me be corrected,
To break my stubbornness, if it be so,
Rather than turn me off, and I shall mend.

Phi. Thy love doth plead so prettily to stay,
That, trust me, I could weep to part with thee.
Alas, I do not turn thee off! thou know'st,
It is my business that doth call thee hence;
And when thou art with her, thou dwell'st with me,
Think so, and 'tis so; and when time is full,
That thou hast well discharg'd this heavy trust,
Laid on so weak a one, I will again
With joy receive thee; as I live, I will.
Nay, weep not, gentle boy; 'tis more than time
Thou didst attend the princess.

Bel. I am gone.
But since I am to part with you, my lord,
And none knows whether I shall live to do
More service for you, take this little prayer:
Heav'n bless your loves, your fights, all your designs;
May sick men, if they have your wish, be well;
And Heav'n hate those you curse, tho' I be one. [*Exit.*

Phi. The love of boys unto their lords is strange!
I have read wonders of it: yet this boy,
For my sake, if a man may judge by looks

And speech, would out-do story. I may see
A day to pay him for his loyalty. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Changes to ARETHUSA's *apartment. Enter* ARETHUSA *and a lady.*

Are. Where's the boy? Where's Bellario?
Lady. Within, madam.
Are. Gave you him gold to buy him clothes?
Lady. I did.
Are. And has he done't?
Lady. Madam, not yet.
Are. 'Tis a pretty, sad talking boy, is it not?

Enter GALATEA.

Oh, you are welcome! What good news?
Gal. As good as any one can tell your grace,
That says she has done that you would have wish'd.
Are. Hast thou discover'd then?
Gal. I have. Your prince,
Brave Pharamond's disloyal.
Are. And with whom?
Gal. Ev'n with the lady we suspect; with Megra.
" *Are.* Oh, where! and when?
" *Gal.* I can discover all."
Are. The king shall know this; and if destiny,
To whom we dare not say, it shall not be,
Have not decreed it so in lasting leaves,

Whose smallest characters were never chang'd,
This hated match with Pharamond shall break.
Run back into the presence, mingle there
Again with other ladies; leave the rest
To me. [*Exit* Gal.
Where's the boy?

Lady. Within, madam.

Are. *Go, call him hither.* [Exit lady.

Enter BELLARIO.

Why art thou ever melancholy, sir?
You are sad to change your service. Is't not so?

Bel. Madam, I have not chang'd; I wait on you,
To do him service.

Are. Thou disclaim'st in me.
Tell me, Bellario? thou canst sing and play?

Bel. If grief will give me leave, madam, I can.

Are. Alas! what kind of grief can thy years know?
Had'st a cross master when thou went'st to school?
Thou art not capable of other grief.
Thy brows and cheeks are smooth as waters be,
When no breath troubles them. Believe me, boy,
Care seeks out wrinkled brows, and hollow eyes,
And builds himself caves to abide in them.
Come, sir, tell me truly, does your lord love me?

Bel. Love, madam, I know not what it is.

Are. Canst thou know grief, and never yet knew'st love?
Thou art deceiv'd, boy. Does he speak of me,
As if he wish'd me well?

Bel. If it be love,
To forget all respect of his own friends,
In thinking on your face; if it be love,
To sit cross-arm'd, and sigh away the day,
Mingled with starts, crying your name as loud
And hastily, as men i'the streets do fire?
If it be love, to weep himself away,
When he but hears of any lady dead,
Or kill'd, because it might have been your chance;
If, when he goes to rest, (which will not be)
'Twixt ev'ry prayer he says, he names you once,
As others drop a bead, be to be in love,
Then, madam, I dare swear he loves you.

Are. Oh!
You are a cunning boy, taught to deceive,
For your lord's credit. But thou know'st, a falsehood
That bears this sound, is welcomer to me,
Than any truth, that says, he loves me not.
Lead the way, boy. Do you attend me too;
'Tis thy lord's business hastes me thus. Away.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Changes to another apartment in the palace. Enter MEGRA *and* PHARAMOND.

Meg. What then am I? A poor neglected stale!
Have I then been an idle toying she,

To fool away an hour or two withal,
And then thrown by for ever?

Pha. Nay, have patience.

Meg. Patience! I shall go mad! Why, I shall be
A mark for all the pages of the court
To spend their wit upon.

Pha. It shall not be.
She whose dishonour is not known abroad,
Is not at all dishonour'd.

Meg. Not dishonour'd!
Have we then been so chary of our fame,
So cautious, think you, in our course of love,
No blot of calumny has fall'n upon it? Say,
What charm has veil'd suspicion's hundred eyes,
And who shall stop the cruel hand of scorn?

Pha. Cease your complaints, reproachful and unkind!
What could I do? Obedience to my father,
My country's good, my plighted faith, my fame,
Each circumstance of state and duty, ask'd
The tender of my hand to Arethusa.

Meg. Talk not of Arethusa! She, I know,
Would fain get rid of her most precious bargain.
She is for softer dalliance; she has got
A cherub, a young Hylas, an Adonis!

Pha. What mean you?

Meg. She, good faith, has her Bellario!
A boy—about eighteen—a pretty boy!
Why, this is he that must, when you are wed,
Sit by your pillow, like a young Apollo,

Sing, play upon the lute, with hand and voice
Binding your thoughts in sleep. She does provide him
For you, and for herself.

Pha. Injurious Megra!
Oh! add not shame to shame! To rob a lady
Of her good name thus, is an heinous sin,
Not to be pardon'd: yet, though false as hell,
'Twill never be redeem'd, if it be sown
Amongst the people, fruitful to increase
All evil they shall hear.

Meg. It shall be known:
Nay, more, by Heav'n, 'tis true! a thousand things
Speak it beyond all contradiction true.
Observe how brave she keeps him: how he stands
For ever at her beck. There's not an hour,
Sacred howe'er to female privacy,
But he's admitted; and in open court,
Their tell-tale eyes hold soft discourse together.
Why, why is all this? Think you she's content
To look upon him?

Pha. Make it but appear,
That she has play'd the wanton with this stripling,
All Spain, as well as Sicily, shall know
Her foul dishonour. I'll disgrace her first,
Then leave her to her shame.

Meg. You are resolv'd?

Pha. Most constantly.

Meg. The rest remains with me.
I will produce such proofs, that she shall know
I did not leave our country, and degrade

Our Spanish honour and nobility,
To stand a mean attendant in her chamber,
With hoodwink'd eyes, and finger on my lips.
What I have seen, I'll speak; what known, proclaim;
Her story shall be general as the wind,
And fly as far. I will about it straight.
Expect news from me, Pharamond. Farewell. [*Exit.*

Pha. True or not true, one way I like this well;
For I suspect the princess loves me not.
If Megra's charge prove malice, her own ruin
Must follow, and I'm quit of her for ever.
But if she makes suspicions truths; or if,
Which were as deep confusion, Arethusa
Disdain'd our proffer'd union, and Philaster
Stand foremost in her heart, let Megra's charge
Wear but the semblance and the garb of truth,
They shall afford me measure of revenge.
I will look on with an indifferent eye,
Prepar'd for either fortune; or to wed,
If she prove faithful, or repulse her sham'd. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

The presence chamber. Enter DION, CLEREMONT, THRASILINE, MEGRA, *and* GALATEA.

Dion. Come, ladies, shall we talk a round?
Gal. 'Tis late.
Meg. 'Tis all
My eyes will do, to lead me to my bed.

Enter PHARAMOND.

Thra. The Prince!

Pha. Not a-bed, ladies! You're good sitters up.
What think you of a pleasant dream, to last
'Till morning?

Enter ARETHUSA *and* BELLARIO.

Are. 'Tis well, my lord; you're courting of ladies.
Is't not late, gentlemen?

Cler. Yes, madam.

Are. Wait you there. [*Exit* Arethusa.

Meg. She's jealous, as I live! Look you, my lord,
The princess has a boy.

Pha. His form is angel-like.

Dion. Serves he the princess?

Thra. Yes.

Dion. 'Tis a sweet boy.

Pha. Ladies all, good rest. I mean to kill a buck
To-morrow morning, ere you've done your dreams.
[*Exit* Phar.

Meg. All happiness attend your grace. Gentlemen, good rest.

Gal. All, good night. [*Exeunt* Gal. *and* Meg.

Dion. May your dreams be true to you.
What shall we do, gallants? 'Tis late. The king
Is up still. See, he comes, and Arethusa
With him.

Enter KING, ARETHUSA, *and guard.*

King. Look your intelligence be true.

Are. Upon my life it is. And I do hope
Your highness will not tie me to a man,
That in the heat of wooing throws me off,
And takes another.

Dion. What should this mean?

King. If it be true,
That lady had much better have embrac'd
Cureless diseases. Get you to your rest.

[*Exeunt* Are. *and* Bel.

You shall be righted. Gentlemen, draw near.
Haste, some of you, and cunningly discover
If Megra be in her lodging.

Cler. Sir,
She parted hence but now, with other ladies.

King. I would speak with her.

Dion. She's here, my lord.

Enter MEGRA.

King. Now, lady of honour, where's your honour now?
No man can fit your palate but the prince.
Thou troubled sea of sin; thou wilderness,
Inhabited by wild affections, tell me,
Had you none to pull on with your courtesies
But he that must be mine, and wrong my daughter?
By all the gods! all these, and all the court
Shall hoot thee, and break scurvy jests upon thee,
Make ribald rhimes, and sear thy name on walls.

Meg. I dare, my lord, your hootings and your clamours,

Your private whispers, and your broader fleerings,
Can no more vex my soul, than this base carriage,
The poor destruction of a lady's honour,
The publishing the weakness of a woman.
But I have vengeance yet in store for some,
Shall, in the utmost scorn you can have of me,
Be joy and nourishment.

King. What means the wanton?
D'ye glory in your shame?

Meg. I will have fellows,
Such fellows in't, as shall make noble mirth.
The princess, your dear daughter, shall stand by me,
On walls, and sung in ballads, any thing.

King. My daughter!

Meg. Yes, your daughter, Arethusa,
The glory of your Sicily, which I,
A stranger to your kingdom, laugh to scorn.
I know her shame, and will discover all;
Nay, will dishonour her. I know the boy
She keeps, a handsome boy, about eighteen;
"Know what she does with him, and where, and when."
Come, sir, you put me to a woman's madness,
The glory of a fury.

King. What boy's this?

Meg. Alas, good-minded prince!
You know not these things: I will make them plain.
I will not fall alone: what I have known
Shall be as public as a print: all tongues
Shall speak it, as they do the language they

Are born in, as free and commonly: I'll set it
Like a prodigious star, for all to gaze at;
And that so high and glowing, other realms,
Foreign and far, shall read it there; and then
Behold the fall of your fair princess too. [*Exit.*

King. Has she a boy?

Cler. So, please your grace, I've seen
A boy wait on her, a fair boy.

King. Away; I'd be alone. Go, get you to your quarters. [*Exeunt.*

Manet KING.

You gods, I see, that who unrighteously
Holds wealth or state from others, shall be curst
In that which meaner men are blest withal:
Ages to come shall know no male of him
Left to inherit, and his name shall be
Blotted from earth. If he have any child,
It shall be crossly match'd. The gods themselves
Shall sow wild strife between her lord and her;
Or she shall prove his curse who gave her being.
Gods! if it be your wills—But how can I
Look to be heard of gods, who must be just,
Praying upon the ground I hold by wrong? [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The court. Enter PHILASTER.

Philaster.

Oh, that I had a sea
Within my breast, to quench the fire I feel!
More circumstances will but fan this fire.
It more afflicts me now, to know by whom
This deed is done, than simply that 'tis done.
Woman, frail sex! the winds that are let loose
From the four several corners of the earth,
And spread themselves all over sea and land,
Kiss not a chaste one! Taken with her boy!
Oh, that, like beasts, we could not grieve ourselves
With what we see not! Bulls and rams will fight
To keep their females standing in their sight;
But take 'em from them, and you take at once
Their spleens away, and they will fall again
Unto their pastures, growing fresh and fat;
And taste the waters of the springs as sweet
As 'twas before, finding no start in sleep.
But miserable man—See, see, you gods,
[*Seeing* Bellario *at a distance.*
He walks still! and the face you let him wear
When he was innocent, is still the same,
Not blasted. Is this justice? Do you mean
To intrap mortality, that you allow
Treason to smooth a brow?

Enter BELLARIO.

I cannot now
Think he is guilty.

Bel. Health to you, my lord!
The princess doth commend her love, her life,
And this unto you. [*Gives a letter.*

Phi. Oh, Bellario!
Now I perceive she loves me; she does shew it
In loving thee, my boy; sh'as made thee brave.

Bel. My lord, she has attired me past my wish,
Past my desert; more fit for her attendant,
Though far unfit for me, who do attend.

Phi. Thou art grown courtly, boy. O, let all women, [*Reads.*
That love black deeds, learn to dissemble here!
Here, by this paper she does write to me,
As if her heart were mines of adamant
To all the world besides; but, unto me
A maiden snow that melted with my looks.
Tell me, my boy, how doth the princess use thee?
For I shall guess her love to me by that.

Bel. Scarce like her servant, but as if I were
Something allied to her, or had preserv'd
Her life three times by my fidelity:
As mothers fond do use their only sons;
As I'd use one that's left unto my trust,
For whom my life should pay, if he met harm;
So she does use me.

Phi. Why, this is wondrous well:
But what kind language does she feed thee with?

Bel. Why, she does tell me, she will trust my youth
With all her loving secrets; and does call me
Her pretty servant; bids me weep no more
For leaving you; she'll see my services
Rewarded; and such words of that soft strain,
That I am nearer weeping when she ends
Than ere she spake.

Phi. This is much better still.

Bel. Are you not ill, my lord?

Phi. Ill! No, Bellario.

Bel. Methinks your words
Fall not from off your tongue so evenly,
Nor is there in your looks that quietness,
That I was wont to see.

Phi. Thou art deceiv'd, boy;
And she strokes thy head?

Bel. Yes.

Phi. And does clap thy cheeks?

Bel. She does, my lord.

Phi. And she does kiss thee, boy? ha!

Bel. How, my lord!

Phi. She kisses thee?

Bel. Not so, my lord.

Phi. Come, come, I know she does.

Bel. No, by my life.

Phi. Why, then, she does not love me. Come, she does,
I bade her do it; I charg'd her by all charms

Of love between us, by the hope of peace
We should enjoy, to yield thee all delights.
Tell me, gentle boy,
Is she not past compare? Is not her breath
Sweet as Arabian winds, when fruits are ripe?
Is she not all a lasting mine of joy?

Bel. Ay, now I see why my disturbed thoughts
Were so perplex'd. When first I went to her,
My heart held augury; you are abus'd;
Some villain has abus'd you: I do see
Whereto you tend. Fall rocks upon his head,
That put this to you! 'tis some subtle train,
To bring that noble frame of yours to nought.

Phi. Thou think'st I will be angry with thee; come,
Thou shalt know all my drift: I hate her more
Than I love happiness; and plac'd thee there,
To pry with narrow eyes into her deeds.
Hast thou discover'd? Is she fall'n to lust,
As I would wish her? Speak some comfort to me.

Bel. My lord, you did mistake the boy you sent;
Had she a sin that way, hid from the world,
Beyond the name of sin, I would not aid
Her base desires; but what I came to know
As servant to her, I would not reveal,
To make my life last ages.

Phi. Oh, my heart!
This is a salve worse than the main disease.
Tell me thy thoughts; for I will know the least
That dwells within thee, or will rip thy heart

To know it; I will see thy thoughts as plain
As I do now thy face.

Bel. Why, so you do.
She is (for ought I know) by all the gods,
As chaste as ice; but were she foul as hell,
And I did know it thus, the breath of kings,
The points of swords, tortures, nor bulls of brass,
Should draw it from me.

Phi. Then it is no time
To dally with thee; I will take thy life,
For I do hate thee; I cou'd curse thee now.

Bel. If you do hate, you could not curse me worse;
The gods have not a punishment in store
Greater for me, than is your hate.

Phi. Fie, fie!
So young and so dissembling! Tell me when
And where thou didst possess her, or let plagues
Fall on me strait, if I destroy thee not!

Bel. Heav'n knows, I never did: and when I lie
To save my life, may I live long and loath'd!
Hew me asunder, and, whilst I can think,
I'll love those pieces you have cut away
Better than those that grow; and kiss those limbs,
Because you made them so.

Phi. Fear'st thou not death?
Can boys contemn that?

Bel. Oh, what boy is he
Can be content to live to be a man,
That sees the best of men thus passionate,
Thus without reason?

Phi. Oh, but thou dost not know
What 'tis to die.

Bel. Yes, I do know, my lord;
'Tis less than to be born; a lasting sleep,
A quiet resting from all jealousy;
A thing we all pursue: I know, besides,
It is but giving over of a game
That must be lost.

Phi. But there are pains, false boy,
For perjur'd souls; think but on these, and then
Thy heart will melt, and thou wilt utter all.

Bel. May they fall all upon me whilst I live,
If I be perjur'd, or have ever thought
Of that you charge me with! If I be false,
Send me to suffer in those punishments
You speak of; kill me.

Phi. Oh, what shou'd I do?
Why, who can but believe him? He does swear
So earnestly, that if it were not true,
The gods would not endure him. Rise, Bellario:
Thy protestations are so deep, and thou
Dost look so truly, when thou utterest them,
That though I knew 'em false, as were my hopes,
I cannot urge thee further: but thou wert
To blame to injure me, for I must love
Thy honest looks, and take no vengeance on
Thy tender youth. A love from me to thee
Is firm whate'er thou dost. It troubles me,
That I have call'd the blood out of thy cheeks,
That did so well become them. But, good boy,

Let me not see thee more: something is done,
That will distract me, that will make me mad,
If I behold thee; if thou tender'st me,
Let me not see thee.

Bel. I will fly as far
As there is morning, ere I give distaste
To that most honour'd mind. But through these tears,
Shed at my hopeless parting, I can see
A world of treason practis'd upon you,
And her, and me. Farewel, for evermore!
If you shall hear, that sorrow struck me dead,
And after find me loyal, let there be
A tear shed from you in my memory,
And I shall rest at peace. [*Exit* Bel.

Phi. Blessing be with thee,
Whatever thou deserv'st! Oh, where shall I
Ease my breaking heart? Nature, too unkind,
That gave no medicine for a troubled mind! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

ARETHUSA's *apartment.* *Enter* ARETHUSA.

Are. I marvel, my boy comes not back again.
But that I know my love will question him
Over and over; how I slept, wak'd, talk'd!
How I remembered him, when his dear name
Was last spoke! "and how, when I sigh'd, wept, sung,"
And ten thousand such! I should be angry at his stay.

Enter KING.

King. What, at your meditations! Who attends you?

Are. None but my single self; I need no guard;
I do no wrong, nor fear none.

King. Tell me, have you not a boy?

Are. Yes, sir.

King. What kind of boy?

Are. A page, a waiting-boy.

King. A handsome boy?

Are. I think he be not ugly;
Well qualified, and dutiful, I know him;
I took him not for beauty.

King. He speaks, and sings, and plays?

Are. Yes, sir.

King. About eighteen?

Are. I never ask'd his age.

King. Is he full of service?

Are. By your pardon, why do you ask?

King. Put him away.

Are. Sir!

King. Put him away; 'has done you that good service
Shames me to speak of.

Are. Good sir, let me understand you.

King. If you fear me,
Shew it in duty; put away that boy.

Are. Let me have reason for it, sir, and then
Your will is my command.

King. Do you not blush to ask it? Cast him off,

Or I shall do the same to you. " You're one
" Shame with me, and so near unto myself,
" That," by my life, I dare not tell myself
What you have done.

Are. What have I done, my lord?

King. Understand me well;
There be foul whispers stirring—Cast him off,
And suddenly do it. Farewell. [*Exit* King.

Are. Where may a maiden live securely free,
Keeping her honour safe? Not with the living:
They feed upon opinions, errors, dreams,
And make 'em truths. They draw a nourishment
Out of defamings, grow upon disgraces,
And when they see a virtue fortified
Strongly above the battery of their tongues,
Oh, how they cast to sink it: and defeated
(Soul-sick with poison) strike the monuments
Where noble names lie sleeping!

Enter PHILASTER.

Phi. Peace to your fairest thoughts, my dearest mistress!

Are. Oh, my dear servant, I have a war within me.

Phi. He must be more than man, that makes these crystals
Run into rivers. Sweetest fair, the cause?
And as I am your slave, " tied to your goodness,
" Your creature made again from what I was,
" And newly spirited," I'll right your honours.

Are. Oh, my best love; that boy!

Phi. What boy?
Are. The pretty boy you gave me———.
Phi. What of him?
Are. Must be no more mine.
Phi. Why?
Are. They are jealous of him.
Phi. Jealous! who?
Are. The king.
Phi. Oh, my fortune!
Then 'tis no idle jealousy. Let him go.
Are. Oh, cruel,
Are you hard-hearted too? Who shall now tell you,
How much I lov'd you? Who shall swear it to you,
And weep the tears I send? Who shall now bring you
Letters, rings, bracelets, lose his health in service?
Wake tedious nights in stories of your praise?
" Who now shall sing your crying elegies,
" And strike a sad soul into senseless pictures,
" And make them mourn?" Who shall take up his lute,
And touch it, till he crown a silent sleep
Upon my eye-lid, making me dream and cry,
Oh, my dear, dear Philaster.
Phi. Oh, my heart!
Would he had broken thee, that made thee know
This lady was not loyal! Mistress, forget
The boy, I'll find thee a far better one.
Are. Oh, never, never, such a boy again,
As my Bellario.
Phi. 'Tis but your fond-affection.

Are. With thee, my boy, farewell for ever
All secrecy in servants: farewell faith,
And all desire to do well for itself:
Let all that shall succeed thee, for thy wrongs,
Sell and betray chaste love!

Phi. And all this passion for a boy?

Are. He was your boy; you gave him to me, and
The loss of such must have a mourning for.

Phi. Oh, thou forgetful woman!

Are. How, my lord?

Phi. False Arethusa!
Hast thou a medicine to restore my wits,
When I have lost 'em? If not, leave to talk,
And to do thus.

Are. Do what, sir? "Would you sleep?"

Phi. "For ever, Arethusa." Oh, you gods!
Give me a worthy patience: have I stood
Naked, alone, the shock of many fortunes?
Have I seen mischiefs numberless and mighty
Grow like a sea upon me? Have I taken
Danger as stern as death into my bosom,
And laugh'd upon it, made it but a mirth,
And flung it by? Do I live now like him,
Under this tyrant king, that languishing
Hears his sad bell, and sees his mourners? Do I
Bear all this bravely, and must sink at length
Under a woman's falsehood? Oh, that boy,
That cursed boy! None but a villain boy,
To wrong me with!

Are. Nay, then I am betray'd;

I feel the plot cast for my overthrow;
Oh, I am wretched!

Phi. Now you may take that little right I have
To this poor kingdom: give it to your boy!
For I have no joy in it. Some far place
Where never womankind durst set her foot,
For bursting with her poisons, must I seek,
And live to curse you:
There dig a cave, and preach to birds and beasts
What woman is, and help to save them from you.
How heav'n is in your eyes, but in your hearts
More hell than hell has; how your tongues, like scorpions,
Both heal and poison: how your thoughts are woven
With thousand changes in one subtle web,
And worn so by you. How that foolish man,
That reads the story of a woman's face,
And dies believing it, is lost for ever.
How all the good you have is but a shadow,
I' th' morning with you, and at night behind you,
Past and forgotten. How your vows are frost,
Fast for a night, and with the next sun gone.
How you are, being taken all together,
A mere confusion, and so dead a chaos,
That love cannot distinguish. These sad texts,
Till my last hour, I am bound to utter of you.
So farewell all my woe, all my delight! [*Exit.*

Are. Be merciful, ye gods, and strike me dead.
What way have I deserv'd this? Make my breast
Transparent as pure crystal, that the world,

Jealous of me, may see the foulest thought
My heart holds. Wheres hall a woman turn her eyes,
To find out constancy? "Save me," how "black,"

Enter BELLARIO.

"And" guiltily, methinks, that boy looks now!
Oh, thou dissembler, that, before thou spak'st,
Wert in thy cradle false! Sent to make lies,
And betray innocents; thy lord and thou
May glory in the ashes of a maid
Fool'd by her passion; but the conquest is
Nothing so great as wicked. Fly away,
Let my command force thee to that, which shame
Should do without it. If thou understoodst
The loathed office thou hast undergone,
Why, thou wouldst hide thee under heaps of hills,
Lest men should dig and find thee.

Bel. Oh, what god,
Angry with men, hath sent this strange disease
Into the noblest minds? Madam, this grief
You add unto me is no more than drops
To seas, for which they are not seen to swell;
My lord hath struck his anger through my heart,
And let out all the hope of future joys;
You need not bid me fly; I come to part,
To take my latest leave.
I durst not run away in honesty,
From such a lady, like a boy that stole,
Or made some grievous fault. Farewell! The gods
Assist you in your suff'rings! Hasty time

Reveal the truth to your abused lord,
And mine; that he may know your worth! Whilst I
Go seek out some forgotten place to die. [*Exit.*

Are. Peace guide thee! thou hast overthrown me once,
Yet, if I had another heaven to lose,
Thou, or another villain, with thy looks,
Might talk me out of it.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Madam, the king would hunt, and calls for You with earnestness.

Are. I attend him.
Diana, if thou canst rage with a maid,
As with a man, let me discover thee
Bathing, and turn me to a fearful hind,
That I may die pursu'd by cruel hounds,
And have my story written in my wounds.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A wood. Enter PHILASTER.

Philaster.

Oh, that I had been nourish'd in these woods
With milk of goats, and acorns, and not known
The right of crowns, nor the dissembling trains
Of women's looks; but digg'd myself a cave,
" Where I, my fire, my cattle, and my bed,

"Might have been shut together in one shed;"
And then had taken me some mountain girl,
Beaten with winds, chaste as the harden'd rocks
Whereon she dwells; that might have strew'd my bed,
With leaves, and reeds, and with the skins of beasts
Our neighbours; "and have borne at her big breasts
"My large coarse issue!" This had been a life
Free from vexation!

Enter BELLARIO.

Bel. Oh, wicked men!
An innocent may walk safe among beasts:
Nothing assaults me here. See, my griev'd lord
Looks as his soul were searching out the way
To leave his body. Pardon me, that must
Break thro' thy last command; for I must speak:
You, that are griev'd, can pity; hear, my lord.

Phi. Is there a creature yet so miserable,
That I can pity?

Bel. Oh, my noble lord,
View my strange fortune, and bestow on me,
According to your bounty (if my service
Can merit nothing) so much as may serve
To keep that little piece I hold of life
From cold and hunger.

Phi. Is it thou? "Begone!"
Go, sell those misbeseeming clothes thou wear'st,
And feed thyself with them.

Bel. Alas! my lord, I can get nothing for them:

The silly country people think 'tis treason
To touch such gay things.

Phi. Now, by my life, this is
Unkindly done, to vex me with thy sight;
Thou'rt fall'n again to thy dissembling trade:
How shouldst thou think to cozen me again?
Remains there yet a plague untry'd for me?
Ev'n so thou wept'st, and look'd'st, and spok'st, when first
I took thee up: curse on the time! If thy
Commanding tears can work on any other,
Use thy old art, I'll not betray it. Which
Way wilt thou take, that I may shun thee? for
Thine eyes are poison unto mine; and I
Am loth to grow in rage. This way, or that way?

Bel. Any will serve. But I will choose to have
That path in chace that leads unto my grave.

[*Exeunt severally.*

Enter DION *and the Woodmen.*

Dion. This is the strangest sudden chance! You, woodman!——

1 *Wood.* My lord "Dion."

Dion. Saw you a lady come this way on a sable horse studded with stars of white?

2 *Wood.* Was she not young "and tall?"

Dion. Yes. Rode she to the wood, or to the plain?

2 *Wood.* Faith, my lord, we saw none.

[*Exeunt* Woodmen.

Dion. Pox of your questions then!

Enter CLEREMONT.

What, is she found?

Cle. Nor will be, I think. There's already a thousand fatherless tales amongst us; some say, her horse run away with her; some, a wolf pursued her; others, it was a plot to kill her; and that armed men were seen in the wood: but, 'questionless, she rode away willingly.

Enter KING *and* THRASILINE.

King. Where is she?

Cle. Sir, I cannot tell.

King. How is that?

Sir, speak you where she is.

Dion. Sir, I do not know.

King. You have betray'd me, you have let me lose
The jewel of my life. Go, bring her me,
And set her here before me; 'tis the king
Will have it so. Alas! what are we kings?
Why do you, gods, place us above the rest;
To be serv'd, flatter'd, and ador'd, till we
Believe we hold within our hands your thunder:
And when we come to try the pow'r we have,
There's not a leaf shakes at our threatenings.
I have sinn'd, 'tis true, and here stand to be punish'd;
Yet would not thus be punish'd.

Enter PHARAMOND *and* GALATEA.

King. What, is she found?

Pha. No, we have ta'en her horse.

He gallop'd empty by; there is some treason:
You, Galatea, rode with her into the wood; why left you her;

Gal. She did command me.

King. You're all cunning to obey us for our hurt;
But I will have her.
Run all, disperse yourselves; the man that finds her,
Or (if she be kill'd) the traitor; I'll make him great.

Pha. Come, let us seek.

King. Each man a several way; here I myself.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another part of the wood. Enter ARETHUSA.

Are. Where am I now? Feet, find me out a way,
Without the counsel of my troubled head;
I'll follow you boldly about these woods,
O'er mountains, thorough brambles, pits, and floods:
Heaven, I hope, will ease me. I am sick.

Enter BELLARIO.

Bel. Yonder's my lady; heav'n knows, I want nothing,
Because I do not wish to live; yet I
Will try her charity. O hear, you that have plenty,
And from that flowing store, drop some on dry ground: see,
The lively red is gone to guard her heart; [*She faints.*

I fear, she faints. Madam, look up; she breathes not;
Open once more those rosy twins, and send
Unto my lord, your latest farewell; oh, she stirs:
How is it, madam? Speak some comfort.

Are. 'Tis not gently done,
To put me in a miserable life,
And hold me there; I pray thee, let me go,
I shall do best without thee; I am well.

Enter PHILASTER.

Phi. I am to blame to be so much in rage:
I'll tell her coolly, when and where I heard
This killing truth. I will be temperate
In speaking, and as just in hearing it.
Oh, monstrous! [*Seeing them,*] Tempt me not, ye gods! good gods,
Tempt not a frail man! what's he, that has a heart,
But he must ease it here?

Bel. My lord, help the princess.

Are. I am well, forbear.

Phi. Let me lové lightning, let me be embrac'd
And kiss'd by scorpions, or adore the eyes
Of basilisks, rather than trust the tongues
Of hell-bred women! Some good gods look down,
And shrink these veins up; stick me here a stone,
Lasting to ages in the memory
Of this damn'd act! Hear me, you wicked ones!
You have put hills of fire into this breast,
Not to be quench'd with tears; for which may guilt
Sit on your bosoms! at your meals, and beds,

Despair await you! What, before my face?
Poison of asps between your lips! Diseases
Be your best issues! Nature make a curse,
And throw it on you!

Are. Dear Philaster, leave
To be enrag'd, and hear me.

Phi. I have done:
Forgive my passion. Not the calmed sea,
When Æolus locks up his windy brood,
Is less disturb'd than I. I'll make you know it.
Dear Arethusa, do but take this sword,
And search how temperate a heart I have;
Then you, and this your boy, may live and reign
In sin, without controul. Wilt thou Bellario?
I pr'ythee, kill me; "thou art poor, and may'st
"Nourish ambitions thoughts, when I am dead:
"This way were freer."

Are. Kill you!

Bel. Not for a world.

Phi. I blame not thee,
Bellario; thou hast done but that which gods
Would have transform'd themselves to do! "Begone,
"Leave me without reply; this is the last
"Of all our meeting. Kill me with this sword!
"Be wise, or worse will follow; we are two
"Earth cannot bear at once." Resolve to do, or suffer.

Are. If my fortunes be so good to let me fall
Upon thy hand, I shall have peace in death.
Yet tell me this, will there be no slanders,
No jealousies in the other world, no ill there?

Phi. None.

Are. Shew me then the way.

Phi. Then guide
My feeble hand, you that have pow'r to do it!
For I must perform a piece of justice. If your youth
Have any way offended Heav'n, let pray'rs
Short and effectual reconcile you to it.

Enter a Country Fellow.

Coun. I'll see the king if he be in the forest; I have hunted him these two hours; if I should come home and not see him, my sisters would laugh at me. There's a courtier with his sword drawn, by this hand, upon a woman, I think.

Are. I am prepar'd.

Phi. Are you at peace?

Are. With Heav'n and earth.

Phi. May they divide thy soul and body!

Coun. Hold, dastard! offer to strike a woman!
[*Preventing him.*

Phi. Leave us, good friend.

Are. What ill-bred man art thou, thus to intrude thyself
"Upon our private sports, our recreations?"

Coun. I understand you not; but I know the knave wou'd have hurt you.

Phi. Pursue thy own affairs; it will be ill
To multiply blood upon my head, which thou wilt force me to.

Coun. I know not your rhetoric; but I cay lay it on, if you offer to touch the woman.

Phi. Slave, take what thou deserv'st. [*They fight.*

Are. Heav'ns guard my lord!

Bel. Unmanner'd boor!—my lord!——

[*Interposing, is wounded.*

Phi. I hear the tread of people: I am hurt.
The gods take part against me, cou'd this boor
Have held me thus else? I must shift for life,
Though I do loath it. [*Exit* Phil *and* Bel.

Coun. I cannot follow the rogue.

Enter PHARAMOND, DION, CLERIMONT, THRASILINE, *and Woodmen.*

Pha. What art thou?

Coun. Almost kill'd I am for a foolish woman; a knave would have hurt her.

Pha. The princess, gentlemen!

Dion. 'Tis above wonder! Who should dare do this?

Pha. Speak, villain, who would have hurt the princess?

Coun. Is it the princess?

Dion. Ay.

Coun. Then I have seen something yet.

Pha. But who would have hurt her?

Coun. I told you, a rogue; I ne'er saw him before, I.

Pha. Madam, who was it?

Are. Some dishonest wretch;
Alas! I know him not, and do forgive him.

Coun. He's hurt himself, and soundly too, he cannot go far; I made my father's old fox fly about his ear.

Pha. How will you have me kill him?

Are. Not at all,
'Tis some distracted fellow.
If you do take him, bring him quick to me,
And I will study for a punishment,
Great as his fault.

Pha. I will.

Are. But swear.

Pha. By all my love, I will:
Woodmen, conduct the princess to the king,
And bear that wounded fellow unto dressing:
Come, gentlemen, we'll follow the chace close.

[*Ex.* Are. Pha. Dion. Cle. Thra. *and* 1 *Woodman.*

Coun. I pray you, friend, let me see the king.

2 *Wood.* That you shall, and receive thanks.

Coun. If I get clear of this, I'll go see no more gay sights. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another part of the wood. Enter BELLARIO, *with a scarf.*

Bel. Yes, I am hurt; and would to Heav'n it were
A death's wound to me! I am faint and weak
With loss of blood: my spirits ebb apace:
A heaviness near death sits on my brow,

And I must sleep: bear me, thou gentle bank,
For ever, if thou wilt; you sweet ones all,
Let me unworthy press you: I cou'd wish,
I rather were a corse strew'd over with you,
Than quick above you. "Dulness shuts mine eyes,
"And I am giddy." Oh! that I could take
So sound a sleep, that I might never wake.

Enter PHILASTER.

Phi. I have done ill; my conscience calls me false,
What strike at her, that would not strike at me!
When I did fight, methought, I heard her pray
The gods to guard me. She may be abus'd,
And I a loathed villain. If she be,
She'll not discover me; the slave has wounds,
And cannot follow, neither knows he me.
Who's this? Bellario sleeping! If thou beest
Guilty, there is no justice that thy sleep
Should be so sound; and mine, whom thou hast wrong'd,
So broken.

Bel. Who is there? My lord Philaster!

[*A cry within.*

Hark! You are pursu'd; fly, fly my lord! and save
Yourself.

Phi. How's this! would'st thou I should be safe?

Bel. Else were it vain for me to live. Oh, seize,
My lord, this offer'd means of your escape!
The princess, I am sure, will ne'er reveal you;
They have no mark to know you, but your wounds;

I, coming in betwixt the boor and you,
Was wounded too. To stay the loss of blood
I did bind on this scarf, which thus
I tear away. Fly! and 'twill be believed
'Twas I assail'd the princess.

Phi. O heavens!
What hast thou done? Art thou then true to me?

Bel. Or let me perish loath'd! Come, my good lord,
Creep in amongst those bushes. Who does know,
But that the gods may save your much-lov'd breath?

Phi. Oh, I shall die for grief! What wilt thou do?

Bel. Shift for myself well: peace, I hear 'em come!

Within. Follow, follow, follow; that way they went.

Bel. With my own wounds I'll bloody my own sword!
I need not counterfeit to fall; Heav'n knows
That I can stand no longer.

Enter PHARAMOND, DION, CLEREMONT, THRASILINE, *&c.*

Pha. To this place we have track'd him by his blood.

Cler. Yonder, my lord, creeps one away.

Dion. Stay, sir, what are you?

Bel. A wretched creature wounded in these woods
By beasts! relieve me, if your names be men,
Or I shall perish!

Dion. This is he, my lord,
Upon my soul, assail'd her; 'tis the boy,
That wicked boy, that serv'd her.

Pha. Oh, thou wretch!

What cause could'st thou shape
To hurt the princess?

Bel. Then I am betray'd.

Dion. Betray'd! no, apprehended.

Bel. I confess,
Urge it no more, that, big with evil thoughts,
I set upon her, and did make my aim
Her death. For charity, let fall at once
The punishment you mean, and do not load
This weary flesh with tortures!

Pha. I will know
Who hir'd thee to this deed.

Bel. My own revenge.

Pha. Revenge! for what?

Bel. It pleas'd her to receive
Me as her page, and, when my fortunes ebb'd,
That men strid o'er them careless, she did shower
Her welcome graces on me, and did swell
My fortunes, till they overflow'd their banks,
Threat'ning the men that crost 'em; when, as swift
As storms arise at sea, she turn'd her eyes
To burning suns upon me, and did dry
The streams she had bestow'd, leaving me worse,
And more contemn'd than other little brooks,
Because I had been great. In short, I knew
I could not live, and therefore did desire
To die reveng'd.

Pha. If tortures can be found,
Long as thy natural life, prepare to feel
The utmost rigour.

Cle. Help to lead him hence.

PHILASTER *comes forth.*

Phi. Turn back, you ravishers of innocence!
Know ye the price of that you bear away
So rudely?

Pha. Who's that?

Dion. 'Tis the lord Philaster.

Phi. 'Tis not the treasure of all kings in one,
The wealth of Tagus, nor the rocks of pearl
That pave the court of Neptune, can weigh down
That virtue. It was I assail'd the princess.
Place me, some god, upon a pyramid,
Higher than hills of earth, and lend a voice
Loud as your thunder to me, that from thence
I may discourse to all the under-world
The worth that dwells in him!

Pha. How's this?

Bel. My lord, some man
Weary of life, that would be glad to die.

Phi. Leave these untimely courtesies, Bellario.

Bel. Alas! he's mad; come, will you lead me on?

Phi. By all the oaths that men ought most to keep,
And gods do punish most when men do break,
He touch'd her not. Take heed, Bellario,
How thou dost drown the virtues thou hast shown,
With perjury. By all that's good, 'twas I;
You know she stood betwixt me and my right.

Pha. Thy own tongue be thy judge.

Cler. It was Philaster.

Dion. Is't not a brave boy?
Well, sirs, I fear me, we are all deceiv'd.
Phi. Have I no friend here?
Dion. Yes.
Phi. Then shew it; some
Good body lend a hand to draw us nearer.
Would you have tears shed for you when you die?
Then lay me gently on his neck, that there
I may weep floods, [*They lead him to* Bellario] and breathe out my spirit;
'Tis not the wealth of Plutus, nor the gold
Lock'd in the heart of earth, can buy away
This arm-full from me You hard-hearted men,
More stony than these mountains, can you see
Such clear, pure blood drop, and not cut your flesh
To stop his life? To bind whose bitter wounds,
Queens ought to tear their hair, and with their tears
Bathe them. Forgive me, thou that art the wealth
Of poor Philaster!

Enter KING, ARETHUSA, *and a guard.*

King. Is the villain ta'en?
Pha. Sir, here be two confess the deed; but say it was Philaster.
Phi. Question it no more, it was.
King. The fellow that did fight with him will tell us.
Are. Ah, me! I know he will.
King. Did not you know him?
Are. No, sir; if it was he, he was disguised.

Phi. I was so. Oh, my stars! that I should live still.

King. Thou ambitious fool!
Thou, that hast laid a train for thy own life;
"Now I do mean to do, I'll leave to talk."
Bear him to prison.

Are. Sir, they did plot together to take hence
This harmless life; should it pass unreveng'd,
I should to earth go weeping: grant me then
(By all the love a father bears his child)
The custody of both, and to appoint
Their tortures and their death.

King. 'Tis granted: take them to you, with a guard.
Come, princely Pharamond, this business past,
We may with more security go on
To your intended match. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The palace. Enter PHILASTER, ARETHUSA, *and* BELLARIO.

"*Arethusa.*

"NAY, dear Philaster, grieve not! we are well!

"*Bel.* Nay, good my lord, forbear; we are won-
d'rous well.

"*Phi.* Oh, Arethusa! Oh, Bellario! leave to be kind:
"I shall be shot from Heav'n, as now from earth,
"If you continue so. I am a man,
"False to a pair of the most trusty ones
"That ever earth bore. Can it bear us all?

" Forgive, and leave me! but the king hath sent
" To call me to my death: Oh, shew it me,
" And then forget me. And for thee, my boy,
" I shall deliver words will mollify
" The hearts of beasts, to spare thy innocence.
" *Bel.* Alas, my lord, my life is not a thing
" Worthy your noble thoughts; 'tis not a life,
" 'Tis but a piece of childhood thrown away:
" Should I outlive you, I should then outlive
" Virtue and honour; and, when that day comes,
" If ever I shall close these eyes but once,
" May I live spotted for my perjury,
" And waste my limbs to nothing!
" *Are.* And I (the woful'st mind that ever was,
" Forc'd with my hands to bring my lord to death)
" Do by the honour of a virgin swear,
" To tell no hours beyond it.
" *Phi.* Make me not hated so.
" People will tear me, when they find you true
" To such a wretch as I; I shall die loath'd.
" Enjoy your kingdoms peaceably, whilst I
" For ever sleep forgotten with my faults;
" Ev'ry just servant, ev'ry maid in love,
" Will have a piece of me, if you be true.
" *Are.* My dear lord, say not so.
" *Bel.* A piece of you!
" He was not born of woman, that can cut
" It and look on.
" *Phi.* Take me in tears betwixt you;
" For else my heart will break with shame and sorrow.

" *Are.* Why, 'tis well.
" *Bel.* Lament no more.
" *Phi.* What would you hav^ done
" If you had wrong'd me basely, and had found
" My life no price, compar'd to yours? For love, sirs,
" Deal with me plainly.
" *Bel.* 'Twas mistaken, sir.
" *Phi.* Why, if it were?
" *Bel.* Then, sir, we would have ask'd your pardon.
" *Phi.* And have hope to enjoy it?
" *Are.* Enjoy it! ay.
" *Phi.* Would you, indeed? be plain.
" *Bel.* We would, my lord.
" *Phi.* Forgive me then.
" *Are.* So, so.
" *Bel.* 'Tis as it should be now.
" *Phi.* Lead to my death. [*Exeunt.*"

SCENE II.

The presence chamber. Enter KING, DION, CLEREMONT, *and* THRASILINE.

King. Gentlemen, who saw the prince?
Cler. So please you, sir, he's gone to see the city,
And the new platform, with some gentlemen
Attending on him.
King. Is the princess ready
To bring her prisoner out?
Thra. She waits your grace.
King. Tell her we stay.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Where's the king?

King. Here.

Mes. To your strength, O king,
And rescue the prince Pharamond from danger;
He's taken prisoner by the citizens,
Fearing the lord Philaster.

" *Enter another Messenger.*

" *Mes.* Arm, arm, O king, the city is in mutiny,
" Led by an old grey ruffian, who comes on
" In rescue of the lord Philaster. [*Exit.*"

King. Away to th' citadel; I'll see them safe,
And then cope with these burghers: let the guard
And all the gentlemen give strong attendance. [*Exit.*

Cler. The city up! This was above our wishes.

Dion. Well, my dear countrymen, if you continue, and fall not back upon the first broken shin, I'll have you chronicled, and chronicled, and cut and chronicled, and sung in all-to-be-praised sonnets, and graved in new brave ballads, that all tongues shall troule you *in sæcula sæculorum*, my kind can-carriers.

Thra. What if a toy take them i'th' heels now, and they all run away, and cry, the devil take the hindmost?

Dion. Then the same devil take the foremost too, and souse him for his breakfast! " If they all prove " cowards, my curses fly among them and be speed- " ing! May they have murrains reign to keep the

" gentlemen at home, unbound in easy frieze! May " the moths branch their velvets! May their false " lights undo them, and discover presses, holes, " stains, and oldness in their stuffs, and make them " shop-rid!" May they keep whores and horses, and break; and live mewed up with necks of beef and turnips! May they have many children, and none like the father! May they know no language but that gibberish they prattle to their parcels, unless it be the Gothic Latin they write in their bonds, and may they write that false, and lose their debts!

Enter the KING.

King. 'Tis Philaster,
None but Philaster, must allay this heat;
They will not hear me speak; but call me tyrant.
My daughter and Bellario too declare,
Were he to die, that they would both die with him.
Oh, run, dear friend, and bring the lord Philaster;
Speak him fair; call him prince; do him all
The courtesy you can; commend me to him.
I have already given orders for his liberty.

Cler. My lord, he's here.

Enter PHILASTER.

King. Oh, worthy sir, forgive me; " do not make
" Your miseries and my faults meet together,
" To bring a greater danger. Be yourself,
" Still sound amongst diseases." I have wrong'd you,
" And though I find it last, and beaten to it,

" Let first your goodness know it." Calm the people,
And be what you were born to: take your love,
And with her my repentance, " and my wishes,
" And all my pray'rs:" by th' gods, my heart speaks this.
And if the least fall from me not perform'd,
May I be struck with thunder.

Phi. Mighty sir,
I will not do your greatness so much wrong,
As not to make your word truth; free the princess
And the poor boy, and let me stand the shock
Of this mad sea-breach, which I'll either turn
Or perish with it.

King. Let your own word free them.

Phi. Then thus I take my leave, kissing your hand,
And hanging on your royal word: be kingly,
And be not mov'd, sir; I shall bring you peace,
Or never bring myself back.

King. All the gods go with thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A street in the city. Enter an old captain and citizens with PHARAMOND.

Cap. Come, my brave myrmidons, let us fall on,
Let our caps swarm, my boys,
And your nimble tongues forget your mothers'
Gibberish of what you do lack, and set your mouths
Up, children, till your palates fall frighted half a

Fathom, past the cure of bay-salt and gross pepper,
And then cry Philaster, brave Philaster.

All. Philaster! Philaster!

Cap. How do you like this, my lord prince?

Pha. I hear it with disdain, unterrified;
Yet sure humanity has not forsook you;
You will not see me massacred, thus coolly butcher'd by numbers?

Enter PHILASTER.

All. Long live Philaster, the brave prince Philaster!

Phi. I thank you, gentlemen; but why are these
Rude weapons brought abroad, to teach your hands
Uncivil trades?

Cap. My royal Rosiclear,
We are thy myrmidons, thy guard, thy roarers;
And when thy noble body is in durance,
Thus we do clap our musty murrions on,
And trace the streets in terror. Is it peace,
Thou Mars of men? Is the king sociable,
And bids thee live? Art thou above thy foemen,
And free as Phœbus? Speak; if not, this stand
Of royal blood shall be a-broach, a-tilt, and run
Even to the lees of honour.

Phi. Hold and be satisfied; I am myself,
Free as my thoughts are; by the gods, I am.

Cap. Art thou the dainty darling of the king?
Art thou the Hylas to our Hercules?
Is the court navigable, and the presence stuck
With flags of friendship? If not, we are thy castle,

And this man sleeps.

Phi. I am what I desire to be, your friend;
I am what I was born to be, your prince.

Pha. Sir, there is some humanity in you;
You have a noble soul; forget my name,
And know my misery; set me safe aboard
From these wild Cannibals, and, as I live,
I'll quit this land for ever.

Phi. I do pity you: friends, discharge your fears;
Deliver me the prince.
Good, my friends, go to your houses, and by me have
Your pardons, and my love;
And know, there shall be nothing in my pow'r
You may deserve, but you shall have your wishes.

All. Long mayst thou live, brave prince!
Brave prince! brave prince! [*Exeunt* Phi. *and.* Pha.

Cap. Go thy ways; thou art the king of courtesy: fall off again, my sweet youths; come, and every man trace to his house again, and hang his pewter up; then to the tavern, and bring your wives in muffs: we will have music, and the red grape shall make us dance, and rife, boys. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to the court. *Enter* KING, ARETHUSA, GALATEA, MEGRA, CLEREMONT, DION, THRASILINE, BELLARIO, *and attendants.*

King. Is it appeas'd?

Dion. Sir, all is quiet as the dead of night,

As peaceable as sleep. My lord Philaster
Brings on the prince himself.

King. Kind gentleman!
I will not break the least word I have giv'n
In promise to him. I have heap'd a world
Of grief upon his head, which yet I hope
To wash away.

Enter PHILASTER *and* PHARAMOND.

Cler. My lord is come.

King. My son!
Blest be the time, that I have leave to call
Such virtue mine! "Now thou art in mine arms,
"Methinks I have a salve unto my breast
"For all the stings that dwell there;" streams of grief
That I have wrong'd thee, and as much of joy
That I repent it, issue from mine eyes:
Let them appease thee; take thy right; take her,
She is thy right too, and forget to urge
My vexed soul with that I did before.

Phi. Sir, it is blotted from my memory,
Past and forgotten: for you, prince of Spain,
Whom I have thus redeem'd, you have full leave
To make an honourable voyage home.
And if you would go furnish'd to your realm
With fair provision, I do see a lady,
Methinks, would gladly bear you company.

Meg. Shall I then alone
Be made the mark of obloquy and scorn?
Can shame remain perpetually in me,

And not in others? Or have princes salves
To cure ill names, that meaner people want?

Phi. What mean you?

Meg. You must get another ship
To bear the princess and the boy together.

Dion. How now!

Meg. I have already published both their shames.
"Ship us all four, my lord; we can endure
"Weather and wind alike."

King. Clear thou thyself, or know not me for father.

Are. This earth, how false it is! What means is left
For me to clear myself? It lies in your belief.
My lord; believe me, and let all things else
Struggle together to dishonour me.

Bel. Oh, stop your ears, great king, that I may speak
As freedom would: then I will call this lady
As base as be her actions. Hear me, sir;
Believe your heated blood when it rebels
Against your reason, sooner than this lady.

Phi. This lady! I will sooner trust the wind
With feathers, or the troubled sea with pearl,
Than her with any thing: believe her not!
Why, think you, if I did believe her words,
I would outlive them? Honour cannot take
Revenge on you; then what were to be known
But death?

King. Forget her, sir, since all is knit
Between us: but I must request of you
One favour, and will sadly not be denied.

Phi. Command, whate'er it be.

King. Swear to be true
To what you promise.

Phi. By the Pow'rs above,
Let it not be the death of her or him,
And it is granted.

King. Bear away the boy
To torture. I will have her clear'd or buried.

Phi. Oh, let me call my words back, worthy sir;
Ask something else: bury my life and right
In one poor grave; but do not take away
My life and fame at once.

King. Away with him, it stands irrevocable.

Bel. Oh, kill me, gentlemen!

"*Dion.* No, help, sirs."

Bel. Will you torture me?

King. Haste thee; why stay you?

Bel. Then I shall not break my vow,
You know, just gods, though I discover all.

King. How's that? Will he confess?

Dion. Sir, so he says.

King. Speak then.

Bel. Great king, if you command
This lord to talk with me alone, my tongue,
Urg'd by my heart, shall utter all the thoughts
My youth hath known, and stranger things than these
You hear not often.

King. Walk aside with him.

[Dion *and* Bel. *walk aside together.*

Dion. Why speak'st thou not?

Bel. Know you this face, my lord?

Dion. No.

Bel. Have you not seen it, nor the like?

Dion. Yes, I have seen the like, but readily
I know not where.

Bel. I have been often told
In court, of one Euphrasia, a lady,
And daughter to you; betwixt whom and me,
They that would flatter my bad face, would swear
There was such strange resemblance, that we two
Could not be known asunder, drest alike.

Dion. By Heav'n, and so there is.

Bel. For her fair sake,
Who now doth spend the spring-time of her life
In holy pilgrimage, move to the king,
That I may 'scape this torture.

Dion. But thou speak'st
As like Euphrasia, as thou dost look.
How came it to thy knowledge that she lives
In pilgrimage?

Bel. I know it not, my lord.
But I have heard it, yet do scarce believe it.

Dion. Oh, my shame, is it possible? Draw near,
That I may gaze upon thee: art thou she?
"Or else her murderer?" Where wert thou born?

Bel. In Siracusa.

Dion. What's thy name?

Bel. Euphrasia.

Dion. 'Tis just; 'tis she; now I do know thee; oh,
That thou hadst died, and I had never seen
Thee nor my shame.

Bel. Would I had died, indeed! I wish it too;
And so I must have done by vow, ere published

What I have told; but that there was no means
To hide it longer; yet I joy in this,
The princess is all clear.

King. What have you done?

Dion. All is discover'd.

Are. What is discover'd?

Dion. Why, my shame;
It is a woman; let her speak the rest.

Phi. How! that again.

Dion. It is a woman.

Phi. Blest be you pow'rs that favour innocence!
It is a woman, sir! hark, gentlemen!
It is a woman. Arethusa, take
My soul into thy breast, that would be gone
With joy; it is a woman—thou art fair,
And virtuous still to ages, 'spight of malice.

King. Speak you; where lies his shame?

Bel. I am his daughter.

Phi. The gods are just.
But, Bellario,
(For I must call thee still so) tell me, why
Thou didst conceal thy sex; it was a fault;
A fault, Bellario, though thy other deeds
Of truth outweigh'd it: all these jealousies
Had flown to nothing, if thou hadst discover'd,
What now we now.

Bel. My father oft would speak
Your worth and virtue, and as I did grow
More and more apprehensive, I did thirst
To see the man so prais'd; but yet all this
Was but a maiden-longing, to be lost

As soon as found; till sitting in my window,
Printing my thoughts in lawn, I saw a god
I thought (but it was you) enter our gates;
My blood flew out, and back again as fast,
As I had puff'd it forth and suck'd it in
Like breath; then was I call'd away in haste
To entertain you. Never was a man,
Heav'd from a sheep-cote to a sceptre, rais'd
So high in thoughts as I; you left a kiss
Upon these lips then, which I mean to keep
From you for ever; I did hear you talk,
Far above singing; after you were gone,
I grew acquainted with my heart, and search'd
What stirr'd it so: alas! I found it love;
Yet far from ill, for could I have but liv'd
In presence of you, I had had my end;
For this I did delude my noble father
With a feign'd pilgrimage, and dress'd myself
In the habit of a boy; and, for I knew
My birth no match for you, I was past hope
Of having you: and understanding well
That when I made discovery of my sex,
I could not stay with you; I made a vow,
By all the most religious things a maid
Could call together, never to be known,
Whilst there was hope to hide me from mens' eyes,
For other than I seem'd, that I might ever
Abide with you; then sat I by the fount,
Where first you took me up.

King. Search out a match
Within our kingdom, where and when thou wilt,

And I will pay thy dowry; and thyself
Wilt well deserve him.

Bel. Never, sir, will I
Marry; it is a thing within my vow.

Phi. I grieve, such virtues should be laid in earth
Without an heir. Hear me, my royal father.
Wrong not the freedom of our souls so much,
To think to take revenge of that base woman;
Her malice cannot hurt us; set her free
As she was born, saving from shame and sin.

King. Well! Be it so. You, Pharamond,
Shall have free passage, and a conduct home
Worthy so great a prince; when you come there,
Remember, 'twas your faults that lost you her,
And not my purpos'd will.

Pha. I do confess it;
And let this confession
Spread an oblivion o'er my follies past.

King. It shall—All is forgot;
Now join your hands in one. Enjoy, Philaster,
This kingdom, which is yours, and after me
Whatever I call mine; my blessing on you!
All happy hours be at your marriage-joys,
That you may grow yourselves over all lands,
And live to see your plenteous branches spring
Wherever there is sun!——Let princes learn
By this to rule the passions of their blood;
For, what Heav'n wills, can never be withstood.

THE END.

De Wilde pinx.t Leney sc.

Mr WILSON as SIR FRANCIS WRONGHEAD.

I don't know how it was — but I doubt I cried
Ay! when I should have cried No!

London Printed for J. Bell British Library Strand 30 Oct.r 1791.

THE

PROVOK'D HUSBAND;

OR, A

JOURNEY TO LONDON.

A

COMEDY,

BY

SIR JOHN VANBRUGH & C. CIBBER, Esq.

ADAPTED FOR

THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRES-ROYAL,

DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOKS,

By Permission of the Managers.

"The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas are omitted in the Representation."

LONDON:

Printed for the Proprietors, under the Direction of

JOHN BELL, British Library, STRAND,

Bookseller to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

M DCC XCI.

TO THE

QUEEN.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR MAJESTY,

THE English theatre throws itself, with this play, at your Majesty's feet, for favour and support.

As their public diversions are a strong indication of the genius of a people, the following scenes are an attempt to establish such as are fit to entertain the minds of a sensible nation; and to wipe off that aspersion of barbarity, which the virtuosi among our neighbours have sometimes thrown upon our taste.

The Provok'd Husband is, at least, an instance that an English comedy may, to an unusual number of days, bring many thousands of his Majesty's good subjects together, to their emolument and delight, with innocence. And however little share of that merit my unequal pen may pretend to, yet I hope the just admirers of Sir John Vanbrugh will allow I have, at worst, been a careful guardian of his orphan muse, by leading it into your Majesty's royal protection.

The design of this play, being chiefly to expose and reform the licentious irregularities that, too often, break

TO THE

READER.

HAVING taken upon me, in the prologue to this play, to give the auditors some short account of that part of it which Sir John Vanbrugh left unfinished, and not thinking it advisable, in that place, to limit their judgment by so high a commendation as I thought it deserved; I have, therefore, for the satisfaction of the curious, printed the whole of what he wrote, separately, under the single title he gave it of, A Journey to London, without presuming to alter a line.

Yet, when I own, that in my last conversation with him, (which chiefly turned upon what he had done towards a comedy) he excused his not shewing it me till he had reviewed it, confessing the scenes were yet undigested, too long, and irregular, particularly in the lower characters, I have but one excuse for publishing what he never designed should come into the world as it then was, *viz.* I had no other way of taking those many faults to myself, which may be justly found in my presuming to finish it.

However, a judicious Reader will find in his original papers, that the characters are strongly drawn, new, spirited, and natural; taken from sensible observations on high and lower life, and from a just indignation at the follies in fashion. All I could gather from him of what he intended in the catastrophe, was, that the conduct of his imaginary fine lady had so provoked him, that he designed actually to have made her husband turn her out of

his doors. But when this performance came, after his decease, to my hands, I thought such violent measures, however just they might be in real life, were too severe for comedy, and would want the proper surprize, which is due to the end of a play. Therefore, with much ado, (and it was as much as I could do with probability,) I preserved the lady's chastity, that the sense of her errors might make a reconciliation not impracticable; and I hope the mitigation of her sentence has been since justified by its success.

My inclination to preserve as much as possible of Sir John, I soon saw had drawn the whole into an unusual length; the Reader will, therefore, find here a scene or two of the lower humour, that were left out after the first day's presentation.

The favour the Town has shewn to the higher characters in this play, is a proof that their taste is not wholly vitiated by the barbarous entertainments that have been so expensively set off to corrupt it: but, while the repetition of the best old plays is apt to give satiety, and good new ones so scarce a commodity, we must not wonder that the poor actors are sometimes forced to trade in trash for a livelihood.

I cannot yet take leave of the Reader, without endeavouring to do justice to those principal actors who have so evidently contributed to the support of this comedy: and I wish I could separate the praises due to them, from the secret vanity of an author; for all I can say will still insinuate, that they could not have so highly excelled, unless the skill of the writer had given them proper occasion. However, as I had rather appear vain than unthankful, I will venture to say of Mr. Wilkes *, that in the last act, I never saw any passion take so natural a possession of an actor, or any actor take so tender a possession of his auditors——Mr. Mills †,

* In Lord Townly. † Mr. Manly.

too, is confessed by every body to have surprised them, by so far excelling himself——But there is no doing right to Mrs. Oldfield*, without putting people in mind of what others, of great merit, have wanted, to come near her——'Tis not enough to say, she here out-did her usual excellence. I might therefore justly leave her to the constant admiration of those spectators who have the pleasure of living while she is an actress. But as this is not the only time she has been the life of what I have given the public, so, perhaps my saying a little more of so memorable an actress, may give this play a chance to be read, when the people of this age shall be ancestors——May it therefore give emulation to our successors of the stage, to know, that to the ending of the year 1727, a cotemporary comedian relates, that Mrs. Oldfield was then in her highest excellence of action, happy in all the rarely found requisites that meet in one person to complete them for the stage——She was in stature just rising to that height, where the graceful can only begin to shew itself; of a lively aspect, and a command in her mien, that like the principal figure in the finest painting, first seizes, and longest delights the eye of the spectators. Her voice was sweet, strong, piercing, and melodious; her pronunciation voluble, distinct, and musical; and her emphasis always placed where the spirit of the sense, in her periods, only demanded it. If she delighted more in the higher comic than in the tragic strain, 'twas because the last is too often written in a lofty disregard of nature. But in characters of modern practised life, she found occasion to add the particular air and manner which distinguished the different humours she presented; whereas, in tragedy, the manner of speaking varies as little as the blank verse it is written in.——She had one peculiar happiness from nature, she looked and maintained the agreeable, at a time when other fine women only raise admirers by their understanding——The spectator was always as much informed by her eyes as her elocution; for the look is the only proof that an actor rightly conceives what he utters, there being scarce an

* Lady Grace.

instance, where the eyes do their part, that the elocution is known to be faulty. The qualities she had acquired, were the genteel and the elegant; the one in her air, and the other in her dress, never had her equal on the stage; and the ornaments she herself provided (particularly in this play) seemed in all respects the *paraphernalia* of a woman of quality. And of that sort were the characters she chiefly excelled in; but her natural good sense, and lively turn of conversation, made her way so easy to ladies of the highest rank, that it is a less wonder if, on the stage, she sometimes was, what might have become the finest woman in real life to have supported.

Theatre-Royal, C. CIBBER.
Jan. 27, 1727-8.

THE

PROVOK'D HUSBAND

Is the joint performance of Sir JOHN VANBRUGH and COLLEY CIBBER, and perhaps, as a composition, superior to any cotemporary comedy, as well from the nature and variety of its characters, as from what is not so generally attended to, the sufficiency of its *moral*.

The grand object of this play is the correction of the higher folly in the eccentric errors of fashion and cultivation—and the chastisement of vulgar folly aiming after absurd elevation, and journeying to a capital in an utter unaquaintance with life.

With the persons here presented, all may readily claim acquaintance—Here is the airy levity of rank and what is also to be found there, its composed reflecting dignity—Here is the steady and sincere *Manly* —Here is also, to compare with some illustrious females we could name, the polished unerring mind of *Lady Grace*. Here is the sharper preying upon incapacity—and IGNORANCE, hunting after place without powers, insensible to the ridicule of situation un-

sustained—and the cub of the father running his head into infamy in order to be familiar.

What in life, however, does not invariably happen, here is also complete detection of knavery, and an intire reform to thoughtless dissipation.

If such, and so strong be the ground work of this Piece, and a happier it is not easy to imagine, it is but justice to say, that all the heightening to be bestowed by sentiment and expression is here perfect. The language is extremely nervous and terse; the higher scenes have that rebound of sarcasm, or of wit, which prevents satiety in situations above humour. The lower manners here are faithful and diverting—yet, perhaps, the excitement to laughter, if we except one scene, is not remarkably strong in this play.—The mind, naturally reaching up to rank, is most intent upon the conduct of the superior personages of the drama,—and the reformation of the elegant *Lady Townly* is worked up with so masterly a hand, that perhaps few *tragedies* have greater power in the excitement of the tender emotions.

PROLOGUE.

THIS play took birth from principles of truth,
To make amends for errors past of youth.
A bard, that's now no more, in riper days,
Conscious, review'd the licence of his plays:
And though applause his wanton muse had fir'd,
Himself condemn'd what sensual minds admir'd.
At length he own'd, that plays should let you see,
Not only what you are, but ought to be;
Though vice was natural, 'twas never meant
The stage should shew it, but for punishment.
Warm with that thought, his Muse once more took flame,
Resolv'd to bring licentious life to shame.
Such was the piece his latest pen design'd.
But left no traces of his plan behind.
Luxuriant scenes, unprun'd, or half contriv'd;
Yet, through the mass, his native fire survi v'd:
Rough, as rich ore in mines, the treasure lay,
Yet still 'twas rich, and forms, at length, a play;
In which the bold compiler boasts no merit,
But that his pains have saved your scenes of spirit.
Not scenes that would a noisy joy impart,
But such as hush the mind, and warm the heart.
From praise of hands no sure account he draws,
But fix'd attention is sincere applause:
If then (for hard you'll own the task) his art
Can to those embryon-scenes new life impart,
The living proudly would exclude his lays,
And to the buried bard resigns the praise.

Dramatis Personae.

DRURY-LANE.

Men.

Lord TOWNLY, *of a regular life,* - -	Mr. Kemble.
Mr. MANLY, *an admirer of Lady* Grace,	Mr. Bensley.
Sir FRANCIS WRONGHEAD, *a country gentleman,* - - - - - - - - -	Mr. Parsons.
Squire RICHARD, *his son, a mere whelp,*	Mr. Suett.
Count BASSET, *a gamester,* - - - -	Mr. Dodd.
JOHN MOODY, *servant to Sir* Francis, *an honest clown,* - - - - - - -	Mr. Moody.

Women.

Lady TOWNLY, *immoderate in her pursuit of pleasures,* - - - - - - - - -	Miss Farren.
Lady GRACE, *sister to Lord* Townly, *of exemplary virtue,* - - - - - - -	Mrs. Powell.
Lady WRONGHEAD, *wife to Sir* Francis, *inclined to be a fine lady,* - -	Mrs. Hopkins.
Miss JENNY, *her daughter, pert and forward,* - - - - - - - - - -	Miss Collins.
Mrs. MOTHERLY, *one that lets lodgings,*	Mrs. Booth.
MYRTILLA, *her niece, seduced by the Count,* - - - - - - - - - -	Miss Barns.
Mrs. TRUSTY, *Lady* Townly's *woman,* -	Miss Heard.

Dramatis Personæ.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Men.

Lord TOWNLY, *of a regular life,* - - -	Mr. Holman.
Mr. MANLY, *an admirer of Lady* Grace, -	Mr. Farren.
Sir FRANCIS WRONGHEAD, *a country gentleman,* - - - - - - - - -	Mr. Wilson.
Squire RICHARD, *his son, a mere whelp,* -	Mr. Blanchard.
Count BASSET, *a gamester,* - - - - -	Mr. Bernard.
JOHN MOODY, *servant to Sir* Francis, *an honest clown,* - - - - - - - -	Mr. Quick.

Women.

Lady TOWNLY, *immoderate in her pursuit of pleasures,* - - - - - - - - -	Mrs. Esten.
Lady GRACE, *sister to Lord* Townly, *of exemplary virtue,* - - - - - - -	Mrs. Mattocks.
Lady WRONGHEAD, *wife to Sir* Francis, *inclined to be a fine lady,* - -	Mrs. Webb.
Miss JENNY, *her daughter, pert and forward,* - - - - - - - - - -	Mrs. Harlowe.
Mrs. MOTHERLY, *one that lets lodgings,* -	Mrs. Powell.
MYRTILLA, *her niece, seduced by the Count,* - - - - - - - - - -	Mrs. Lewis.
Mrs. TRUSTY, *Lady* Townly's *woman,* -	Miss Stuart.

THE PROVOK'D HUSBAND.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Lord TOWNLY's *Apartment.*

Lord TOWNLY, *solus.*

WHY did I marry?——Was it not evident, my plain, rational scheme of life was impracticable, with a woman of so different a way of thinking?——Is there one article of it that she has not broke in upon?——Yes—let me do her justice——her reputation——That—I have no reason to believe is in question——But then how long her profligate course of pleasures may make her able to keep it——is a shocking question! and her presumption while she keeps it——insupportable! for on the pride of that single virtue she seems to lay it down as a fundamental point, that the free indulgence of every other vice this fertile towns affords, is the birth-right prerogative of a woman of quality——Amazing! that a creature so warm

in the pursuit of her pleasures, should never cast one thought towards her happiness——Thus, while she admits of no lover, she thinks it a greater merit still, in her chastity, not to care for her husband; and while she herself is solazing in one continual round of cards and good company, he, poor wretch, is left at large, to take care of his own contentment——'Tis time, indeed, some care were taken, and speedily there shall be——Yet, let me not be rash——Perhaps this disappointment of my heart may make me too impatient; and some tempers, when reproach'd, grow more untractable——Here she comes——Let me be calm a while.

Enter Lady TOWNLY.

Going out so soon after dinner, madam?

Lady T. Lard, my lord! what can I possible do at home?

Lord T. What does my sister, Lady Grace, do at home?

Lady T. Why, that is to me amazing! Have you ever any pleasure at home?

Lord T. It might be in your power, madam, I confess, to make it a little more comfortable to me.

Lady T. Comfortable! And so, my good lord, you would really have a woman of my rank and spirit stay at home to comfort her husband. Lord, what notions of life some men have!

Lord T. Don't you think, madam, some ladies' notions are full as extravagant?

Lady T. Yes, my lord, when the tame doves live coop'd within the pen of your precepts, I do think 'em prodigious indeed.

Lord T. And when they fly wild about this town, madam, pray what must the world think of 'em then?

Lady T. Oh, this world is not so ill-bred as to quarrel with any woman for liking it!

Lord T. Nor am I, madam, a husband so well bred, as to bear my wife's being so fond of it; in short, the life you lead, madam——

Lady T. Is to me the pleasantest life in the world.

Lord T. I should not dispute your taste, madam, if a woman had a right to please nobody but herself.

Lady T. Why, whom would you have her please?

Lord T. Sometimes her husband.

Lady T. And don't you think a husband under the same obligation.

Lord T. Certainly.

Lady T. Why, then, we are agreed, my lord—— For if I never go abroad, till I am weary of being at home—which you know is the case—is it not equally reasonable, not to come home till one is weary of being abroad?

Lord T. If this be your rule of life, madam, 'tis time to ask you one serious question.

Lady T. Don't let it be long a coming then——for I am in haste.

Lord T. Madam, when I am serious, I expect a serious answer.

Lady T. Before I know the question?

Lord T. Psha——Have I power, madam, to make you serious by entreaty?

Lady T. You have.

Lord T. And you promise to answer me sincerely?

Lady T. Sincerely.

Lord T. Now then recollect your thoughts, and tell me seriously why you married me?

Lady T. You insist upon truth, you say?

Lord T. I think I have a right to it.

Lady T. Why then, my lord, to give you, at once, a proof of my obedience and sincerity—I think—I married—to take off that restraint that lay upon my pleasures while I was a single woman.

Lord T. How, madam! is any woman under less restraint after marriage than before it?

Lady T. Oh, my lord, my lord! they are quite different creatures! Wives have infinite liberties in life, that would be terrible in an unmarried woman to take.

Lord T. Name one.

Lady T. Fifty if you please—To begin, then,—in the morning—A married woman may have men at her toilet; invite them to dinner; appoint them a party in the stage-box at the play; engross the conversation there; call them by their christian names; talk louder than the players; from thence jaunt into the city; take a frolicsome supper at an India-House? perhaps, in her *gaieté de cœur*, toast a pretty-fellow; then clatter again to this end of the town; break, with the morning, into an assembly; crowd to the

hazard-table; throw a familiar *levant* upon some sharp, lurching man of quality, and if he demands his money, turn it off with a loud laugh, and cry—— you'll owe it him, to vex him, ha, ha!

Lord T. Prodigious! [*Aside.*

Lady T. These, now, my lord, are some few of the many modish amusements that distinguish the privilege of a wife, from that of a single woman.

Lord T. Death, madam! what law has made these liberties less scandalous in a wife, than in an unmarried woman?

Lady T. Why the strongest law in the world, custom—custom time out of mind, my lord.

Lord T. Custom, madam, is the law of fools; but it shall never govern me.

Lady T. Nay, then, my lord, 'tis time for me to observe the laws of prudence.

Lord T. I wish I could see an instance of it.

Lady T. You shall have one this moment, my lord; for I think, when a man begins to lose his temper at home, if a woman has any prudence, why—she'll go abroad 'till he comes to himself again. [*Going.*

Lord T. Hold, madam——I am amaz'd you are not more uneasy at the life you lead. You don't want sense, and yet seem void of all humanity; for, with a blush I say it, I think I have not wanted love.

Lady T. Oh, don't say that, my lord, if you suppose I have my senses.

Lord T. What is it I have done to you? What can you complain of?

Lady T. Oh, nothing in the least! 'Tis true, you have heard me say, I have owed my Lord Lurcher an hundred pounds these three weeks——but what then—a husband is not liable to his wife's debts of honour, you know——and if a silly woman will be uneasy about money she cann't be sued for, what's that to him? As long as he loves her, to be sure, she can have nothing to complain of.

Lord T. By Heaven, if my whole fortune thrown into your lap, could make you delight in the cheerful duties of a wife, I should think myself a gainer by the purchase.

Lady T. That is, my lord, I might receive your whole estate, provided you were sure I would not spend a shilling of it.

Lord T. No, madam; were I master of your heart, your pleasures would be mine; but, different as they are, I'll feed even your follies, to deserve it——Perhaps you may have some other trifling debts of honour abroad, that keep you out of humour at home——at least it shall not be my fault, if I have not more of your company——There, there's a bill of five hundred——and now, madam——

Lady T. And now, my lord, down to the ground I thank you——Now I am convinced, were I weak enough to love this man, I should never get a single guinea from him. [*Aside.*

Lord T. If it be no offence, madam——

Lady T. Say what you please, my lord; I am in

that harmony of spirits, it is impossible to put me out of humour.

Lord T. How long, in reason then, do you think that sum ought to last you?

Lady T. Oh, my dear, dear lord! now you have spoiled all again: how is it possible I should answer for an event that so utterly depends upon fortune? But to shew you that I am more inclined to get money than to throw it away——I have a strong prepossession, that with this five hundred, I shall win five thousand.

Lord T. Madam, if you were to win ten thousand, it would be no satisfaction to me.

Lady T. Oh, the churl! ten thousand! what! not so much as wish I might win ten thousand!——Ten thousand! Oh, the charming sum! what infinite pretty things might a woman of spirit do with ten thousand guineas; O' my conscience, if she were a woman of true spirit—she—she might lose them all again.

Lord T. And I had rather it should be so, madam, provided I could be sure that were the last you would lose.

Lady T. Well, my lord, to let you see I design to play all the good house-wife I can; I am now going to a party at *quadrille*, only to piddle with a little of it, at poor two guineas a fish, with the Dutchess of Quiteright. [*Exit.*

Lord T. Insensible creature! neither reproaches or indulgence, kindness or severity, can wake her to the

least reflection! Continual licence has lull'd her into such a lethargy of care, that she speaks of her excesses with the same easy confidence, as if they were so many virtues. What a turn has her head taken! ——But how to cure it——I am afraid the physic must be strong that reaches her——Lenitives, I see are to no purpose——take my friend's opinion—— Manly will speak freely——my sister with tenderness to both sides. They know my case—I'll talk with them.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mr. Manly, my lord, has sent to know if your lordship was at home.

Lord T. They did not deny me?

Serv. No, my lord.

Lord T. Very well; step up to my sister, and say, I desire to speak with her.

Serv. Lady Grace is here, my lord. [*Exit. Serv.*

Enter Lady GRACE.

Lord T. So, lady fair; what pretty weapon have you been killing your time with?

Lady G. A huge folio, that has almost killed me—I think I have read half my eyes out.

Lord T. Oh! you should not pore so much just after dinner, child.

Lady G. That's true; but any body's thoughts are better always than one's own, you know.

Lord T. Who's there?

Enter Servant.

Leave word at the door, I am at home to nobody, but Mr. Manley. [*Exit Serv.*

Lady G. And why is he excepted, pray, my lord?

Lord T. I hope, madam, you have no objection to his company?

Lady G. Your particular orders, upon my being here, look, indeed, as if you thought I had not.

Lord T. And your ladyship's inquiry into the reason of those orders, shews, at least, it was not a matter indifferent to you.

Lady G. Lord you make the oddest constructions, brother!

Lady G. Look you, my grave Lady Grace—in one serious word—I wish you had him.

Lady G. I cann't help that.

Lord T. Ha! you cann't help it; ha, ha! The flat simplicity of that reply was admirable.

Lady G. Pooh, you tease one, brother?

Lord T. Come, I beg pardon, child——this is not a point, I grant you, to trifle upon; therefore, I hope you'll give me leave to be serious.

Lady G. If you desire it, brother; though, upon my word, as to Mr. Manley's having any serious thoughts of me—I know nothing of it.

Lord T. Well——there's nothing wrong in your making a doubt of it——But, in short, I find by his conversation of late, that he has been looking roun

the world for a wife; and if you were to look round the world for a husband, he is the first man I would give to you.

Lady G. Then, whenever he makes me any offer, brother, I will certainly tell you of it.

Lord T. Oh! that's the last thing he'll do: he'll never make you an offer, 'till he's pretty sure it won't be refused.

Lady G. Now you make me curious. Pray, did he ever make any offer of that kind to you.

Lord T. Not directly; but that imports nothing: he is a man too well acquainted with the female world to be brought into a high opinion of any one woman, without some well-examined proof of her merit; yet I have reason to believe, that your good sense, your turn of mind, and your way of life, have brought him to so favourable a one of you, that a few days will reduce him to talk plainly to me; which, as yet, (notwithstanding our friendship) I have neither declined nor encouraged him to.

Lady G. I am mighty glad we are so near in our way of thinking; for, to tell you the truth, he is much upon the same terms with me: you know he has a satirical turn; but never lashes any folly, without giving due encomiums to its opposite virtue: and upon such occasions, he is sometimes particular, in turning his compliments upon me, which I don't receive with any reserve, lest he should imagine I take them to myself.

Lord T. You are right, child: when a man of merit makes his addresses, good sence may give him an answer, without scorn or coquetry.

Lady G. Hush? he's here——

Enter Mr. MANLY.

Man. My lord, your most obedient.

Lord T. Dear Manly, yours——I was thinking to send to you.

Man. Then, I am glad I am here, my lord——Lady Grace, I kiss your hands——What, only you two! How many visits may a man make, before he falls into such unfashionable company? A brother and sister soberly sitting at home, when the whole town is a gadding! I question if there is so particular a *tête-à-tête* again, in the whole parish of St. James's.

Lady G. Fie, fie, Mr. Manly! how censorious you are!

Man. I had not made the reflection, madam; but that I saw you an exception to it——Where's my lady?

Lord T. That, I believe, is impossible to guese.

Man. Then I won't try, my lord——

Lord T. But, 'tis probable I may hear of her, by that time I have been four or five hours in bed.

Man. Now, if that were my case——I believe I——But, I beg pardon, my lord.

Lord T. Indeed, sir, you shall not: you will oblige me if you speak out; for it was upon this head I wanted to see you.

Man. Why then, my lord, since you oblige me to proceed—if that were my case—I believe I should certainly sleep in another house.

Lady G. How do you mean?

Man. Only a compliment, madam.

Lady G. A compliment!

Man. Yes, madam, in rather turning myself out of doors than her!

Lady G. Don't you think that would be going too far?

Man. I don't know but it might, madam; for, in strict justice, I think she ought rather to go than I.

Lady G. This is new doctrine, Mr. Manley.

Man. As old, madam, as love, honour, and obey. When a woman will stop at nothing that's wrong, why should a man balance any thing that's right?

Lady G. Bless me! but this is fomenting things—

Man. Fomentations, madam, are sometimes necessary to dispel tumours: though I do not directly advise my lord to do this——This is only what, upon the same provocation, I would do myself.

Lady G. Ay, ay, you would do! Bachelors wives, indeed, are finely governed.

Man. If the married men's were as well—I am apt to think we should not see so many mutual plagues taking the air in separate coaches.

Lady G. Well, but suppose it your own case; would you part with your wife, because she now and then stays out in the best company?

Lord T. Well said, Lady Grace! Come, stand up

for the privilege of your sex. This is like to be a warm debate. I shall edify.

Man. Madam, I think a wife, after midnight, has no occasion to be in better company than her husband's; and that frequent unreasonable hours make the best company—the worst she can fall into.

Lady G. But if people of condition are to keep company with one another, how is it possible to be done, unless one conforms to their hours?

Man. I cann't find that any woman's good breeding obliges her to conform to other people's vices.

Lord T. I doubt. child, we are here got a little on the wrong side of the question.

Lady G. Why so, my lord? I cann't think the case so bad as Mr. Manly states it——People of quality are not tied down to the rules of those who have their fortunes to make.

Man. No people, madam, are above being tied down to some rules, that have fortunes to lose.

Lady G. Pooh! I'm sure, if you were to take my side of the argument, you would be able to say something more for it.

Lord T. Well, what say you to that, Manly?

Man. Why, troth, my lord, I have something to say.

Lady G. Ay! that I should be glad to hear, now.

Lord T. Out with it.

Man. Then, in one word, this, my lord, I have often thought that the misconduct of my lady has,

in a great measure, been owing to your lordship's treatment of her.

Lady G. Bless me!

Lord T. My treatment!

Man. Ay, my lord, you so idolized her before marriage, that you even indulged her like a mistress after it: in short, you continued the lover, when you should have taken up the husband.

Lady G. Oh, frightful! this is worse than t'other; can a husband love a wife too well?

Man. As easy, madam, as a wife may love her husband too little.

Lord T. So; you too are never like to agree, I find.

Lady G. Don't be positive, brother——I am afraid we are both of a mind already. [*Aside.*] And do you, at this rate, ever hope to be married, Mr. Manly.

Man. Never, madam, 'till I can meet with a woman that likes my doctrine.

Lady G. 'Tis pity but your mistress should hear it.

Man. Pity me, madam, when I marry the woman that won't hear it.

Lady G. I think, at least, he cann't say that's me. [*Aside.*

Man. And so, my lord, by giving her more power than was needful, she has none where she wants it; having such entire possession of you, she is not mistress of herself. And, mercy on us! how many fine women's heads have been turned upon the same occasion!

Lord T. Oh, Manly, 'tis too true! there's the source of my disquiet; she knows, and has abused her power; nay, I am still so weak (with shame I speak it), 'tis not an hour ago, that in the midst of my impatience —I gave her another bill for five hundred to throw away.

Man. Well, my lord, to let you see I am sometimes upon the side of good-nature, I won't absolutely blame you; for the greater your indulgence, the more you have to reproach her with.

Lady G. Ay, Mr. Manly, here now, I begin to come in with you. Who knows, my lord, but you may have a good account of your kindness?

Man. That, I am afraid, we had not best depend upon. But since you have had so much patience, my lord, even go on with it a day or two more; and upon her ladyship's next sally, be a little rounder in your expostulations; if that don't work——drop her some cool hints of a determined reformation, and leave her——to breakfast upon them.

Lord T. You are perfectly right. How valuable is a friend, in our anxiety!

Man. Therefore, to divert that, my lord, I beg, for the present, we may call another cause.

Lady G. Ay, for goodness' sake, let us have done with this.

Lord T. With all my heart.

Lady G. Have you no news abroad, Mr. Manly.

Man. A propos——I have some, madam; and I believe, my lord, as extraordinary in its kind——

Lord T. Pray, let us have it.

Man. Do you know that your country neighbour, and my wise kinsman, Sir Francis Wronghead, is coming to town with his whole family?

Lord T. The fool! What can be his business here?

Man. Oh! of the last importance, I'll assure you ——No less than the business of the nation.

Lord T. Explain.

Man. He has carried his election—against Sir John Worthland.

Lord T. The deuce! What! for——for——

Man. The famous borough of Guzzledown.

Lord T. A proper representative, indeed!

Lady G. Pray, Mr. Manly, don't I know him?

Man. You have dined with him, madam, when I was last down with my lord, at Bellmont.

Lady G. Was not that he that got a little merry before dinner, and overset the tea-table in making his compliments to my lady?

Man. The same.

Lady G. Pray what are his circumstances? I know but very little of him.

Man. Then he is worth your knowing, I can tell you, madam. His estate, if clear, I believe, might be a good two thousand pounds a-year; though as it was left him, saddled with two jointures, and two weighty mortgages upon it, there is no saying what it is—But that he might be sure never to mend it, he married a profuse young hussy, for love, without a

penny of money. Thus having, like his brave ancestors, provided heirs for the family (for his dove breeds like a tame pigeon), he now finds children and interest-money making such a bawling about his ears, that at last he has taken the friendly advice of his kinsman, the good Lord Danglecourt, to run his estate two thousand pounds more in debt, to put the whole management of what is left into Paul Pillage's hands, that he may be at leisure himself to retrieve his affairs, by being a parliament man.

Lord T. A most admirable scheme, indeed!

Man. And with this politic prospect, he is now upon his journey to London——

Lord T. What can it end in?

Man. Pooh! a journey into the country again.

Lord T. Do you think he'll stir, 'till his money is gone; or, at least, 'till the session is over?

Man. If my intelligence is right, my lord, he won't sit long enough to give his vote for a turnpike.

Lord T. How so?

Man. Oh, a bitter business; he had scarce a vote in the whole town, beside the returning officer. Sir John will certainly have it heard at the bar of the house, and send him about his business again.

Lord T. Then he has made a fine business of it, indeed.

Man. Which, as far as my little interest will go, shall be done in as few days as possible.

Lady G. But why would you ruin the poor gentleman's fortune, Mr. Manly?

Man. No, madam; I would only spoil his project, to save his fortune.

Lady G. How are you concerned enough to do either?

Man. Why——I have some obligations to the family, madam: I enjoy, at this time, a pretty estate, which Sir Francis was heir at law to: but——by his being a booby, the last will of an obstinate old uncle gave it to me.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. [*To* Man.] Sir, here is one of your servants from your house desires to speak with you.

Man. Will you give him leave to come in, my lord?

Lord T. Sir—the ceremony's of your own making.

Enter MANLY's *Servant.*

Man. Well, James, what's the matter?

James. Sir, here is John Moody just come to town: he says Sir Francis, and all the family, will be here to-night, and is in a great hurry to speak with you.

Man. Where is he?

James. At our house, sir; he has been gaping and stumping about the streets in his dirty boots, and asking every one he meets, if they can tell him where he may have a good lodging for a Parliament-man,

till he can hire a handsome house, fit for all his family, for the winter.

Man. I am afraid, my lord, I must wait upon Mr. Moody.

Lord T. Pr'ythee let us have him here: he will divert us.

Man. Oh, my lord, he's such a cub! Not but he's so near common sense, that he passes for a wit in the family.

Lady G. I beg, of all things, we may have him: I am in love with nature, let her dress be never so homely.

Man. Then desire him to come hither, James.

[*Exit* James.

Lady G. Pray what may be Mr. Moody's post?

Man. Oh! his *maitre d'hotel*, his butler, his bailiff, his hind, his huntsman, and sometimes——his companion.

Lord T. It runs in my head, that the moment this knight has set him down in the house, he will get up, to give them the earliest proof of what importance he is to the public, in his own country.

Man. Yes, and when they have heard him, he will find, that his utmost importance stands valued at—sometimes being invited to dinner.

Lady G. And her ladyship, I suppose, will make as considerable a figure in her sphere too.

Man. That you may depend upon: for (if I don't mistake) she has ten times more of the jade in her than she yet knows of: and she will so improve in

this rich soil in a month, that she will visit all the ladies that will let her into their houses; and run in debt to all the shopkeepers that will let her into their books: in short, before her important spouse has made five pounds by his eloquence at Westminster, she will have lost five hundred at dice and quadrille in the parish of St. James's.

Lord T. So that, by that time he is declared unduly elected, a swarm of duns will be ready for their money; and his worship—will be ready for a gaol.

Man. Yes, yes, that I reckon will close the account of this hopeful journey to London——But see, here comes the fore-horse of the team.

Enter JOHN MOODY.

Oh, honest John!

J. Moody. Ad's waunds and heart, Measter Manly! I'm glad I ha' fun ye. Lawd, lawd, give me a buss! Why, that's friendly naw. Flesh! I thought we would never ha' got hither. Well, and how do you do, Measter?——Good lack! I beg pardon for my bawldness—I did not see 'at his honour was here.

Lord T. Mr. Moody, your servant: I am glad to see you in London: I hope all the good family is well.

J. Moody. Thanks be prais'd, your honour, they are all in pretty good heart; tho'f we have had a power of crosses upo' the road.

Lady G. I hope my lady has had no hurt, Mr. Moody.

J. Moody. Noa, and please your ladyship, she was never in better humour: there's money enough stiring now.

Man. What has been the matter, John?

J. Moody. Why, we came up in such a hurry, you mun think that our tackle was not so tight as it should be.

Man. Come, tell us all———Pray, how do they travel?

J. Moody. Why, i' the awld coach, Measter; and 'cause my lady loves to do things handsom, to be sure, she would have a couple of cart-horses clapt to the four old geldings, that neighbours might see she went up to London in her coach and six; and so Giles Joulter, the ploughman, rides postilion.

Man. Very well! The journey sets out as it should do. [*Aside.*] What, do they bring all the children with them too?

J. Moody. Noa, noa, only the younk 'squoire, and Miss Jenny. The other foive are all out at board, at half-a-crown a head, a week, with John Growse; at Smoke-dunghill farm.

Man. Good again! a right English academy for younger children!

J. Moody. Anon, sir. [*Not understanding him.*

" *Lady G.* Poor souls! what will become of them?

" *J. Moody.* Nay, nay, for that matter, madam, " they are in very good hands: Joan loves 'um as " tho'f they were all her own; for she was wet-nurse

" to every mother's babe of 'um——Ay, ay, they'll
" ne'er want for a belly-full there!

" *Lady G.* What simplicity!

" *Man.* The Lud 'a mercy upon all good folks!
" What work will these people make!

[*Holding up his hands.*"

Lord T. And when do you expect them here, John?

J. Moody. Why, we were in hopes to ha' come yesterday, an' it had no' been that th' awld Weazlebelly horse tired: and then we were so cruelly loaden, that the two fore-wheels came crash down at once, in Waggon-rut lane, and there we lost four hours 'fore we could set things to rights again.

Man. So they bring all the baggage with the coach then?

J. Moody. Ay, ay, and good store on it there is—Why, my lady's geer alone were as much as fill'd four portmantel trunks, beside the great deal box that heavy Ralph and the monkey sit upon behind.

Lord T. Lady G. and Man. Ha, ha, ha!

Lady G. Well, Mr. Moody, and pray how many are they within the coach?

J. Moody. Why there's my lady, and his worship; and the younk 'squoire, and Miss Jenny, and the fat lapdog, and my lady's maid, Mrs. Handy, and Doll Tripe, the cook, that's all—Only Doll puked a little with riding backward; so they hoisted her into the coach-box, and then her stomach was easy.

Lady G. Oh, I see them! I see them go by me. Ha, ha! [*Laughing.*

J. Moody. Then you mun think, measter, there was some stowage for the belly, as well as the back too; children are apt to be famished upon the road; so we had such cargoes of plum-cake, and baskets of tongues, and biscuits, and cheese, and cold boiled beef——And then, in case of sickness, bottles of cherry brandy, plague water, sack, tent, and strong beer so plenty, as made th' awld coach crack again. Mercy upon them! and send them all well to town, I say.

Man. Ay, and well out on't again, John.

J. Moody. Ods bud, measter! you're a wise man; and for that matter, so am I——Whoam's whoam, I say: I am sure we ha' got but little good e'er sin' we turn'd our backs on't. Nothing but mischief! Some devil's trick or other plagued us aw th' day lung. Crack, goes one thing! bawnce, goes another! Woa! says Roger—Then, sowse! we are all set fast in a slough. Whaw, cries miss! Scream, go the maids! and bawl, just as thof' they were stuck. And so, mercy on us! this was the trade from morning to night. But my lady was in tuch a murrain haste to be here, that set out she would, thof' I told her it was Childermas day.

Man. These ladies, these ladies, John——

J. Moody. Ay, measter! I ha' seen a little of them and I find that the best——when she's mended, won't ha' much goodness to spare.

Lord T. Well said John. Ha, ha!

Man. I hope, at least, you and your good woman agree still.

J. Moody. Ay, ay; much of a muchness. Bridget sticks to me: tho' as for her goodness——why, she was willing to come to London too——But hauld a bit! Noa, noa, says I; there may be mischief enough done without you.

Man. Why that was bravely spoken, John, and like a man.

J. Moody. Ah, weast heart! were measter but hawf the mon that I am——Ods wookers! thof' he'll speak stautly too, sometimes——But then he canno' hawld it——no, he canno' hawld it.

Lord T. Lady G. and Man. Ha, ha, ha!

J. Moody. Ods flesh! but I mun hie me whoam; the coach will be coming every hour naw——but measter charged me to find your worship out; for he has hugey business with you: and will certainly wait upon you by that time he can put on a clean neck-cloth.

Man. Oh, John! I'll wait upon him.

J. Moody. Why you wonno' be so kind, wull ye?

Man. If you'll tell me where you lodge.

J. Moody. Just i' the street next to where your worship dwells, at the sign of the golden ball——It's gold all over; where they sell ribbons and flappits, and other sort of geer for gentlewomen.

Man. A milliner's?

J. Moody. Ay, ay, one Mrs. Motherly. Waunds,

she has a couple of clever girls there, stitching i' th' fore-room.

Man. Yes, yes, she's a woman of good business, no doubt on't——Who recommended that house to you, John?

J. Moody. The greatest good fortune in the world, sure; for as I was gaping about the streets, who should look out of the window there, but the fine gentleman that was always riding by our coach side at York races——Count——Basset; ay, that's he.

Man. Basset! Oh, I remember! I know him by sight.

J. Moody. Well, to be sure, as civil a gentleman to see to——

Man. As any sharper in town. [*Aside.*

J. Moody. At York, he used to breakfast with my lady every morning.

Man. Yes, yes, and I suppose her ladyship will return his compliment here in town. [*Aside.*

J. Moody. Well, measter——

Lord T. My service to Sir Francis, and my lady, John.

Lady G. And mine, pray, Mr. Moody.

J. Moody. Ay, your honours; they'll be proud on't, I dare say.

Man. I'll bring my compliments myself: so, honest John——

J. Moody. Dear Measter Manly! the goodness of goodness bless and preserve you. [*Exit* J. Moody.

Lord T. What a natural creature 'tis!

Lady G. Well, I cann't but think John, in a wet afternoon in the country, must be very good company.

Lord T. Oh, the tramontane! If this were known at half the quadrille-tables in town, they would lay down their cards to laugh at you.

Lady G. And the minute they took them up again, they would do the same at the losers—But to let you see, that I think good company may sometimes want cards to keep them together; what think you, if we three sat soberly down to kill an hour at ombre?

Man. I shall be too hard for you, madam.

Lady G. No matter; I shall have as much advantage of my lord, as you have of me.

Lord T. Say you so, madam; have at you then. Here! get the ombre table, and cards.

[*Exit Lord* Townly.

Lady G. Come, Mr. Manly——I know you don't forgive me now.

Man. I don't know whether I ought to forgive your thinking so, madam. Where do you imagine I could pass my time so agreeably?

Lady G. I'm sorry my lord is not here, to take his share of the compliment——But he'll wonder what's become of us.

Man. I'll follow in a moment, madam——

[*Exit Lady* Grace.

It must be so——She sees I love her——yet with what unoffending decency she avoids an explanation? How amiable is every hour of her conduct! What a

vile opinion have I had of the whole sex for these ten years past, which this sensible creature has recovered in less than one! Such a companion, sure, might compensate all the irksome disappointments that pride, folly, and falsehood, ever gave me!

Could women regulate, like her, their lives,
What halcyon days were in the gift of wives!
Vain rovers, then, might envy what they hate;
And only fools would mock the married state. [Exit.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Mrs. MOTHERLY's *House. Enter Count* BASSET *and Mrs.* MOTHERLY.

Count Basset.

I TELL you there is not such a family in England for you. Do you think I would have gone out of your lodgings for any body that was not sure to make you easy for the winter?

Moth. Nay, I see nothing against it, sir, but the gentleman's being a parliament-man; and when people may, as it were, think one impertinent, or be out of humour, you know, when a body comes to ask for one's own——

Count Bas. Psha! Pr'ythee never trouble thy head; his pay is as good as the bank—Why, he has above two thousand a-year.

Moth. Alas-a-day, that's nothing! your people of ten thousand a-year have ten thousand things to do with it.

Count Bas. Nay, if you are afraid of being out of your money, what do you think of going a little with me, Mrs. Motherly?

Moth. As how?

Count Bas. Why, I have a game in my hand, in which, if you'll croup me, that is, help me to play it, you shall go five hundred to nothing.

Moth. Say you so?——Why then I go, sir——and now, pray let's see your game.

Count Bas. Look you, in one word, my cards lie thus——When I was down this summer at York, I happened to lodge in the same house with this knight's lady, that's now coming to lodge with you.

Moth. Did you so, sir?

Count Bas. And sometimes had the honour to breakfast, and pass an idle hour with her——

Moth. Very good; and here, I suppose, you would have the impudence to sup and be busy with her.

Count Bas. Psha! pr'ythee hear me.

Moth. Is this your game? I would not give sixpence for it. What! you have a passion for her pin-money——No, no, country ladies are not so flush of it!

Count Bas. Nay, if you won't have patience——

Moth. One had need to have a good deal, I am sure, to hear you talk at this rate. Is this your way of making my poor niece, Myrtilla, easy?

Count Bas. Death! I shall do it still, if the woman will but let me speak——

Moth. Had you not a letter from her this morning?

Count Bas. I have it here in my pocket—this is it.

[*Shews it and puts it up again.*

Moth. Ay, but I don't find you have made any answer to it.

Count Bas. How the devil can I, if you won't hear me?

Moth. What, hear you talk of another woman!

Count Bas. Oh, lud! Oh, lud! I tell you, I'll make her fortune——Ounds, I'll marry her!

Moth. A likely matter! if you would not do it when she was a maid, your stomach is not so sharp set now, I presume.

Count Bas. Hey-day! why your head begins to turn, my dear! The devil! you did not think I proposed to marry her myself?

Moth. If you don't, who the devil do you think will marry her?

Count Bas. Why, a fool——

Moth. Humph! there may be sense in that——

Count Bas. Very good——One for t'other, then; if I can help her to a husband, why should you not come into my scheme of helping me to a wife?

Moth. Your pardon, sir; ay, ay, in an honourable affair, you know you may command me———But pray, where is this blessed wife and husband to be had?

Count Bas. Now, have a little patience—You must know then, this country knight and his lady bring up in the coach with them their eldest son and a daughter, to teach them—to wash their faces, and turn their toes out.

Moth. Good——

Count Bas. The son is an unlick'd whelp, about sixteen, just taken from school; and begins to hanker after every wench in the family: the daughter, much of the same age; a pert, forward hussey, who, having eight thousand pounds left her by an old doting grandmother, seems to have a devilish mind to be doing in her way too.

Moth. And your design is to put her into business for life?

Count Bas. Look you, in short, Mrs. Motherly, we gentlemen, whose occasional chariots roll only upon the four aces, are liable, sometimes, you know, to have a wheel out of order; which, I confess, is so much my case at present, that my dapple greys are reduced to a pair of ambling chairman. Now, if with your assistance, I can whip up this young jade into a hackney-coach, I may chance, in a day or two after, to carry her, in my own chariot, *en famille*, to an opera. Now, what do you say to me?

Moth. Why, I shall not sleep for thinking of it. But how will you prevent the family smoaking your design?

Count Bas. By renewing my addresses to the mother,

Moth. And how will the daughter like that, think you?

Count Bas. Very well——whilst it covers her own affair.

Moth. That's true——it must do——but, as you say, one for t'other, sir; I stick to that——if you don't do my niece's business with the son, I'll blow you with the daughter, depend upon't.

Count Bas. It's a bet—pay as we go, I tell you; and the five hundred shall be staked in a third hand.

Moth. That's honest——But here comes my niece; shall we let her into the secret?

Count Bas. Time enough; may be I may touch upon it.

Enter MYRTILLA.

Moth. So, niece, are all the rooms done out, and the beds sheeted?

Myr. Yes, madam; but Mr. Moody tells us, the lady always burns wax in her own chamber, and we have none in the house.

Moth. Odso! then I must beg your pardon, Count; this is a busy time, you know. [*Exit Mrs.* Motherly.

Count Bas. Myrtilla, how dost thou do, child?

Myr. As well as a losing gamester can.

Count Bas. Why, what have you lost?

Myr. What I shall never recover; and, what's worse, you that have won it, don't seem to be much the better for it.

Count Bas. Why, child, dost thou ever see any body

overjoyed for winning a deep stake six months after 'tis over.

Myr. Would I had never played for it!

Count Bas. Psha! hang these melancholy thoughts! we may be friends still.

Myr. Dull ones.

Count Bas. Useful ones, perhaps—suppose I should help thee to a good husband?

Myr. I suppose you'll think any one good enough, that will take me off o' your hands.

Count Bas. What do you think of the young country 'squire, the heir of the family that's coming to lodge here?

Myr. How should I know what to think of him?

Count Bas. Nay, I only give you the hint, child; it may be worth your while, at least to look about you ——Hark! what bustle's that without?

Enter Mrs. MOTHERLY *in haste.*

Moth. Sir, sir! the gentleman's coach is at the door; they are all come.

Count Bas. What, already?

Moth. They are just getting out!——Won't you step and lead in my lady? Do you be in the way, niece; I must run and receive them.

[*Exit. Mrs.* Motherly.

Count Bas. And think of what I told you.

[*Exit Count.*

Myr. Ay, ay; you have left me enough to think of as long as I live——A faithless fellow! I am sure I

have been true to him; and for that only reason he wants to be rid of me. But while women are weak, men will be rogues; "and, for a bane to both their "joys and ours, when our vanity indulges them in "such innocent favours as make them adore us, we "can never be well, till we grant them the very one "that puts an end to their devotion—But here comes "my aunt and the company."

Mrs. MOTHERLY *returns, shewing in Lady* WRONGHEAD, *led by Count* BASSET.

Moth. If your ladyship pleases to walk into this parlour, madam, only for the present, 'till your servants have got all your things in.

Lady Wrong. Well, dear sir, this is so infinitely obliging——I protest it gives me pain, tho' to turn you out of your lodging thus.

Count Bas. No trouble in the least, madam; we single fellows are soon moved; besides, Mrs. Motherly's my old acquaintance, and I could not be her hinderance.

Moth. The count is so well bred, madam, I dare say he would do a great deal more to accommodate your ladyship.

Lady Wrong. O'n, dear madam!—A good, well-bred sort of woman. [*Apart to the Count.*

Count Bas. Oh, madam! she is very much among people of quality; she is seldom without them in her house.

Lady Wrong. Are there a good many people of quality in this street, Mrs. Motherly?

Moth. Now your ladyship is here, madam, I don't believe there is a house without them.

Lady Wrong. I am mighty glad of that; for, really, I think people of quality should always live among one another.

Count Bas. 'Tis what one would choose, indeed, madam.

Lady Wrong. Bless me! but where are the children all this while?

Moth. Sir Francis, madam, I believe, is taking care of them.

Sir Fran. [*Within.*] John Moody! stay you by the coach, and see all our things out——Come, children.

Moth. Here they are, madam.

Enter Sir FRANCIS, *'Squire* RICHARD, *and Miss* JENNY.

Sir Fran. Well, Count, I mun say it, this was koynd, indeed.

Count Bas. Sir Francis, give me leave to bid you welcome to London.

Sir Fran. Pshaw! how dost do, mon?——Waunds, I'm glad to see thee! a good sort of a house this.

Count Bas. Is not that Master Richard?

Sir Fran. Ey, ey, that's young Hopeful—Why dost not baw, Dick?

'Squ. Rich. So I do, feyther.

Count Bas. Sir, I'm glad to see you—I protest Mrs. Jane is grown so, I should not have known her.

Sir Fran. Come forward, Jenny.

Jenny. Sure, papa! do you think I don't know how to behave myself?

Count Bas. If I have permission to approach her, Sir Francis.

Jenny. Lord, sir! I'm in such a frightful pickle— [*Salute.*

Count Bas. Every dress that's proper must become you, madam—you have been a long journey.

Jenny. I hope you will see me in a better to-morrow, sir.

[*Lady* Wronghead *whispers Mrs.* Motherly, *pointing to* Myrtilla.

Moth. Only a niece of mine, madam, that lives with me: she will be proud to give your ladyship any assistance in her power.

Lady Wrong. A pretty sort of a young woman—— Jenny, you two must be acquainted.

Jenny. Oh, mamma, I am never strange in a strange place. [*Salutes* Myrtilla.

Myr. You do me a great deal of honour, madam—Madam, your ladyship's welcome to London.

Jenny, Mamma, I like her prodigiously; she called me my ladyship.

Squ. Rich. Pray, mother, mayn't I be acquainted with her too?

Lady Wrong. You, you clown; stay 'till you learn a little more breeding first.

Sir Fran. Od's heart, my lady Wronghead! why do you baulk the lad? how should he ever learn breeding, if he does not put himself forward!

'Squ. Rich. Why, ay, feyther, does mother think 'at I'd be uncivil to her?

Myr. Master has so much good humour, madam, he would soon gain upon any body.

[*He kisses* Myrtilla.

'Squ Rich. Lo' you there, mother: and you would but be quiet, she and I should do well enough.

Lady Wrong. Why, how now, sirrah! boys must not be so familiar.

'Squ. Rich. Why, an' I know nobody, how the murrain mun I pass my time here, in a strange place? Naw you and I, and sister, forsooth, sometimes, in an afternoon, may play at one and thirty bone-ace, purely.

Jenny. Speak for yourself, sir; d'ye think I play at such clownish games?

'Squ. Rich. Why and you woant yo' ma' let it aloane; then she and I, mayhap, will have a bawt at all-fours, without you.

Sir Fran. Noa, noa, Dick, that won't do neither; you mun learn to make one at ombre, here, child.

Myr. If master pleases, I'll shew it him.

'Squ. Rich. What! the Humber! Hoy day! why does our river run to this tawn, feyther?

Sir Fran. Pooh! you silly tony! ombre is a geam at cards, that the better sort of people play three together at.

'Squ. Rich. Nay the moare the merrier, I say; but sister is always so cross-grain'd——

Jenny. Lord! this boy is enough to deaf people—and one has really been stuff'd up in a coach so long, that———Pray, madam———could not I get a little powder for my hair?

Myr. If you please to come along with me, madam.

[*Exeunt* Myr. *and* Jenny.

'Squ. Rich. What, has sister taken her away naw! mess, I'll go and have a little game with 'em.

[*Exit after them.*

Lady Wrong. Well, Count, I hope you won't so far change your lodgings, but you will come, and be at home here sometimes?

Sir Fran. Ay! ay! pr'ythee come and take a bit of mutton with us, naw and tan, when thouh'st naught to do.

Count Bas. Well, sir Francis, you shall find I'll make but very little ceremony.

Sir Fran. Why, ay now, that's hearty.

Moth. Will your ladyship please to refresh yourself with a dish of tea, after your fatigue? I think I have pretty good.

Lady Wrong. If you please, Mrs. Motherly; but I believe we had best have it above stairs.

Moth. Very well, madam: it shall be ready immediately. [*Exit Mrs.* Motherly.

Lady Wrong. Won't you walk up, sir?

Sir Fran. Moody!

Count Bas. Shan't we stay for Sir Francis, madam?

Lady Wrong. Lard! don't mind him: he will come if he likes it.

Sir Fran. Ay! ay! ne'er heed me——I have things to look after. [*Exeunt Lady* Wrong. *and Count* Bas.

Enter JOHN MOODY.

J. Moody. Did your worship want muh?

Sir Fran. Aye, is the coach cleared, and all our things in?

J. Moody. Aw but a few band-boxes, and the nook that's left o' the goose poy——But, a plague on him, th' monkey has gin us the slip, I think——I suppose he's goon to see his relations; for here looks to be a power of um in this tawn———but heavy Ralph is skawered after him.

Sir Fran. Why, let him go to the devil! no matter, and the hawnds had had him a month agoe.——— but I wish the coach and horses were got safe to the inn! This is a sharp tawn, we mun look about us here, John; therefore I would have you go along with Roger, and see that nobody runs away with them before they get to the stable.

J. Moody. Alas a-day, sir, I believe our awld cattle won't yeasly be run away with to night——but howsomdever, we'st ta' the best care we can of um, poor sawls.

Sir Fran. Well, well! make haste——

[Moody *goes out, and returns.*

J. Moody. Ods flesh! here's Measter Monly come to wait upo' your worship.

Sir Fran. Wheere is he?

J. Moody. Just coming in at threshould.

Sir Fran. Then goa about your business.

[*Exit* Moody.

Enter MANLY.

Cousin Manly! sir, I am your very humble servant.

Man. I heard you were come, Sir Francis—and—

Sir Fran. Odsheart! this was kindly done of you naw.

Man. I wish you may think it so, cousin! for I confess, I should have been better pleased to have seen you in any other place.

Sir Fran. How soa, sir?

Man. Nay, 'tis for your own sake; I'm not concerned.

Sir Fran. Look you, cousin; thof' I know you wish me well; yet I don't question I shall give you such weighty reasons for what I have done, that you will say, sir, this is the wisest journey that ever I made in my life.

Man. I think it ought to be, cousin; for I believe you will find it the most expensive one——your election did not cost you a trifle, I suppose.

Sir Fran. Why ay! it's true! That—that did lick a little; but if a man's wise (and I han't fawnd yet that I'm a fool) there are ways, cousin, to lick one's self whole again.

Man. Nay, if you have that secret——

Sir Fran. Don't you be fearful, cousin—you'll find that I know something.

Man. If it be any thing for your good, I should be glad to know it too.

Sir Fran. In short, then, I have a friend in a corner, that has let me a little into what's what, at Westminster——that's one thing.

Man. Very well! but what good is that to do you?

SirFran. Why not me, as much as it does other folks?

Man. Other people, I doubt, have the advantage of different qualifications.

Sir Fran. Why, aye! there's it naw! you'll say that I have lived all my days i'the country——what then ——I'm o' the quorum——I have been at sessions, and I have made speeches there! aye, and at vestry too——and mayhap they may find here,———that I have brought up my tongue to town with me! D'ye take me naw?

Man. If I take your case right, cousin, I am afraid the first occasion you will have for your eloquence here, will be, to shew that you have any right to make use of it at all.

Sir Fran. How d'ye mean!

Man. That Sir John Worthland has lodged a petition against you.

Sir Fran. Petition! why, aye! there let it lie—we'll find a way to deal with that, I warrant you!—Why, you forget, cousin, Sir John's o' the wrung side, mon!

Man. I doubt, Sir Francis, that will do you but little service; for in cases very notorious, which I take yours to be, there is such a thing as a short day, and dispatching them immediately.

Sir Fran. With all my heart! the sooner I send him home again, the better.

Man. And this is the scheme you have laid down, to repair your fortune?

Sir Fran. In one word, cousin, I think it my duty! The Wrongheads have been a considerable family ever since England was England: and since the world knows I have talents wherewithal, they sha'n't say it's my fault, if I don't make as good a figure as any that ever were at the head on't.

Man. Nay, this project, as you have laid it, will come up to any thing your ancestors have done these five hundred years.

Sir Fran. And let me alone to work it: mayhap I hav'n't told you all, neither——

Man. You astonish me! what? and is it full as practicable as what you have told me?

Sir Fran. Ay, thof' I say it——every whit, cousin. You'll find that I have more irons i'the fire than one; I doan't come of a fool's errand!

Man. Very well.

Sir Fran. In a word, my wife has got a friend at court, as well as myself, and her dowghter Jenny is naw pretty well grown up——

Man. [*Aside.*]——And what, in the devil's name, would he do with the dowdy?

Sir Fran. Naw, if I doan't lay in for a husband for her, mayhap, i' this tawn, she may be looking out for herself——

Man. Not unlikely.

Sir Fran. Therefore I have some thoughts of getting her to be maid of honour.

Man. [*Aside.*]——Oh! he has taken my breath away; but I must hear him out——Pray, Sir Francis, do you think her education has yet qualified her for a court?

Sir Fran. Why the girl is a little too mettlesome, it's true; but she has tongue enough: she woan't be dash't! Then she shall learn to daunce forthwith, and that will soon teach her how to stond still, you know.

Man. Very well; but when she is thus accomplish'd, you must still wait for a vacancy.

Sir Fran. Why, I hope one has a good chance for that every day, cousin; for, if I take it right, that's a post that folks are not more willing to get into, than they are to get out of—It's like an orange-tree, upon that accawnt——It will bear blossoms, and fruit that's ready to drop, at the same time.

Man. Well, sir, you best know how to make good your pretensions! But, pray, where is my lady, and my young cousin? I should be glad to see them too.

Sir Fran. She is but just taking a dish of tea with the Count, and my landlady——I'll call her dawn.

Man. No, no, if she's engag'd, I shall call again.

Sir Fran. Odsheart! but you mun see her naw, cousin; what! the best friend I have in the world!——Here, sweetheart! [*To a servant without.*] pr'ythee, desire my lady and the gentleman to come dawn a bit; tell her here's cousin Manly come to wait upon her.

Man. Pray, sir, who may the gentleman be?

Sir Fran. You mun know him to be sure; why it's Count Basset.

Man. Oh! is it he?—Your family will be infinitely happy in his acquaintance.

Sir Fran. Troth! I think so too: he's the civilest man that ever I knew in my life—Why! here he would go out of his own lodgings, at an hour's warning, purely to oblige my family. Wasn't that kind, naw?

Man. Extremely civil—The family is in admirable hands already. [*Aside.*

Sir Fran. Then my lady likes him hugely—all the time of York races, she would never be without him.

Man. That was happy, indeed! and a prudent man, you know, should always take care that his wife may have innocent company.

Sir Fran. Why, aye! that's it! and I think there could not be such another!

Man. Why truly, for her purpose, I think not.

Sir Fran. Only naw and tan, he—he stonds a leetle too much upon ceremony; that's his fault.

Man. Oh, never fear; he'll mend that every day. ——Mercy on us! what a head he has! [*Aside.*

Sir Fran. So, here they come!

Enter Lady WRONGHEAD, *Count* BASSET, *and Mrs.* MOTHERLY.

Lady Wrong. Cousin Manly, this is infinitely obliging; I am extremely glad to see you.

Man. Your most obedient servant, madam; I am glad to see your ladyship look so well, after your journey.

Lady Wrong. Why really, coming to London is apt to put a little more life in one's looks.

Man. Yet the way of living, here, is very apt to deaden the complexion——and, give me leave to tell you, as a friend, madam, you are come to the worst place in the world, for a good woman to grow better in.

Lady Wrong. Lord, cousin! how should people ever make any figure in life, that are always moaped up in the country.

Count Bas. Your ladyship certainly takes the thing in quite a right light, madam. Mr. Manly, your humble servant——a hem.

Man. Familiar puppy. [*Aside.*] Sir, your most obedient———I must be civil to the rascal, to cover my suspicion of him. [*Aside.*

Count Bas. Was you at White's this morning, sir?

Man. Yes, sir, I just called in.

Count Bas. Pray——what——was there any thing done there?

Man. Much as usual, sir; the same daily carcases, and the same crows about them.

Count Bas. The Demoivre-Baronet had a bloody tumble yesterday.

Man. I hope, sir, you had your share of him.

Count Bas. No, faith; I came in when it was all over———I think I just made a couple of bets with

him, took up a cool hundred, and so went to the King's Arms.

Lady Wrong. What a genteel easy manner he has. [*Aside.*

Man. A very hopeful acquaintance I have made here. [*Aside.*

Enter 'Squire RICHARD, *with a wet brown paper on his face.*

Sir Fran. How naw, Dick; what's the matter with thy forehead, lad?

'Squ. Rich. I ha' gotten a knock upon't.

Lady Wrong. And how did you come by it, you heedless creature?

'Squ. Rich. Why, I was but running after sister, and t' other young woman, into a little room just naw: and so with that they slapp'd the door full in my face, and gave me such a whurr here—I thought they had beaten my brains out; so I gut dab of whet brown paper here, to swage it a while.

Lady Wrong. They served you right enough; will you never have done with your horse-play?

Sir Fran. Pooh, never heed it, lad; it will be well by to-morrow———the boy has a strong head.

Man. Yes truly, his scull seems to be of a comfortable thickness. [*Aside.*

Sir Fran. Come, Dick, here's cousin Manly—sir, this is your god-son.

'Squ. Rich. Honoured godfeyther; I crave leave to ask your blessing.

Man. Thou hast it, child———and if it will do thee any good, may it be to make thee, at least, as wise a man as thy father.

Enter Miss JENNY.

Lady Wrong. Oh, here's my daughter too. Miss Jenny! don't you see your cousin, child?

Man. And as for thee, my pretty dear——[*Salutes her.*] may'st thou be, at least, as good a woman as thy mother.

Jenny. I wish I may ever be so handsome, sir.

Man. Hah, Miss Pert! Now that's a thought that seems to have been hatcht in the girl on this side Highgate. [*Aside.*

Sir Fran. Her tongue is a little nimble, sir.

Lady Wrong. That's only from her country education, Sir Francis. You know she has been kept too long there——so I brought her to London, sir, to learn a little more reserve and modesty.

Man. Oh, the best place in the world for it—every woman she meets will teach her something of it——There's the good gentlewoman of the house looks like a knowing person; even she perhaps will be so good as to shew her a little London behaviour.

Moth. Alas, sir, miss won't stand long in need of my instruction.

Man. That I dare say. What thou can'st teach her she will soon be mistress of. [*Aside.*

Moth. If she does, sir, they shall always be at her service.

Lady Wrong. Very obliging indeed, Mrs. Motherly.

Sir Fran. Very kind and civil truly——I think we are got into a mighty good hawse here.

Man. Oh, yes, and very friendly company.

Count Bas. Humph! I'gad I don't like his looks—he seems a little smoky——I believe I had as good brush off——If I stay, I don't know but he may ask me some odd questions.

Man. Well, sir, I believe you and I do but hinder the family——

Count Bas. It's very true sir,—I was just thinking of going——He don't care to leave me, I see: but it's no matter, we have time enough. [*Aside.*] And so, ladies, without ceremony, your humble servant.

[*Exit Count* Basset *and drops a letter.*

Lady Wrong. Ha! what paper's this? Some billet-doux, I'll lay my life, but this is no place to examine it. [*Puts it in her pocket.*

Sir Fran. Why in such haste, cousin?

Man. Oh, my lady must have a great many affairs upon her hands, after such a journey.

Lady Wrong. I believe, sir, I shall not have much less every day, while I stay in this town, of one sort or other.

Man. Why truly, ladies seldom want employment here, madam.

Jenny. And mamma did not come to it to be idle, sir.

Man. Nor you neither, I dare say, my young mistress.

Jenny. I hope not, sir.

Man. Ha, Miss Mettle!——Where are you going, sir?

Sir Fran. Only to see you to the door, sir.

Man. Oh, Sir Francis, I love to come and go without ceremony.

Sir Fran. Nay, sir, I must do as as you will have me—your humble servant. [*Exit* Manly.

Jenny. This cousin Manly, papa, seems to be but of an odd sort of a crusty humour—I don't like him half so well as the count.

Sir Fran. Pooh! that's another thing, child——Cousin is a little proud indeed; but however you must always be civil to him, for he has a deal of money; and nobody knows who he may give it to.

Lady Wrong. Psha! a fig for his money; you have so many projects of late about money, since you are a parliament-man. What, we must make ourselves slaves to his impertinent humours, eight or ten years perhaps, in hopes to be his heirs, and then he will be just old enough to marry his maid.

Moth. Nay, for that matter, madam, the town says he is going to be married already.

Sir Fran. Who! cousin Manly?

Lady Wrong. To whom, pray?

Moth. Why, is it possible your ladyship should know nothing of it!——to my Lord Townly's sister, Lady Grace.

Lady Wrong. Lady Grace!

Moth. Dear madam, it has been in the news-papers!

Lady Wrong. I don't like that, neither.

Sir Fran. Naw, I do; for then it's likely it mayn't be true.

Lady Wrong. [*Aside.*] If it is not too far gone: at least it may be worth one's while to throw a rub in his way.

'Squ Rich. Pray, feyther, haw lung will it be to supper?

Sir Fran. Odso! that's true; step to the cook, lad, and ask what she can get us.

" *Moth.* If you please, sir, I'll order one of my " maids to shew her where she may have any thing " you have a mind to.

" *Sir Fran.* Thank you kindly, Mrs. Motherly.

" *'Squ. Rich.* Ods-flesh! what is not it i' the hawse " yet——I shall be famish'd——but hawld! I'll go " and ask Doll, an ther's none o' the goose poy left.

" *Sir Fran.* Do so, and do'st hear, Dick——see if " there's e'er a bottle o' the strong beer that came " i' th' coach with us——if there be, clap a toast in " it, and bring it up.

" *'Squ. Rich.* With a little nutmeg and sugar, " shawn'a I, feyther.

" *Sir Fran.* Ay, ay, as thee and I always drink it " for breakfast—Go thy ways!—and I'll fill a pipe i' " th' mean while.

[*Takes one from a pocket-case and fills it. Exit.*

'Squire Richard.

" *Lady Wrong.* This boy is always thinking of his " belly.

" *Sir Fran.* Why, my dear, you may allow him to
" be a little hungry after his journey.

" *Lady Wrong.* Nay, ev'n breed him your own way
" —He has been cramming in or out of the coach all
" this day, I am sure—I wish my poor girl could eat
" a quarter as much.

" *Jenny.* Oh, as for that I could eat a great deal
" more, mamma; but then, mayhap, I should grow
" coarse, like him, and spoil my shape.

" *Lady Wrong.* Ay, so thou wouldst my dear.

" *Enter 'Squire* RICHARD, *with a full tankard.*

" *'Squ. Rich.* Here, feyther, I ha' browght it—it's
" well I went as I did; for our Doll had just baked
" a toast, and was going to drink it herself.

" *Sir Fran.* Why then, here's to thee, Dick!
[*Drinks.*

" *'Squ. Rich.* Thonk you, feyther.

" *Lady Wrong.* Lord, Sir Francis, I wonder you
" can encourage the boy to swill so much of that lub-
" berly liquor—it's enough to make him quite stupid.

" *'Squ. Rich.* Why it never hurts me, mother; and
" I sleep like a hawnd after it. [*Drinks.*

" *Sir Fran.* I am sure I ha' drunk it these thirty
" years, and by your leave, madam, I don't know
" that I want wit: ha! ha!

" *Jenny.* But you might have had a great deal
" more, papa, if you would have been governed by
" my mother.

" *Sir Fran.* Daughter, he that is governed by his " wife has no wit at all.

" *Jenny,* Then I hope I shall marry a fool, sir; " for I love to govern dearly.

" *Sir Fran.* You are too pert, child; it don't do " well in a young woman.

" *Lady Wrong.* Pray, Sir Francis, don't snub her; " she has a fine growing spirit, and if you check her " so, you will make her as dull as her brother there.

" *'Squ. Rich.* [*After a long draught.*] Indeed, mo- " ther, I think my sister is too forward.

" *Jenny.* You! you think I'm too forward! sure, " brother mud! your head's too heavy to think of " any thing but your belly.

" *Lady Wrong.* Well said, miss, he's none of your " master, though he is your elder brother.

" *'Squ. Rich.* No, nor she shawnt be my mistress, " while she's younger sister.

" *Sir Fran,* Well said, Dick! shew 'em that stawt " liquor makes a stawt heart, lad!

" *'Squ. Rich.* So I will! and I'll drink ageen, for " all her.

[*Drinks.*"

Enter JOHN MOODY.

Sir Fran. So, John, how are the horses?

J. Moody. Troth, sir, I ha' noa good opinion o' this tawn, it's made up o' mischief, I think.

Sir Fran. What's the matter naw?

J. Moody. Why, I'll tell your worship——before we were gotten to th' street end, with the coach, here,

a great luggerheaded cart with wheels as thick as a brick wall, laid hawld on't, and has poo'd it aw to bits; crack, went the perch! down goes the coach! and whang says the glasses, all to chievers! Marcy upon us! an' this be London! would we were aw weel in the country ageen!

Jenny. What have you to do, to wish us all in the country again, Mr. Lubber? I hope we shall not go into the country again these seven years, mamma; let twenty coaches be pulled to pieces.

Sir Fran. Hold your tongue, Jenny!——Was Roger in no fault in all this!

J. Moody. Noa, sir, nor I, noather. Are not yow asham'd, says Roger, to the carter, to do such an unkind thing by strangers? Noa, says he, you bumkin. Sir, he did the thing on very purpose! and so the folks said that stood by—Very well, says Roger, yow shall see what our meyster shall say to ye! Your meyster, says he; your meyster may kiss my—and so he clapped his hand just there, and like your worship. Flesh! I thought they had better breeding in this town.

Sir Fran. I'll teach this rascal some, I'll warrant him! Odsbud! if I take him in hand, I'll play the devil with him.

Squ. Rich. Ay, do feyther; have him before the parliament.

Sir Fran. Odsbud! and so I will——I will make him know who I am! Where does he live?

J. Moody. I believe in London, sir.

Sir Fran. What's the rascal's name?

J. Moody. I think I heard somebody call him Dick.

'Squ. Rich. What, my name!

Sir Fran. Where did he go?

J. Moody. Sir, he went home.

Sir Fran. Where's that?

J. Moody, By my troth, sir, I doan't know! I heard him say he would cross the same street again to-morrow; and if we had a mind to stand in his way, he would pooll us over and over again.

Sir Fran. Will he so? Odzooks! get me a constable.

Lady Wrong. Pooh! get you a good supper. Come, Sir Francis, don't put yourself in a heat for what cann't be help'd. Accidents will happen to people that travel abroad to see the world——For my part, I think it's a mercy it was not overturned before we were all out on't.

Sir Fran. Why ay, that's true again, my dear.

Lady Wrong. Therefore see to-morrow if we can buy one at second hand, for present use; so bespeak a new one, and then all's easy.

J. Moody. Why, troth, sir, I doan't think this could have held you above a day longer.

Sir Fran. D'ye think so John?

J. Moody. Why you ha' had it ever since your worship were high sheriff.

Sir Fran. Why then go and see what Doll has got us for supper——and come and get off my boots.

[*Exit Sir* Fran.

Lady Wrong. In the mean time, miss, do you step to Handy, and bid her get me some fresh night-clothes. [*Exit Lady* Wrong.

Jenny. Yes, mamma, and some for myself too. [*Exit* Jenny.

'Squ. Rich. Ods-flesh! and what mun I do all alone?
I'll e'en seek out where t'other pratty miss is,
And she and I'll go play at cards for kisses. [Exit.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Lord TOWNLY's *House. Enter Lord* TOWNLY, *a Servant attending.*

Lord Townly.

WHO's there?

Serv. My lord.

Lord T. Bid them get dinner—Lady Grace, your servant.

Enter Lady GRACE.

Lady G. What, is the house up already? My lady is not drest yet.

Lord T. No matter—it's three o'clock—she may break my rest, but she shall not alter my hours.

Lady G. Nay, you need not fear that now, for she dines abroad.

Lord T. That, I suppose is only an excuse for her not being ready yet.

Lady G. No, upon my word, she is engag'd in company.

Lord T. Where, pray?

Lady G. At my Lady Revel's; and you know they never dine till supper-time.

Lord T. No, truly——she is one of those orderly ladies, who never let the sun shine upon any of their vices!——But pr'ythee, sister, what humour is she in to-day?

Lady G. Oh, in tip-top spirits, I can assure you—she won a good deal last night.

Lord T. I know no difference between her winning or losing, while she continues her course of life.

Lady G. However, she is better in good humour than bad.

Lord T. Much alike: when she is in good humour, other people only are the better for it; when in a very ill humour, then, indeed, I seldom fail to have my share of her.

Lady G. Well, we won't talk of that now—Does any body dine here?

Lord T. Manly promised me—By the way, madam, what do you think of his last conversation?

Lady G. I am a little at a stand about it.

Lord T. How so?

Lady G. Why——I don't know how he can ever have any thoughts of me, that could lay down such severe rules upon wives in my hearing.

Lord T. Did you think his rules unreasonable?

Lady G. I cann't say I did! but he might have had a little more complaisance before me, at least.

Lord T. Complaisance is only a proof of good breeding: but his plainness was a certain proof of his honesty; nay, of his good opinion of you: for he would never have opened himself so freely, but in confidence that your good sense could not be disobliged at it.

Lady G. My good opinion of him, brother, has hitherto been guided by yours: but I have received a letter this morning, that shews him a very different man from what I thought him.

Lord T. A letter! from whom?

Lady G. That I don't know; but there it is.

[*Gives a letter.*

Lord T. Pray let's see. [*Reads.*] 'The inclosed, 'madam, fell accidently into my hands; if it no way 'concerns you, you will only have the trouble of 'reading this, from your sincere friend and humble 'servant, Unknown, &c.'

Lady G. And this was the inclosed. [*Gives another.*

Lord T. [*Reads.*] 'To Charles Manly, esq.

'Your manner of living with me of late, convinces 'me that I now grow as painful to you as to myself: 'but, however, though you can love me no longer, I 'hope you will not let me live worse than I did be'fore I left an honest income for the vain hopes of 'being ever yours. MYRTILLA DUPE.'

'P. S. 'Tis above four months since I received 'a shilling from you.'

Lady G. What think you now?

Lord T. I am considering——

Lady G. You see it's directed to him——

Lord T. That's true; but the postscript seems to be a reproach that I think he is not capable of deserving.

Lady G. But who could have concern enough to send it to me.

Lord T. I have observed that these sort of letters from unknown friends generally comes from secret enemies.

Lady G. What would you have me do in it?

Lord T. What I think you ought to do—fairly shew it to him, and say I advised you to it.

Lady G. Will not that have a very odd look from me?

Lord T. Not at all, if you use my name in it; if he is innocent, his impatience to appear so will discover his regard to you. If he is guilty, it will be the best way of preventing his addresses.

Lady G. But what pretence have I to put him out of countenance?

Lord T. I cann't think there's any fear of that.

Lady G. Pray, what is it you do think then?

Lord T. Why, certainly, that it's much more probable this letter may be all an artifice, than that he is in the least concerned in it——

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mr. Manly, my lord.

Lord T. Do you receive him, while I step a minute in to my lady. [*Exit Lord* Townly.

Enter MANLY.

Man. Madam, your most obedient; they told me my lord was here.

Lady G. He will be here presently; he is but just gone in to my sister.

Man. So, then my lady dines with us.

Lady G. No; she is engaged.

Man. I hope you are not of her party, madam.

Lady G. Not till after dinner.

Man. And pray, how may she have disposed of the rest of the day?

Lady G. Much as usual; she has visits till about eight; after that, till court-time, she is to be at quadrille, at Mrs. Idle's; after the drawing-room, she takes a short supper with my Lady Moonlight. And from thence they go together to my Lord Noble's assembly.

Man. And are you to do all this with her, madam?

Lady G. Only a few of the visits: I would, indeed, have drawn her to the play; but I doubt we have so much upon our hands, that it will not be practicable.

Man. But how can you forbear all the rest of it?

Lady G. There's no great merit in forbearing what one is not charmed with.

Man. And yet I have found that very difficult in my time.

Lady G. How do you mean?

Man. Why, I have passed a great deal of my life in the hurry of the ladies, though I was generally better pleased when I was at quiet without them.

Lady G. What induced you then to be with them?

Man. Idleness and the fashion.

Lady G. No mistresses in the case?

Man. To speak honestly—yes——Being often in the toy-shop, there was no forbearing the baubles.

Lady G. And of course, I suppose, sometimes you were tempted to pay for them twice as much as they were worth.

" *Man.* Why, really, where fancy only makes the " choice, madam, no wonder if we are generally bub- " bled in those sort of bargains; which, I confess, " has been often my case; for I had constantly some " coquette or other upon my hands, whom I could " love, perhaps, just enough to put it in her power " to plague me.

" *Lady G.* And that's a power, I doubt, commonly " made use of.

" *Man.* The amours of a coquette, madam, seldom " have any other view; I look upon them and prudes " to be nuisances just alike, though they seem very " different: the first are always plaguing the men, " and the others are always abusing the women.

" *Lady G.* And yet both of them do it for the same " vain ends; to establish a false character of being " virtuous.

" *Man.* Of being chaste, they mean; for they know

" no other virtue; and, upon the credit of that, they " traffic in every thing else that's vicious. They (even " against nature) keep their chastity, only because they " find they have more power to do mischief with it, " than they could possibly put in practice without it.

" *Lady G.* Hold, Mr. Manly: I am afraid this se- " vere opinion of the sex is owing to the ill choice you " have made of your mistresses.

" *Man.* In a great measure it may be so; but ma- " dam, if both these characters are so odious, how " vastly valuable is that woman, who has attained all " they aim at, without the aid of the folly or vice of " either!

" *Lady G.* I believe those sort of women to be as " scarce, sir, as the men that believe there are any " such; or that, allowing such, have virtue enough " to deserve them.

" *Man.* That could deserve them, then——had " been a more favourable reflection."

Lady G. Nay, I speak only from my little experience; for (I'll be free with you, Mr. Manly) I don't know a man in the world that, in appearance, might better pretend to a woman of the first merit than yourself: and yet I have a reason in my hand, here, to think you have your failings.

Man. I have infinite, madam; but I am sure the want of an implicit respect for you, is not among the number—Pray, what is in your hand, madam?

Lady G. Nay, sir, I have no title to it, for the direction is to you. [*Gives him a letter.*

Man. To me! I don't remember the hand.

[*Reads to himself.*

Lady G. I cann't perceive any change of guilt in him; and his surprise seems natural. [*Aside.*]—Give me leave to tell you one thing by the way, Mr. Manly; that I should never have shewn you this, but that my brother enjoined me to it.

Man. I take that to proceed from my Lord's good opinion of me, madam.

Lady G. I hope, at least, it will stand as an excuse for my taking this liberty.

Man. I never yet saw you do any thing, madam, that wanted an excuse; and I hope you will not give me an instance to the contrary, by refusing the favour I am going to ask you.

Lady G. I don't believe I shall refuse any that you think proper to ask.

Man. Only this, madam, to indulge me so far as to let me know how this letter came into your hands.

Lady G. Inclosed to me in this without a name.

Man. If there be no secret in the contents madam.—

Lady G. Why——there is an impertinent insinuation in it: but as I know your good sense will think it so too, I will venture to trust you.

Man. You'll oblige me, madam.

[*He takes the other letter and reads.*

Lady G. [*Aside.*] Now am I in the oddest situation; methinks our conversation grows terribly critical. This must produce something———Oh, lud! would it were over.

Man. Now, madam, I begin to have some light into the poor project that is at the bottom of all this.

Lady G. I have no notion of what could be proposed by it.

Man. A little patience, madam——First, as to the insinuation you mention——

Lady G. O! what is he going to say now? [*Aside.*

Man. Though my intimacy with my lord may have allowed my visits to have been very frequent here of late; yet, in such a talking town as this, you must not wonder if a great many of those visits are placed to your account: and this taken for granted, I suppose, has been told to my Lady Wronghead, as a piece of news, since her arrival, not improbably with many more imaginary circumstances.

Lady G. My Lady Wronghead!

Man. Ay, madam; for I am positive this is her hand.

Lady G. What view could she have in writing it?

Man. To interrupt any treaty of marriage she may have heard I am engaged in; because, if I die without heirs, her family expects that some part of my estate may return to them again. But I hope she is so far mistaken, that if this letter has given you the least uneasiness——I shall think that the happiest moment of my life.

Lady G. That does not carry your usual complaisance, Mr. Manly.

Man. Yes, madam, because I am sure I can convince you of my innocence.

Lady G. I am sure I have no right to enquire into it.

Man. Suppose you may not, madam; yet you may very innocently have so much curiosity.

Lady G. With what an artful gentleness he steals into my opinon! [*Aside.*] Well, sir, I won't pretend to have so little of the woman in me, as to want curiosity—But pray, do you suppose, then, this Myrtilla, is a real, or fictitious name?

Man. Now I recollect, madam, there is a young woman in the house where my Lady Wronghead lodges, that I heard somebody call Myrtilla: this letter may be written by her——But how it came directed to me, I confess, is a mystery, that, before I ever presume to see your ladyship again, I think myself obliged in honour to find out. [*Going.*

Lady G. Mr. Manly——you are not going?

Man. 'Tis but to the next street, madam; I shall be back in ten minutes.

Lady G. Nay, but dinner's just coming up.

Man. Madam, I can neither eat nor rest till I see an end of this affair.

Lady G. But this is so odd; why should any silly curiosity of mine drive you away?

Man. Since you won't suffer it to be yours, madam; then it shall be only to satisfy my own curiosity——— [*Exit* Manly.

Lady G. Well—and now, what am I to think of all this? Or suppose an indifferent person had heard every word we have said to one another, what would they have thought on't? Would it have been very

absurd to conclude, he is seriously inclined to pass the rest of his life with me?——I hope not—for I am sure the case is terrible clear on my side; and why may not I, without vanity, suppose my—unaccountable somewhat—has done as much execution upon him?—Why—because he never told me so—nay, he has not so much as mentioned the word love, or ever said one civil thing to my person—well—but he has said a thousand to my good opinion, and has certainly got it——had he spoke first to my person, he had paid a very ill compliment to my understanding——I should have thought him impertinent, and never have troubled my head about him; but as he has managed the matter, at least I am sure of one thing, that let his thoughts be what they will, I shall never trouble my head about any other man as long as I live.

Enter Mrs. TRUSTY.

Well, Mrs. Trusty, is my sister dressed yet?

Trusty. Yes, madam; but my lord has been courting her so, I think, till they are both out of humour.

Lady G. How so?

Trusty. Why, it began, madam, with his lordship's desiring her ladyship to dine at home to-day——upon which my lady said she could not be ready; upon that my lord ordered them to stay the dinner; and then my lady ordered the coach: then my lord took her short, and said he had ordered the coachman to set up; then my lady made him a great curtsey, and

said she would wait till his lordship's horses had dined, and was mighty pleasant: but, for fear of the worst, madam, she whispered me——to get her chair ready.

[*Exit* Trusty.

Lady G. Oh, here they come! and, by their looks, seem a little unfit for company. [*Exit Lady* Grace.

Enter Lady TOWNLY, *Lord* TOWNLY *following.*

Lady T. Well, look you, my lord, I can bear it no longer; nothing still but about my faults, my faults: an agreable subject, truly!

Lord T. Why, madam, if you won't hear of them, how can I ever hope to see you mend them?

Lady T. Why, I don't intend to mend them——I cann't mend them——you know I have tried to do it a hundred times—and—it hurts me so——I cann't bear it.

Lord T. And I, madam, cann't bear this daily licentious abuse of your time and character.

Lady T. Abuse! astonishing! when the universe knows I am never better company then when I am doing what I have a mind to. But to see this world! that men can never get over that silly spirit of contradiction—Why, but last Thursday, now,—there you wisely amended one of my faults, as you call them—you insisted on my not going to the masquerade—and pray what was the consequence? Was not I as cross as the devil all the night after? Was not I forced to get company at home? And was it not almost three o'clock in the morning before I was able

to come to myself again? And then the fault is not mended neither——for next time I shall only have twice the inclination to go: so that all this mending, and mending, you see, is but darning an old ruffle, to make it worse than it was before.

Lord T. Well, the manner of women's living of late is insupportable; and one way or other——

Lady T. It's to be mended, I suppose: why so it may: but then, my dear lord, you must give one time—and when things are at worst, you know, they may mend themselves, ha, ha!

Lord T. Madam, I am not in a humour now to trifle.

Lady T. Why then, my lord, one word of fair argument—to talk with you in your own way, now—You complain of my late hours, and I of your early ones——so far we are even you'll allow—but pray, which gives us the best figure in the eye of the polite world; my active, spirited three in the morning, or your dull, drowsy eleven at night? Now, I think, one has the air of a woman of quality, and t'other of a plodding mechanic, that goes to bed betimes, that he may rise early to open his shop——Faugh!

Lord T. Fie, fie, madam! is this your way of reasoning? 'tis time to wake you, then——'Tis not your ill hours alone that disturb me, but as often the ill company that occasion those ill hours.

Lady T. Sure I don't understand you now, my lord; what ill company do I keep?

Lord T. Why, at best, women that lose their mo-

ney, and men that win it; or, perhaps, men that are voluntary bubbles at one game, in hopes a lady will give them fair play at another. Then, that unavoidable mixture with known rakes, concealed thieves, and sharpers in embroidery,——or, what, to me, is still more shocking, that herd of familiar, chattering, crop-eared coxcombs, who are so often like monkeys, there would be no knowing them asunder, but that their tails hang from their heads, and the monkey's grows where it should do.

Lady T. And a husband must give eminent proof of his sense, that thinks their powder-puffs dangerous.

Lord T. Their being fools, madam, is not always the husband's security; or, if it were, fortune sometimes gives them advantages that might make a thinking woman tremble.

Lady T. What do you mean?

Lord T. That women sometimes lose more than they are able to pay: and if a creditor be a little pressing, the lady may be reduced to try, if instead of gold, the gentleman will accept of a trinket.

Lady T. My lord, you grow scurrilous; you'll make me hate you. I'll have you to know, I keep company with the politest people in town, and the assemblies I frequent are full of such.

Lord T. So are the churches——now and then.

Lady T. My friends frequent them too: as well as the assemblies.

Lord T. Yes, and would do it oftener, if a groom

of the chambers were there allowed to furnish cards to the company.

Lady T. I see what you drive at all this while: you would lay an imputation on my fame, to cover your own avarice. I might take any pleasures, I find, that were not expensive.

Lord T. Have a care, madam; don't let me think you only value your chastity to make me reproachable for not indulging you in every thing else that's vicious——I, madam, have a reputation, too, to guard, that's dear to me as yours—The follies of an ungoverned wife may make the wisest man uneasy; but 'tis his own fault, if ever they make him contemptible.

Lady T. My lord—you would make a woman mad.

Lord T. You'd make a man a fool.

Lady T. If Heaven has made you otherwise, that won't be in my power.

Lord T. Whatever may be in your inclination, madam, I'll prevent your making me a beggar, at least.

Lady T. A beggar! Crœsus! I'm out of patience! —I won't come home till four to-morrow morning.

Lord T. That may be, madam; but I'll order the doors to be locked at twelve.

Lady T. Then I won't come home till to-morrow night.

Lord T. Then, madam—you shall never come home again. [*Exit Lord* Townly.

Lady T. What does he mean? I never heard such a word from him in my life before! The man always

used to have manners in his worst humours. There's something, that I don't see, at the bottom of all this ——But his head's always upon some impracticable scheme or other; so I won't trouble mine any longer about him. Mr. Manly, your servant.

Enter MANLY.

Man. I ask pardon for intrusion, madam; but I hope my business with my lord will excuse it.

Lady T. I believe you'll find him in the next room, sir.

Man. Will you give me leave, madam?

Lady T. Sir—you have my leave, though you were a lady.

Man. [*Aside.*] What a well-bred age do we live in! [*Exit* Manly.

Enter Lady GRACE.

Lady T. Oh, my dear Lady Grace! how could you leave me so unmercifully alone all this while?

Lady G. I thought my lord had been with you.

Lady T. Why, yes—and therefore I wanted your relief; for he has been in such a flutter here——

Lady G. Bless me! for what?

Lady T. Only our usual breakfast; we have each of us had our dish of matrimonial comfort this morning——We have been charming company.

Lady G. I am mighty glad of it: sure it must be a vast happiness, when a man and a wife can give themselves the same turn of conversation!

Lady T. Oh, the prettiest thing in the world!

Lady G. Now I should be afraid, that where two people are every day together so, they must often be in want of something to talk upon.

Lady T. Oh, my dear, you are the most mistaken in the world! married people have things to talk of, child, that never enter into the imagination of others. ——Why, here's my lord and I, now, we have not been married above two short years, you know, and we have already eight or ten things constantly in bank, that, whenever we want company, we can take up any one of them for two hours together, and the subject never the flatter; nay, if we have occasion for it, it will be as fresh next day, too, as it was the first hour it entertained us.

Lady G. Certainly that must be vastly pretty.

Lady T. Oh, there's no life like it! Why, t'other day, for example, when you dined abroad, my lord and I, after a pretty cheerful *tête-à-tête* meal, sat us down by the fire-side in an easy, indolent, pick-tooth way, for about a quarter of an hour, as if we had not thought of any other's being in the room——At last, stretching himself, and yawning—My dear—says he ——aw——you came home very late last night—— 'Twas but just turned of two, says I——I was in bed ——aw——by eleven, says he——So you are every night, says I——Well, says he, I am amazed you can sit up so late——How can you be amazed, says I, at a thing that happens so often?—Upon which we entered into a conversation—and though this is a point

has entertain'd us above fifty times already, we always find so many pretty new things to say upon it, that I believe in my soul it will last as long as we live.

Lady G. But pray, in such sort of family dialogues, (though extremely well for passing the time) don't there, now and then, enter some little witty sort of bitterness?

Lady T. Oh, yes! which does not do amiss at all. A smart repartee, with a zest of recrimination at the head of it, makes the prettiest sherbet. Ay, ay, if we did not mix a little of the acid with it, a matrimonial society would be so luscious, that nothing but an old liquorish prude would be able to bear it.

Lady G. Well—certainly you have the most elegant taste——

Lady T. Though, to tell you the truth, my dear, I rather think we squeezed a little too much lemon into it, this bout! for it grew so sour at last, that——I think——I almost told him he was a fool——and he, again——talked something oddly of——turning me out of doors.

Lady G. Oh, have a care of that!

Lady T. Nay, if he should, I may thank my own wise father for that——

Lady G. How so?

Lady T. Why——when my good lord first opened his honourable trenches before me, my unaccountable papa, in whose hands I then was, gave me up at discretion.

Lady G. How do you mean?

Lady T. He said, the wives of this age were come to that pass, that he would not desire even his own daughter should be trusted with pin-money; so that my whole train of separate inclinations are left entirely at the mercy of a husband's odd humours.

Lady G. Why that, indeed, is enough to make a woman of spirit look about her.

Lady T. Nay, but to be serious, my dear; what would you really have a woman do, in my case?

Lady G. Why——if I had a sober husband, as you have, I would make myself the happiest wife in the world, by being as sober as he.

Lady T. Oh, you wicked thing! how can you teaze one at this rate, when you know he is so very sober, that (except giving me money) there is not one thing in the world he can do to please me. And I, at the same time, partly by nature, and partly, perhaps, by keeping the best company, do, with my soul, love almost every thing he hates. I dote upon assemblies; my heart bounds at a ball; and at an opera—I expire. Then I love play to distraction; cards enchant me—and dice—put me out of my little wits—Dear, dear hazard!—Oh, what a flow of spirits it gives one!—Do you never play at hazard, child?

Lady G. Oh, never! I don't think it sits well upon women; there's something so masculine, so much the air of a rake in it. You see how it makes the men swear and curse; and when a woman is thrown into the same passion——why——

Lady T. That's very true; one is a little put to it, sometimes, not to make use of the same words to express it.

Lady G. Well—and, upon ill luck, pray what words are you really forced to make use of?

Lady T. Why, upon a very hard case, indeed, when a sad wrong word is rising just to one's tongue's end, I give a great gulp——and swallow it.

Lady G. Well—and is not that enough to make you forswear play as long as you live?

Lady T. Oh, yes: I have forsworn it.

Lady G. Seriously?

Lady T. Solemnly! a thousand times; but then one is constantly forsworn.

Lady G. And how can you answer that?

Lady T. My dear, what we say, when we are losers, we look upon to be no more binding than a lover's oath, or a great man's promise. But I beg pardon, child; I should not lead you so far into the world; you are a prude, and design to live soberly.

Lady G. Why, I confess, my nature and my education do, in a great degree, incline that way.

Lady T. Well, how a woman of spirit (for you don't want that, child) can dream of living soberly, is to me inconceivable; for you will marry, I suppose.

Lady G. I cann't tell but I may.

Lady T. And won't you live in town?

Lady G. Half the year I should like it very well.

Lady T. My stars! and you would really live in London half the year to be sober in it?

Lady G. Why not?

Lady T. Why cann't you as well go and be sober in the country.

Lady G. So I would—t'other half year.

Lady T. And pray, what comfortable scheme of life would you form, now, for your summer and winter sober entertainments?

Lady G. A scheme that I think might very well content us.

Lady T. Oh, of all things, let's hear it.

Lady G. Why, in summer, I could pass my leisure hours in riding, in reading, walking by a canal, or sitting at the end of it under a great tree; in dressing, dining, chatting with an agreeable friend; perhaps, hearing a little music, taking a dish of tea, or a game of cards, soberly; managing my family, looking into its accounts, playing with my children, if I had any, or in a thousand other innocent amusements ——soberly; and possibly, by these means, I might induce my husband to be as sober as myself——

Lady T. Well, my dear, thou art an astonishing creature! For sure such primitive antediluvian notions of life have not been in any head these thousand years——Under a great tree! Oh, my soul!—— But I beg we may have the sober town-scheme too—for I am charmed with the country one!——

Lady G. You shall, and I'll try to stick to my sobriety there too.

Lady T. Well, though I'm sure it will give me the vapours, I must hear it however.

Lady G. Why then, for fear of your fainting, madam, I will first so far come into the fashion, that I

would never be dressed out of it——but still it should be soberly; for I cann't think it any disgrace to a woman of my private fortune, not to wear her lace as fine as the wedding-suit of a first dutchess. Though there is one extravagance I would venture to come up to.

Lady T. Aye, now for it——

Lady G. I would every day be as clean as a bride.

Lady T. Why, the men say, that's a great step to be made one——Well, now you are drest—Pray let's see to what purpose?

Lady G. I would visit—that is, my real friends; but as little for form as possible.———I would go to court; sometimes to an asssembly, nay, play at quadrille——soberly: I would see all the good plays; and, because 'tis the fashion, now and then an opera ———but I would not expire there, for fear I should never go again: and, lastly, I cann't say, but for curiosity, if I liked my company, I might be drawn in once to a masquerade; and this, I think, is as far as any woman can go———soberly.

Lady T. Well, if it had not been for that last piece of sobriety, I was just going to call for some surfeit-water.

Lady G. Why, don't you think, with the farther aid of breakfasting, dining, and taking the air, supping, sleeping, not to say a word of devotion, the four and twenty hours might roll over in a tolerable manner?

Lady T. Tolerable! Deplorable! Why, child, all

you purpose is but to endure life now I want to enjoy it——

Enter Mrs. TRUSTY.

Trust. Madam, your ladyship's chair is ready.

Lady T. Have the footmen their white flambeaux yet? For last night I was poisoned.

Trust. Yes, madam; there were some come in this morning. [*Exit* Trusty.

Lady T. My dear, you will excuse me; but you know my time is so precious———

Lady G. That I beg I may not hinder your least enjoyment of it.

Lady T. You will call on me at Lady Revel's?

Lady G. Certainly.

Lady T. But I am so afraid it will break into your scheme, my dear.

Lady G. When it does, I will——soberly break from you.

Lady T. Why then, till we meet again, dear sister, I wish you all tolerable happiness. [*Exit Lady* T.

Lady G. There she goes—Dash! into her stream of pleasures! Poor woman, she is really a fine creature; and sometimes infinitely agreeable; nay, take her out of the madness of this town, rational in her notions, and easy to live with: but she is so borne down by this torrent of vanity in vogue, she thinks every hour of her life is lost that she does not lead at the head of it. What it will end in, I tremble to imagine!——Ha, my brother, and Manly with him!

I guess what they have been talking of—I shall hear it in my turn, I suppose, but it won't become me to be inquisitive. [*Exit Lady* Grace.

Enter Lord TOWNLY *and* MANLY.

Lord T. I did not think my Lady Wronghead had such a notable brain: though I cann't say she was so very wise, in trusting this silly girl, you call Myrtilla, with the secret.

Man. No, my lord, you mistake me; had the girl been in the secret, perhaps I had never come at it myself.

Lord T. Why, I thought you said the girl writ this letter to you, and that my lady Wronghead sent it inclosed to my sister.

Man. If you please to give me leave, my lord—— the fact is thus—This inclosed letter to Lady Grace was a real original one, written by this girl, to the count we have been talking of: the count drops it; and my Lady Wronghead finds it: then only changing the cover, she seals it up as a letter of business, just written by herself, to me: and pretending to be in a hurry, gets this innocent girl to write the direction for her.

Lord T. Oh, then the girl did not know she was superscribing a billet-doux of her own to you?

Man. No, my lord; for when I first questioned her about the direction, she own'd it immediately: but when I shewed her that her letter to the count was within it, and told her how it came into my hands,

the poor creature was amaz'd, and thought herself betrayed both by the count and my lady——in short, upon this discovery, the girl and I grew so gracious, that she has let me into some transactions, in my Lady Wronghead's family, which, with my having a careful eye over them, may prevent the ruin of it.

Lord T. You are very generous, to be solicitous for a lady that has given you so much uneasiness.

Man. But I will be most unmercifully revenged of her: for I will do her the greatest friendship in the world——against her will.

Lord T. What an uncommon philosophy art thou master of, to make even thy malice a virtue!

Man. Yet, my lord, I assure you, there is no one action of my life gives me more pleasure than your approbation of it.

Lord T. Dear Charles! my heart's impatient 'till thou art nearer to me: and, as a proof that I have long wished thee so, while your daily conduct has chosen rather to deserve than ask my sister's favour, I have been as secretly industrious to make her sensible of your merit: and since on this occasion you have opened your whole heart to me, 'tis now with equal pleasure I assure you we have both succeeded ——she is as firmly yours——

Man. Impossible! you flatter me!

Lord T. I'm glad you think it flattery: but she herself shall prove it none; she dines with us alone: when the servants are withdrawn, I'll open a conversation, that shall excuse my leaving you together—

Oh, Charles! had I, like thee, been cautious in my choice, what melancholy hours had this heart avoided.

Man. No more of that, I beg, my lord——

Lord T. But 'twill, at least, be some relief to my anxiety, however barren of content the state has been to me, to see so near a friend and sister happy in it. Your harmony of life will be an instance how much the choice of temper is preferable to beauty.

While your soft hours in mutual kindness move,
You'll reach by virtue what I lost by love. [Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Mrs. MOTHERLY's *House. Enter Mrs.* MOTHERLY, *meeting* MYRTILLA.

Motherly.

So, niece! where is it possible you can have been these six hours?

Myr. Oh, madam, I have such a terrible story to tell you.

Moth. A story! Ods my life! What have you done with the count's note of five hundred pounds, I sent you about? Is it safe? Is it good! Is it security?

Myr. Yes, yes, it is safe: but for its goodness—— Mercy on us! I have been in a fair way to be hanged about it!

Moth. The dickens! has the rogue of a count played us another trick then?

Myr. You shall hear, madam; when I came to Mr. Cash, the bankers, and shewed him his note for five hundred pounds, payable to the count, or order, in two months——he looked earnestly upon it, and desired me to step into the inner room, while he examined his books——after I had staid about ten minutes, he came in to me——claps to the door, and charges me with a constable for forgery.

Moth. Ah, poor soul! and how didst thou get off?

Myr. While I was ready to sink in this condition, I begged him to have a little patience, 'till I could send for Mr. Manly, whom he knew to be a gentleman of worth and honour, and who, I was sure, would convince him, whatever fraud might be in the note, that I was myself an innocent abused woman ——and, as good luck would have it, in less than half an hour Mr. Manley came——so, without mincing the matter, I fairly told him upon what design the count had lodged that note in your hands, and, in short, laid open the whole scheme he had drawn us into to make our fortune.

Moth. The devil you did!

Myr. Why, how do you think it was possible I could any otherwise make Mr. Manly my friend, to help me out of the scrape I was in? To conclude, he soon made Mr. Cash easy, and sent away the constable: nay, farther, he promised me, if I would trust the note in his hands, he would take care it should be

fully paid before it was due, and at the same time would give me an ample revenge upon the count; so that all you have to consider now, madam, is, whether you think yourself safer in the Count's hands, or Mr. Manly's.

Moth. Nay, nay, child; there is no choice in the matter! Mr. Manly may be a friend indeed, if any thing in our power can make him so.

Myr. Well, madam, and now, pray, how stand matters at home here? What has the count done with the ladies?

Moth. Why, every thing he has a mind to do, by this time, I suppose. He is in as high favour with miss, as he is with my lady.

Myr. Pray, where are the ladies?

Moth. Rattling abroad in their own coach, and the well-bred count along with them: they have been scouring all the shops in town over, buying fine things and new clothes from morning to night: they have made one voyage already, and have brought home such a cargo of bawbles and trumpery—Mercy on the poor man that's to pay for them!

Myr. Did not the young 'squire go with them?

Moth. No, no; miss said, truly he would but disgrace their party: so they even left him asleep by the kitchen fire.

Myr. Has not he ask'd after me all this while? For I had a sort of an assignation with him.

Moth. Oh, yes, he has been in a bitter taking about

it. At last his disappointment grew so uneasy, that he fairly fell a crying? so to quiet him, I sent one of the maids and John Moody abroad with him to shew him—the lions and the monument. Ods me! there he is just come home again——You may have business with him—so I'll even turn you together. [*Exit.*

Enter 'Squire RICHARD.

'Squ. Rich. Soah, soah, Mrs. Myrtilla, where han yaw been aw this day, forsooth?

Myr. Nay, if you go to that, 'squire, where have you been, pray?

'Squ. Rich. Why, when I fun' at yow were no loikly to come whoam, I were ready to hong my sel ——so John Moody, and I, and one o' your lasses, have been——Lord knows where——a seeing o' the soights.

Myr. Well, and pray what have you seen, sir?

'Squ. Rich. Flesh! I cawnt tell, not I—seen every thing, I think. First, there we went o' top o' the what d'ye call it? there, the great huge stone post, up the rawnd and rawnd stairs, that twine and twine about just an as thof it was a cork-screw.

Myr. Oh, the monument; well, and was it not a fine sight from the top of it?

'Squ. Rich. Sight, miss! I know no'—I saw nought but smoak and brick housen, and steeple tops——— then there was such a mortal ting tang of bells, and rumbling of carts and coaches, and then the folks un-

der one looked so small, and made such a hum, and a buz, it put me in mind of my mother's great glass bee-hive in our garden in the country.

Myr. I think, master, you give a very good account of it.

'Squ. Rich. Ay, but I did not like it: for my head—my head—began to turn—so I trundled me down stairs agen like a round trencher.

Myr. Well, but this was not all you saw, I suppose?

'Squ. Rich. Noa, noa, we went after that, and saw the lions, and I liked them better by hawlf, they are pure grim devils; hoh, hoh! I touke a stick, and gave one of them such a poke o' the noase—I believe he would ha' snapt my head off, an he could have got me. Hoh! hoh! hoh!

Myr. Well, master, when you and I go abroad, I'll shew you prettier sights than these——there's a masquerade to-morrow.

'Sq. Rich. Oh, laud, ay! they say that's a pure thing for Merry Andrews, and those sort of comical mummers—and the count tells me, that there lads and lasses may jig their tails, and eat, and drink, without grudging, all night lung.

Myr. What would you say now, if I should get you a ticket, and go long with you?

'Squ. Rich. Ah, dear!

Myr. But have a care, 'squire, the fine ladies there are terribly tempting; look well to your heart, or, ads me! they'll whip it up in the trip of a minute.

'*Squ. Rich.* Ay, but they cawnt thoa—soa let 'um look to themselves, an' ony of 'um falls in love with me—mayhap they had as good be quiet.

Myr. Why sure you would not refuse a fine lady, would you?

'*Squ. Rich.* Ay, but I would though, unless it were—one as I know of.

Myr. Oh, oh, then you have left your heart in the country, I find?

'*Squ. Rich.* Noa, noa, my heart—eh—my heart e'nt awt o' this room.

Myr. I am glad you have it about you, however.

'*Squ. Rich.* Nay, mayhap not soa noather, somebody else may have it, 'at you little think of.

Myr. I cann't imagine what you mean!

'*Squ. Rich.* Noa! why doan't you know how many folks there is in this room, naw?

Myr. Very fine, master, I see you have learnt the town gallantry already.

'*Squ. Rich.* Why doan't you believe 'at I have a kindness for you then?

Myr. Fy, fy, master, how you talk; beside, you are too young to think of a wife.

'*Squ. Rich.* Ay! but I cannot help thinking o' yow, for all that.

Myr. How! why sure, sir, you don't pretend to think of me in a dishonourable way?

'*Squ. Rich.* Nay, that's as you see good—I did no' think 'at you would ha' thought of me for a husband,

mayhap; unless I had means in my own hands; and feyther allows me but haulf a crown a week, as yet awhile.

Myr. Oh, when I like any body, 'tis not want of money will make me refuse them.

'Squ. Rich. Well, that's just my mind now; for an I like a girl, miss, I would take her in her smock.

Myr. Ay, master, now you speak like a man of honour; this shews something of a true heart in you.

'Squ. Rich. Ay, and a true heart you'll find me; try when you will.

Myr. Hush, hush, here's your papa come home, and my aunt with him.

'Squ. Rich. A devil rive 'em, what do they come naw for?

Myr. When you and I get to the masquerade, you shall see what I'll say to you.

'Squ. Rich. Well, hands upon't, then——

Myr. There——

'Squ. Rich. One buss, and a bargain. [*Kisses her.* Ads wauntlikins! as soft and plump as a marrow-pudding. [*Exeunt severally.*

Enter Sir FRANCIS WRONGHEAD *and Mrs.* MOTHERLY.

Sir Fran. What! my wife and daughter abroad, say you?

Moth. Oh, dear sir, they have been mighty busy all the day long; they just came home to snap up a short dinner, and so went out again.

Sir Fran. Well, well, I sha'n't stay supper for 'em, I can tell 'em that: for ods-heart, I have nothing in me, but a toast and tankard, since morning.

Moth. I am afraid, sir, these late parliament hours won't agree with you.

Sir Fran. Why, truly, Mrs. Motherly, they don't do right with us country gentlemen; to lose one meal out of three, is a hard tax upon a good stomach.

Moth. It is so indeed, sir.

Sir Fran. But howsomever, Mrs. Motherly, when we consider, that what we suffer is for the good of our country——

Moth. Why truly, sir, that is something.

Sir Fran. Oh, there's a great deal to be said for't——the good of one's country is above all things——A true-hearted Englishman thinks nothing too much for it——I have heard of some honest gentlemen so very zealous, that for the good of their country——they would sometimes go to dinner at midnight.

Moth. Oh, that goodness of 'em! sure their country must have a vast esteem for them?

Sir Fran. So they have, Mrs. Motherly; they are so respected when they come home to their boroughs after a session, and so beloved——that their country will come and dine with them every day in the week.

Moth. Dear me! What a fine thing 'tis to be so populous!

Sir Fran. It is a great comfort, indeed! and I can assure you, you are a good sensible woman, Mrs. Motherly.

Moth. Oh, dear sir, your honour's pleased to compliment.

Sir Fran. No, no, I see you know how to value people of consequence.

Moth. Good lack! here's company, sir; will you give me leave to get you a little something 'till the ladies come home, sir?

Sir Fran. Why, troth, I don't think it would be amiss.

Moth. It shall be done in a moment, sir. [*Exit.*

Enter MANLY.

Man. Sir Francis, your servant.

Sir Fran. Cousin Manly.

Man. I am come to see how the family goes on here.

Sir Fran. Troth! all as busy as bees; I have been upon the wing ever since eight o'clock this morning.

Man. By your early hour, then, I suppose you have been making your court to some of the great men.

Sir Fran. Why, faith! you have hit it, sir——— I was advised to lose no time: so I e'en went straight forward to one great man I had never seen in my life before.

Man. Right! that was doing business: but who had you got to introduce you?

Sir Fran. Why, nobody———I remember I had heard a wise man say—My son, be bold—so troth! I introduced myself.

Man. As how, pray?

Sir Fran. Why, thus——Look ye——Please your

lordship, says I, I am Sir Francis Wronghead, of Bumper-hall, and member of parliament for the borough of Guzzledown———Sir, your humble servant, says my lord; thof I have not the honour to know your person, I have heard you are a very honest gentleman, and I am glad your borough has made choice of so worthy a representative; and so, says he, Sir Fransis, have you any service to command me? Naw, cousin, those last words, you may be sure, gave me no small encouragement. And thof I know, sir, you have no extraordinary opinion of my parts, yet I believe, you won't say I mist it naw!

Man. Well, I hope I shall have no cause.

Sir Fran. So, when I found him so courteous—— My lord, says I, I did not think to ha' troubled your lordship with business upon my first visit: but, since your lordship is pleased not to stand upon ceremony, ——why truly, says I, I think naw is as good as another time.

Man. Right! there you pushed him home.

Sir Fran. Ay, ay, I had a mind to let him see that I was none of your mealy-mouthed ones.

Man. Very good.

Sir Fran. So, in short, my lord, says I, I have a good estate——but—a—it's a little awt at elbows: and, as I desire to serve my king as well as my country, I shall be very willing to accept of a place at court.

Man. So, this was making short work on't.

Sir Fran. I'cod! I shot him flying, cousin: some

of your hawf-witted ones, naw, would ha' hummed and hawed, and dangled a month or two after him, before they durst open their mouths about a place, and, mayhap, not ha' got it at last neither.

Man. Oh, I'm glad you're so sure on't——

Sir Fran. You shall hear, cousin——Sir Francis, says my lord, pray what sort of a place may you ha' turned your thoughts upon? My lord, says I, beggars must not be chusers; but ony place, says I, about a thousand a-year, will be well enough to be doing with, 'till something better falls in——for I thowght it would not look well to stond haggling with him at first.

Man. No, no, your business was to get footing any way.

Sir Fran. Right! there's it! ay, cousin, I see you know the world.

Man. Yes, yes, one sees more of it every day—— Well, but what said my lord to all this?

Sir Fran. Sir Francis, says he, I shall be glad to serve you any way that lies in my power; so he gave me a squeeze by the hand, as much as to say, give yourself no trouble——I'll do your business; with that he turned him abawt to somebody with a coloured ribbon across here, that looked, in my thowghts, as if he came for a place too.

Man. Ha! so, upon these hopes, you are to make your fortune!

Sir Fran. Why, do you think there's any doubt of it, sir?

Man. Oh, no, I have not the least doubt about it—for just as you have done, I made my fortune ten years ago.

Sir Fran. Why, I never knew you had a place, cousin.

Man. Nor I neither, upon my faith, cousin. But you, perhaps, may have better fortune: for I suppose my lord has heard of what importance you were in the debate to-day——You have been since down at the house, I presume.

Sir Fran. Oh, yes! I would not neglect the house for ever so much.

Man. Well, and pray what have they done there?

Sir Fran. Why, troth! I cann't well tell you what they have done, but I can tell you what I did: and I think pretty well in the main; only I happened to make a little mistake at last, indeed.

Man. How was that?

Sir Fran. Why, they were all got there into a sort of a puzzling debate about the good of the nation—and I were always for that, you know—but, in short, the arguments were so long-winded o' both sides, that, waunds! I did not well understand 'um: hawsomever, I was convinced, and so resolved to vote right, according to my conscience——so when they came to put the question, as they call it,——I don't know haw 'twas——but I doubt I cried ay! when I should ha' cried no!

Man. How came that about?

Sir Fran. Why, by a mistake, as I tell you——for

there was a good-humoured sort of a gentleman, one Mr. Totherside, I think they call him, that sat next me, as soon as I had cried ay! gives me a hearty shake by the hand. Sir, says he, you are a man of honour, and a true Englishman; and I should be proud to be better acquainted with you——and so, with that he takes me by the sleeve, along with the crowd into the lobby——so, I knew nowght——but, ods flesh! I was got o' the wrung side the post——for I were told, afterwards, I should have staid where I was.

Man. And so, if you had not quite made your fortune before, you have clinched it now;——Ah, thou head of the Wrongheads. [*Aside.*

Sir Fran. Odso! here's my lady come home at last ——I hope, cousin, you will be so kind as to take a family supper with us?

Man. Another time, sir Francis; but to-night I am engaged.

Enter Lady WRONGHEAD, *Miss* JENNY, *and Count* BASSET.

Lady Wrong. Cousin, your servant; I hope you will pardon my rudeness; but we have really been in such a continual hurry here, that we have not had a leisure moment to return your last visit.

Man. Oh, madam, I am a man of no ceremony; you see that has not hindered my coming again.

Lady Wrong. You are infinitely obliging; but I'll redeem my credit with you.

Man. At your own time, madam.

Count Bas. I must say that for Mr. Manly, madam; if making people easy is the rule of good-breeding, he is certainly the best-bred man in the world.

Man. Soh! I am not to drop my acquaintance, I find.——[*Aside.*] I am afraid, sir, I shall grow vain upon your good opinion.

Count Bas. I don't know that, sir; but I am sure what you are pleased to say makes me so.

Man. The most impudent modesty that ever I met with. [*Aside.*

Lady Wrong. Lard! how ready his wit is. [*Aside.*

Sir Fran. Don't you think, sir, the count's a very fine gentleman? [*Apart.*

Man. Oh, among the ladies, certainly. [*Apart.*

Sir Fran. And yet he's as stout as a lion. Waund, he'll storm any thing. [*Apart.*

Man. Will he so? Why then, sir, take care of your citadel. [*Apart.*

Sir Fran. Ah, you are a wag, cousin. [*Apart.*

Man. I hope, ladies, the town air continues to agree with you.

Jenny. Oh, perfectly well, sir! We have been abroad in our new coach all day long——and we have bought an ocean of fine things. And to-morrow we go to the masquerade; and on Friday to the play; and on Saturday to the opera; and on Sunday we are to be at the what-d'ye call it——assembly, and see the ladies play at quadrille, and piquet, and ombre, and hazard, and basset; and on Monday we are to see the king; and so on Tuesday——

Lady Wrong. Hold, hold, miss! you must not let your tongue run so fast, child—you forget; you know I brought you hither to learn modesty.

Man. Yes, yes! and she is improved with a vengeance———

Jenny. Lawrd! mamma, I am sure I did not say any harm; and if one must not speak in one's turn, one may be kept under as long as one lives, for aught I see.

Lady Wrong. O' my conscience, this girl grows so headstrong———

Sir Fran. Ay, ay, there's your fine growing spirit for you! Now tack it dawn an' you can.

Jenny. All I said, papa, was only to entertain my cousin Manly.

Man. My pretty dear, I am mightily obliged to you.

Jenny. Look you there now, madam.

Lady Wrong. Hold your tongue, I say.

Jenny. [*Turning away and glowting.*] I declare it, I won't bear it: she is always snubbing me before you, sir!——I know why she does it, well enough——

[*Aside to the Count.*

Count Bas. Hush, hush, my dear! don't be uneasy at that; she'll suspect us. [*Aside.*

Jenny. Let her suspect, what do I care—I don't know but I have as much reason to suspect as she—though perhaps I am not so afraid of her.

Count Bas. [*Aside.*] I'gad, if I don't keep a tight

hand on my tit, here, she'll run away with my project before I can bring it to bear.

Lady Wrong. [*Aside.*] Perpetually hanging upon him! The young harlot is certainly in love with him; but I must not let them see I think so——and yet I cann't bear it. Upon my life, count, you'll spoil that forward girl—you should not encourage her so.

Count Bas. Pardon me, madam, I was only advising her to observe what your ladyship said to her.

Man. Yes, truly, her observations have been something particular. [*Aside.*

Count Bas. In one word, madam, she has a jealousy of your ladyship, and I am forced to encourage her, to blind it; 'twill be better to take no notice of her behaviour to me. [*Apart.*

Lady Wrong. You are right, I will be more cautious. [*Apart.*

Count Bas. To-morrow, at the masquerade, we may lose her. [*Apart.*

Lady Wrong. We shall be observed; I'll send you a note, and settle that affair——go on with the girl, and don't mind me. [*Apart.*

Count Bas. I have been taken your part, my little angel.

Lady Wrong. Jenny! come hither, child—you must not be so hasty, my dear—I only advise you for your good.

Jenny. Yes, mamma; but when I am told of a thing before company, it always makes me worse, you know.

Man. If I have any skill in the fair sex, miss and her mamma have only quarrelled because they are both of a mind. This facetious count seems to have made a very genteel step into the family. [*Aside.*

Enter MYRTILLA. MANLY *talks apart with her.*

Lady Wrong. Well, Sir Francis, and what news have you brought us from Westminster to-day?

Sir Fran. News, madam! I'cod! I have some—— and such as does not come every day, I can tell you—a word in your ear——I have got a promise of a place at court of a thousand pawnd a-year already.

Lady Wrong. Have you so, sir? And pray who may you thank for't? Now! who is in the right? Is not this better than throwing so much away after a stinking pack of fox-hounds in the country? Now your family may be the better for it.

Sir Fran. Nay, that's what persuaded me to come up, my dove,

Lady Wrong. Mighty well—come—let me have another hundred pound then.

Sir Fran. Another! child? Waunds! you have had one hundred this morning, pray what's become of that, my dear?

Lady Wrong. What's become of it? Why, I'll shew you, my love! Jenny, have you the bills about you.

Jenny. Yes, mamma.

Lady Wrong. What's become of it? Why, laid out, my dear, with fifty more to it, that I was forced to borrow of the count here.

Jenny. Yes, indeed, papa, and that would hardly do neither——There's the account.

Sir Fran. [*Turning over the bills.*] Let's see! let's see! what the devil have we got here.

Man. Then you have sounded your aunt you say, and she readily comes into all I proposed to you.

[*Apart.*

Myr. Sir, I'll answer, with my life, she is most thankfully yours in every article. She mightily desires to see you, sir.

[*Apart.*

Man. I am going home, directly; bring her to my house in half an hour! and if she makes good what you tell me, you shall both find your account in it.

[*Apart.*

Myr. Sir, she shall not fail you.

[*Apart.*

Sir Fran. Ods-life! madam, here's nothing but toys and trinkets, and fans, and clock stockings, by wholesale.

Lady Wrong. There's nothing but what's proper, and for your credit, Sir Francis—Nay, you see I am so good a housewife, that in necessaries for myself I have scarce laid out a shilling.

Sir Fran. No, by my troth, so it seems; for the devil o' one thing's here that I can see you have any occasion for.

Lady Wrong. My dear, do you think I came hither to live out of the fashion! why, the greatest distinction of a fine lady in this town is in the variety of pretty things that she has no occasion for.

Jenny. Sure, papa, could you imagine, that women of quality wanted nothing but stays and petticoats?

Lady Wrong. Now, that is so like him!

Man. So the family comes on finely. [*Aside.*

Lady Wrong. Lard, if men were always to govern, what dowdies they would reduce their wives to!

Sir Fran. An hundred pound in the morning, and want another afore night! Waunds and fire! the lord mayor of London could not hold at this rate.

Man. Oh, do you feel it, sir? [*Aside.*

Lady Wrong. My dear, you seem uneasy; let me have the hundred pound, and compose yourself.

Sir Fran. Compose the devil, madam! why do you consider what a hundred pound a-day comes to in a year?

Lady Wrong. My life, if I account with you from one day to another, that's really all my head is able to bear at a time——But I'll tell you what I consider ——I consider that my advice has got you a thousand pound a-year this morning——That, now, methinks, you might consider, sir.

Sir Fran. A thousand a year? Waunds, madam, but I have not touched a penny of it yet!

Man. Nor ever will, I'll answer for him. [*Aside.*

Enter 'Squire RICHARD.

'Squ. Rich. Feyther, an you doan't come quickly, the meat will be coaled: and I'd fain pick a bit with you.

Lady Wrong. Bless me, Sir Francis! you are not going to sup by yourself.

Sir Fran. No, but I'm going to dine by myself, and that's pretty near the matter, madam.

Lady Wrong. Had not you as good stay a little, my dear. We shall all eat in half an hour; and I was thinking to ask my cousin Manly to take a family morsel with us.

Sir Fran. Nay, for my cousin's good company, I don't care if I ride a day's journey without baiting.

Man. By no means, Sir Francis. I am going upon a little business.

Sir Fran. Well, sir, I know you don't love compliments.

Man. You'll excuse me, madam———

Lady Wrong. Since you have business, sir———

[*Exit* Manly.

Enter Mrs. MOTHERLY.

Oh, Mrs. Motherly! you were saying this morning you had some very fine lace to shew me——cann't I see it now? [*Sir* Francis *stares.*

Moth. Why, really, madam, I had made a sort of a promise to let the Countess of Nicely have the first sight of it for the birth-day: but your ladyship——

Lady Wrong. Oh, I die if I don't see it before her.

'Squ. Rich. Woan't you go, feyther. [*Apart.*

Sir Fran. Waunds, lad! I shall ha noa stomach at this rate. [*Apart.*

Moth. Well, madam, though I say it, 'tis the

sweetest pattern that ever came over——and for fineness——no cobweb comes up to it.

Sir Fran. Ods guts and gizzard, madam! Lace as fine as a cobweb! why, what the devil's that to cost now?

Moth. Nay, if Sir Francis does not like of it, madam——

Lady Wrong. He like it! Dear Mrs. Motherly, he is not to wear it.

Sir Fran. Flesh, madam! but I suppose I am to pay for it.

Lady Wrong. No doubt on't! Think of your thousand a year, and who got it you; go! eat your dinner, and be thankful, go. [*Driving him to the door.*] Come, Mrs. Motherly.

[*Exit Lady* Wronghead *with Mrs.* Motherly.

Sir Fran. Very fine! so here I mun fast, till I am almost famished, for the good of my country, while madam is laying me out an hundred pound a-day in lace as fine as a cobweb, for the honour of my family! Ods flesh! things had need go well at this rate!

Squ. Rich. Nay, nay——come, feyther.

[*Exeunt Sir* Fran. *and Squ.* Richard.

Enter Mrs. MOTHERLY.

Moth. Madam, my lady desires you and the count will please to come and assist her fancy in some of the new laces.

Count Bas. We'll wait upon her——

[*Exit Mrs.* Motherly.

Jenny. So, I told you how it was; you see she cann't bear to leave us together.

Count Bas. No matter, my dear: you know she has ask'd me to stay supper: so when your papa and she are a-bed, Mrs. Myrtilla will let me into the house again; then you may steal into her chamber, and we'll have a pretty sneaker of punch together.

Myr. Ay, ay, madam, you may command me in any thing.

Jenny. Well, that will be pure!

Count Bas. But you had best go to her alone, my life: it will look better if I come after you.

Jenny. Ay, so it will: and to-morrow, you know, at the masquerade: And then!——

" SONG.

" *Oh, I'll have a husband! ay, marry;*
" *For why should I longer tarry,*
" *For why should I longer tarry,*
" *Than other brisk girls have done?*
" *For if I stay 'till I grow grey,*
" *They'll call me old maid, and fusty old jade;*
" *So I'll no longer tarry;*
" *But I'll have a husband, ay, marry,*
" *If money can buy me one.*

" *My mother, she says, I'm too coming;*
" *And still in my ears she is drumming,*
" *And still in my ears she is drumming,*

" *That I such vain thoughts shou'd shun.*
" *My sisters they cry, oh, fy! and, oh, fy!*
" *But yet I can see, they're as coming as me;*
" *So let me have husbands in plenty:*
" *I'd rather have twenty times twenty,*
" *Than die an old maid undone.*" [Exit.

Myr. So, sir, am not I very commode to you?

Count Bas. Well, child, and don't you find your account in it? Did I not tell you we might still be of use to one another?

Myr. Well, but how stands your affair with miss in the main?

Count. Bas. Oh, she's mad for the masquerade! It drives like a nail; we want nothing now but a parson to clinch it. Did not your aunt say she could get one at a short warning?

Myr. Yes, yes, my Lord Townly's chaplain is her cousin, you know; he'll do your business and mine at the same time.

Count Bas. Oh, it's true! but where shall we appoint him?

Myr. Why, you know my Lady Townly's house is always open to the masks upon a ball night, before they go the Hay-market.

Count Bas. Good.

Myr. Now the doctor proposes we should all come thither in our habits, and when the rooms are full, we may steal up into his chamber, he says, and there

——crack——he'll give us all canonical commission to go to-bed together.

Count Bas. Admirable! Well, the devil fetch me, if I shall not be heartily glad to see thee well settled, child.

Myr. And may the black gentleman tuck me under his arm at the same time, if I shall not think myself obliged to you as long as I live.

Count Bas. One kiss for old acquaintance sake—— I'gad I shall want to be busy again.

Myr. Oh, you'll have one shortly will find you employment: but I must run to my 'squire.

Count Bas. And I to the ladies——so your humble servant, sweet Mrs. Wronghead.

Myr. Yours, as in duty bound, most noble Count Basset. [*Exit* Myr.

Count Bas. Why, ay! count! That title has been of some use to me indeed; not that I have any more pretence to it than I have to a blue ribband. Yet, I have made a pretty considerable figure in life with it. I have lolled in my own chariot, dealt at assemblies, dined with ambassadors, and made one at quadrille with the first women of quality——But—*tempora mutantur*——since that damn'd squadron at White's have left me out of their last secret, I am reduced to trade upon my own stock of industry, and make my last push upon a wife. If my card comes up right (which, I think, cannot fail) I shall once more cut a figure, and cock my hat in the face of the best of them: for since our modern men of fortune are

grown wise enough to be sharpers, I think sharpers are fools that don't take up the airs of men of quality. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Lord Townly's House. " *Enter* MANLY *and Lady* GRACE.

Manly.

" THERE's something, madam, hangs upon your " mind, to-day: is it unfit to trust me with it?

" *Lady G.* Since you will know—my sister, then— " unhappy woman!

" *Man.* What of her?

" *Lady G.* I fear is on the brink of ruin.

" *Man.* I am sorry for it—What has happened?

" *Lady G.* Nothing so very new; but the continual " repetition of it, at last has raised my brother to an " intemperance that I tremble at.

" *Man.* Have they had any words upon it?

" *Lady G.* He has not seen her since yesterday.

" *Man.* What! not at home all night?

" *Lady G.* About five this morning, in she came; " but with such looks, and such an equipage of mis- " fortunes at her heels—What can become of her?

" *Man.* Has not my lord seen her, say you?

" *Lady G.* No; he changed his bed last night—— " I sat with him alone till twelve, in expectation of

" her: but when the clock struck, he started from
" his chair, and grew incensed to that degree, that
" had I not, almost on my knees, dissuaded him,
" he had ordered the doors, that instant, to have
" been locked against her.

" *Man.* How terrible is his situation! when the
" most justifiable severities he can use against her
" are liable to be the mirth of all the dissolute card-
" tables in town.

" *Lady G.* 'Tis that, I know, has made him bear
" so long: but you that feel for him, Mr. Manly,
" will assist him to support his honour, and, if pos-
" sible, preserve his quiet; therefore I beg you don't
" leave the house, till one or both of them can be
" wrought to better temper.

" *Man.* How amiable is this concern in you!

" *Lady G.* For Heaven's sake, don't mind me; but
" think on something to preserve us all.

" *Man.* I shall not take the merit of obeying your
" commands, madam, to serve my lord—But, pray,
" madam, let me into all that has past since yesternight.

" *Lady G.* When my intreaties had prevailed upon
" my lord, not to make a story for the town, by so
" public a violence, as shutting her at once out
" of his doors, he ordered an apartment next to my
" lady's to be made ready for him——While that
" was doing, I tried, by all the little arts I was mis-
" tress of, to amuse him into temper; in short, a si-
" lent grief was all I could reduce him to—On this,
" we took our leaves, and parted to our repose: what
" his was, I imagine by my own; for I ne'er closed

" my eyes. About five, as I told you, I heard my lady
" at the door; so I slipped on a gown, and sat al-
" most an hour with her in her own chamber.

" *Man.* What said she, when she did not find my
" lord there?

" *Lady G.* Oh! so far from being shocked or
" alarmed at it, that she blessed the occasion; and
" said that, in her condition, the chat of a female
" friend was far preferable to the best husband's
" company in the world.

" *Man.* Where has she spirits to support so much
" insensibility?

" *Lady G.* Nay, 'tis incredible; for though she had
" lost every shilling she had in the world, and stretched
" her credit even to breaking, she rallied her own
" follies with such vivacity, and painted the penance
" she knows she must undergo for them in such ri-
" diculous lights, that had not my concern for a bro-
" ther been too strong for her wit, she had almost
" disarmed my anger.

" *Man.* Her mind may have another cast by this
" time: the most flagrant dispositions have their
" hours of anguish, which their pride conceals from
" company. But pray, madam, how could she avoid
" coming down to dine?

" *Lady G.* Oh! she took care of that before she
" went to bed, by ordering her woman, whenever she
" was asked for, to say she was not well.

" *Man.* You have seen her since she was up, I pre-
" sume?

" *Lady G.* Up! I question whether she be awake " yet.

" *Man.* Terrible! what a figure does she make " now! That nature should throw away so much " beauty upon a creature, to make such a slatternly " use of it!

" *Lady G.* Oh, fie! there is not a more elegant " beauty in town, when she is dressed.

" *Man.* In my eye, madam, she that's early dressed " has ten times her elegance.

" *Lady G.* But she won't be long now, I believe; " for I think I see her chocolate going up——Mrs. " Trusty——a-hem!

" *Mrs.* TRUSTY *comes to the door.*

" *Man.* [*Aside.*] Five o'clock in the afternoon for " a lady of quality's breakfast is an elegant hour in- " deed! which, to shew her more polite way of living " too, I presume she eats in her bed.

" *Lady G.* [*To Mrs.* Trusty.] And when she is up, " I would be glad she would let me come to her toi- " let——That's all, Mrs. Trusty.

" *Trusty.* I will be sure to let her ladyship know, " madam. [*Exit.*

" *Enter a Servant.*

" *Serv.* Sir Francis Wronghead, sir, desires to " speak with you.

" *Man.* He comes unseasonably——What shall I " do with him?

" *Lady G.* Oh, see him, by all means! we shall " have time enough; in the mean while, I'll step in " and have an eye upon my brother. Nay, don't " mind me—you have business——

" *Man.* You must be obeyed——

" *Retreating, while Lady* Grace *goes out.*

" Desire Sir Francis to walk in—[*Exit Servant.*] I " suppose, by this time, his worship begins to " find that the balance of his journey to London is " on the wrong side."

Enter Sir FRANCIS WRONGHEAD.

Sir Francis, your servant. How came I by the favour of this extraordinary visit?

Sir Fran. Ah, cousin!

Man. Why that sorrowful face, man?

Sir Fran. I have no friend alive but you——

Man. I am sorry for that—But what's the matter?

Sir Fran. I have played the fool by this journey, I see now——for my bitter wife——

Man. What of her?

Sir Fran. Is playing the devil.

Man. Why, truly, that's a part that most of your fine ladies begin with, as soon as they get to London.

Sir Fran. If I'm a living man, cousin, she has made away with above two hundred and fifty pounds since yesterday morning.

Man. Ha! I see a good housewife will do a great deal of work in a little time.

Sir Fran. Work, do they call it? Fine work, indeed!

Man. Well, but how do you mean made away with it? What, she has laid it out, may be——but I suppose you have an account of it.

Sir Fran. Yes, yes, I have had the account, indeed; but I mun needs say, it's a very sorry one.

Man. Pray, let's hear?

Sir Fran. Why, first I let her have an hundred and fifty, to get things handsome about her, to let the world see that I was somebody; and I thought that sum was very genteel.

Man. Indeed I think so; and in the country might have served her a twelvemonth.

Sir Fran. Why, so it might——but here, in this fine town, forsooth, it could not get through four-and-twenty hours—for in half that time it was all squandered away in bawbles, and new-fashioned trumpery.

Man. Oh! for ladies in London, Sir Francis, all this might be necessary.

Sir Fran. Noa, there's the plague on't; the devil o' one useful thing do I see for it, but two pair of laced shoes, and those stond mi in three pounds three shillings a pair, too.

Man. Dear sir, this is nothing! Why we have city wives here, that while their good man is selling three pennyworth of sugar, will give you twenty pounds for a short apron.

Sir Fran. Mercy on us, what a mortal poor devil is a husband!

Man. Well, but I hope you have nothing else to complain of.

Sir Fran. Ah, would I could say so too!——but there's another hundred behind yet, that goes more to my heart than all that went before it.

Man. And how might that be disposed of?

Sir Fran. Troth, I am almost ashamed to tell you.

Man. Out with it.

Sir Fran. Why, she has been at an assembly.

Man. What, since I saw you! I thought you had all supped at home last night.

Sir Fran. Why, so we did——and all as merry as grigs——I'cod, my heart was so open, that I tossed another hundred into her apron, to go out early this morning with——But the cloth was no sooner taken away, than in comes my Lady Townly here, (who, between you and I—mum—has had the devil to pay yonder) with another rantipole dame of quality, and out they must have her, they said, to introduce her at my Lady Noble's assembly, forsooth——A few words, you may be sure, made the bargain——so, bawnce! and away they drive, as if the devil had got into the coach-box——so, about four or five in the morning—home comes madam, with her eyes a foot deep in her head—and my poor hundred pounds left behind her at the hazard-table.

Man. All lost at dice!

Sir Fran. Every shilling—among a parcel of pig-tail puppies, and pale-faced women of quality.

Man. But pray, Sir Francis, how came you, after you found her so ill an housewife of one sum, so soon to trust her with another?

Sir Fran. Why, truly, I mun say that was partly my own fault; for if I had not been a blab of my tongue, I believe that last hundred might have been saved.

Man. How so?

Sir Fran. Why, like an owl as I was, out of good-will, forsooth, partly to keep her in humour, I must needs tell her of the thousand pounds a-year I had just got the promise of—I'cod, she lays her claws upon it that moment—said it was all owing to her advice, and truly she would have her share on't.

Man. What, before you had it yourself?

Sir Fran. Why, ay, that's what I told her——My dear, said I, mayhap I mayn't receive the first quarter on't this half year.

Man. Sir Francis, I have heard you with a great deal of patience, and I really feel compassion for you.

Sir Fran. Truly, and well you may, cousin; for I don't see that my wife's goodness is a bit the better for bringing to London.

Man. If you remember, I gave you a hint of it.

Sir Fran. Why, ay, it's true you did so; but the devil himself could not have believed she would have rid post to him.

Man. Sir, if you stay but a fortnight in this town, you will every day see hundreds as fast upon the gallop as she is.

Sir Fran. Ah, this London is a base place indeed! —Waunds, if things should happen to go wrong with me at Westminster, at this rate, how the devil shall I keep out of a jail?

Man. Why, truly, there seems to be but one way to avoid it.

Sir Fran. Ah, would you could tell me that, cousin!

Man. The way lies plain before you, sir; the same road that brought you hither, will carry you safe home again.

Sir Fran. Ods-flesh, cousin! what! and leave a thousand pounds a-year behind me?

Man. Pooh, pooh! leave any thing behind you, but your family, and you are a saver by it.

Sir Fran. Ay, but consider, cousin, what a scurvy figure shall I make in the country, if I come dawn withawt it.

Man. You will make a much more lamentable figure in a jail without it.

Sir Fran. Mayhap 'at yow have no great opinion of it then, cousin?

Man. Sir Francis, to do you the service of a real friend, I must speak very plainly to you: you don't yet see half the ruin that's before you.

Sir Fran. Good-lack! how may you mean, cousin?

Man. In one word, your whole affairs stand thus;

——In a week you'll lose your seat at Westminster: in a fortnight my lady will run you into jail, by keeping the best company——In four-and-twenty hours your daughter will run away with a sharper, because she han't been us'd to better company: and your son will steal into marriage with a cast mistress, because he has not been used to any company at all.

Sir Fran. I' th' name of goodness, why should you think all this?

Man. Because I have proof of it; in short, I know so much of their secrets, that if all this is not prevented to-night, it will be out of your power to do it to-morrow morning.

Sir Fran. Mercy upon us! you frighten me—— Well, sir, I will be governed by you: but what am I to do in this case?

Man. I have not time here to give you proper instructions; but about eight this evening I'll call at your lodgings, and there you shall have full conviction how much I have it at heart to serve you.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, my lord desires to speak with you.

Man. I'll wait upon him.

Sir Fran. Well, then, I'll go strait home, now.

Man. At eight depend upon me.

Sir Fran. Ah, dear cousin! I shall be bound to you as long as I live. Mercy deliver us, what a terrible journey have I made on't. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.

Opens to a Dressing-room; *Lady* TOWNLY, *as just up, walks to her Toilet, leaning on Mrs.* TRUSTY.

Trust. Dear madam, what should make your ladyship so out of order?

Lady T. How is it possible to be well, where one is killed for want of sleep?

Trust. Dear me! it was so long before you rung, madam, I was in hopes your ladyship had been finely composed.

Lady T. Composed! why I have lain in an inn here; this house is worse than an inn with ten stage-coaches: what between my lord's impertinent people of business in a morning, and the intolerable thick shoes of footmen at noon, one has not a wink all night.

Trust. Indeed, madam, it's a great pity my lord cann't be persuaded into the hours of people of quality—though I must say that, madam, your ladyship is certainly the best matrimonial manager in town.

Lady T. Oh, you are quite mistaken, Trusty! I manage very ill; for, notwithstanding all the power I have, by never being over-fond of my lord—yet I want money infinitely oftener than he is willing to give it me.

Trust. Ah! if his lordship could but be brought

to play himself, madam, then he might feel what it is to want money.

Lady T. Oh, don't talk of it! do you know that I am undone, Trusty?

Trusty. Mercy forbid, madam!

Lady T. Broke, ruined, plundered!——stripped, even to a confiscation of my last guinea!

Trusty. You don't tell me so, madam?

Lady T. And where to raise ten pound in the world—What is to be done, Trusty?

Trusty. Truly, I wish I were wise enough to tell you, madam: but may be your ladyship may have a run of better fortune upon some of the good company that comes here to-night.

Lady T. But I have not a single guinea to try my fortune.

Trusty. Ha! that's a bad business indeed, madam—Adad, I have a thought in my head, madam, if it is not too late——

Lady T. Out with it quickly, then, I beseech thee.

Trusty. Has not the steward something of fifty pounds, madam, that you left in his hands to pay somebody about this time?

Lady T. Oh, ay; I had forgot—'twas to—a—what's his filthy name?

Trusty. Now I remember, madam, 'twas to Mr. Lutestring, your old mercer, that your ladyship turned off about a year ago, because he would trust you no longer.

Lady T. The very wretch!—If he has not paid it,

run quickly, dear Trusty, and bid him bring it hither immediately—[*Exit* Trusty.] Well, sure mortal woman never had such fortune! five, five and nine, against poor seven for ever——No, after that horrid bar of my chance, that Lady Wronghead's fatal red fist upon the table, I saw it was impossible ever to win another stake——Sit up all night; lose all one's money; dream of winning thousands; wake without a shilling; and then——How like a hag I look!——In short—the pleasures of life are not worth this disorder. If it were not for shame, now, I could almost think Lady Grace's sober scheme not quite so ridiculous——If my wise lord could but hold his tongue for a week, 'tis odds but I should hate the town in a fortnight——But I will not be driven out of it, that's positive.

TRUSTY *returns.*

Trusty. Oh, madam, there's no bearing of it! Mr. Lutestring was just let in at the door, as I came to the stair foot; and the steward is now actually paying him the money in the hall.

Lady T. Run to the stair-case head again——and scream to him, that I must speak with him this instant. [Trusty *runs out and speaks.*

Trusty. Mr. Poundage——a-hem! Mr. Poundage, a word with you quickly. [*Without.*

Pound. [*Within.*] I'll come to you presently. [*Without.*

Trusty. Presently won't do, man, you must come this minute. [*Without.*

Pound. I am but just paying a little money here. [*Without.*

Trusty. Cods my life, paying money! Is the man distracted? Come here, I tell you, to my lady, this moment, quick! [*Without.*

TRUSTY *returns.*

Lady T. Will the monster come or no?——

Trusty. Yes, I hear him now, madam; he is hobbling up as fast as he can.

Lady T. Don't let him come in—for he will keep such a babbling about his accounts—my brain is not able to bear him.

[Poundage *comes to the door, with a money-bag in his hand.*

Trusty. Oh, it's well you are come, sir! where's the fifty pounds?

Pound. Why, here it is; if you had not been in such haste, I should have paid it by this time—the man's now writing a receipt, below, for it.

Trusty. No matter; my lady says you must not pay him with that money! there's not enough, it seems; there's a pistole, and a guinea, that is not good, in it ——besides, there is a mistake in the account too—[*Twitches the bag from him.*] But she is not at leisure to examine it now; so you must bid Mr. What-d'ye-call-um call another time?

Lady T. What is all that noise there?

Pound. Why, and it please your ladyship——

Lady T. Pr'ythee, don't plague me now; but do as you were ordered.

Pound. Nay, what your ladyship pleases, madam—— [*Exit* Poundage.

Trusty. There they are, madam—[*Pours the money out of the bag.*]—The pretty things——were so near falling into a nasty tradesman's hand. I protest it made me tremble for them——I fancy your ladyship had as good give me that bad guinea, for luck's sake ——thank you, madam. [*Takes a guinea.*

Lady T. Why, I did not bid you take it.

Trusty. No; but your ladyship looked as if you were just going to bid me; and so I was willing to save you the trouble of speaking, madam.

Lady T. Well, thou hast deserved it; and so, for once——but hark! don't I hear the man making a noise yonder? Though, I think, now, we may compound for a little of his ill humour——

Trusty. I'll listen.

Lady T. Pr'ythee do. [Trusty *goes to the door.*

Trusty. Ay, they are at it, madam—he's in a bitter passion with poor Poundage——Bless me! I believe he'll beat him——Mercy on us, how the wretch swears!

Lady T. And a sober citizen too! that's a shame.

Trusty. Ha! I think all's silent of a sudden—may be the porter has knocked him down—I'll step and see—— [*Exit* Trusty.

Lady T. These trades-people are the troublesomest creatures! No words will satisfy them.

[Trusty *returns.*

Trusty. Oh, madam! undone, undone! My lord has just bolted out upon the man, and is hearing all his pityful story over——If your ladyship pleases to come hither, you may hear him yourself.

Lady T. No matter; it will come round presently: I shall have is from my lord, without losing a word by the way, I'll warrant you.

Trusty. Oh, lud, madam! here's my lord just coming in.

Lady T. Do you get out of the way, then. [*Exit* Trusty.] I am afraid I want spirits; but he will soon give 'em me.

Enter Lord TOWNLY.

Lord T. How comes it, madam, that a tradesman dares be clamorous in my house, for money due to him from you?

Lady T. You don't expect, my lord, that I should answer for other people's impertinence.

Lord T. I expect, madam, you should answer for your own extravagancies, that are the occasion of it—I thought I had given you money three months ago, to satisfy all these sort of people.

Lady T. Yes; but you see they never are to be satisfied.

Lord T. Nor am I, madam, longer to be abused

thus; what's become of the last five hundred I gave you?

Lady T. Gone.

Lord T. Gone! what way, madam?

Lady T. Half the town over, I believe, by this time.

Lord T. 'Tis well; I see ruin will make uo impression, till it falls upon you.

Lady T. In short, my lord, if money is always the subject of our conversation, I shall make you no answer.

Lord T. Madam, madam, I will be heard, and make you answer.

Lady T. Make me! Then I must tell you, my lord, this is a language I have not been used to, and I won't bear it.

Lord T. Come, come, madam, you shall bear a great deal more, before I part with you.

Lady T. My lord, if you insult me, you will have as much to bear on your side, I can assure you.

Lord T. Pooh! your spirit grows ridiculous—— you have neither honour, worth, or innocence to support it.

Lady T. You'll find at least I have resentment; and do you look well to the provocation.

Lord T. After those you have given me, madam, 'tis almost infamous to talk with you.

Lady T. I scorn your imputation, and your menaces. The narrowness of your heart's your monitor; 'tis there, there, my lord you are wounded: you have

less to complain of than many husband's of an equal rank to you.

Lord T. Death, madam! do you presume upon your corporal merit, that your person's less tainted than your mind? Is it there, there alone, an honest husband can be injured? Have you not every other vice that can debase your birth, or stain the heart of woman? Is not your health, your beauty, husband, fortune, family disclaimed, for nights consumed in riot and extravagance? The wanton does no more; if she conceals her shame, does less: and sure the dissolute avowed, as sorely wrongs my honour and my quiet.

Lady T. I see, my lord, what sort of wife might please you.

Lord T. Ungrateful woman! could you have seen yourself, you in yourself had seen her—I am amazed our legislature has left no precedent of a divorce, for this more visible injury, this adultery of the mind, as well as that of the person! When a woman's whole heart is alienated to pleasures I have no share in, what is it to me, whether a black ace, or a powdered coxcomb has possession of it.

Lady T. If you have not found it yet, my lord, this is not the way to get possession of mine, depend upon it.

Lord T. That, madam, I have long despaired of; and since our happiness cannot be mutual, 'tis fit that with our hearts, our persons too should separate.—This house you sleep no more in: though your con-

tent might grossly feed upon the dishonour of a husband; yet my desires would starve upon the features of a wife.

Lady T. Your style, my lord, is much of the same delicacy with your sentiments of honour.

Lord T. Madam, madam, this is no time for compliments——I have done with you.

Lady T. If we had never met, my lord, I had not broke my heart for it: but have a care; I may not, perhaps, be so easily recalled as you may imagine.

Lord T. Recalled!——Who's there?

Enter Servant.

Desire my sister and Mr. Manly to walk up.

[*Exit Serv.*

Lady T. My lord, you may proceed as you please; but pray, what indiscretions have I committed, that are not daily practised by a hundred other women of quality?

Lord T. 'Tis not the number of ill wives, madam, that makes the patience of a husband less contemptible: and though a bad one may be the best man's lot, yet he'll make a better figure in the world, that keeps his misfortunes out of doors, than he that tamely keeps them within.

Lady T. I don't know what figure you may make, my lord; but I shall have no reason to be ashamed of mine, in whatever company I may meet you.

Lord T. Be sparing of your spirit, madam; you'll need it to support you.

Enter Lady GRACE *and* MANLY.

Mr. Manly, I have an act of friendship to beg of you, which wants more apologies than words can make for it.

Man. Then pray make none, my lord, that I may have the greater merit in obliging you.

Lord T. Sister, I have the same excuse to intreat of you, too.

Lady G. To your request, I beg, my lord.

Lord T. Thus then——As you both were present at my ill-considered marriage, I now desire you each will be a witness of my determined separation——— I know, sir, your good-nature, and my sister's, must be shocked at the office I impose on you; but as I don't ask your justification of my cause, so I hope you are conscious——that an ill woman cann't reproach you, if you are silent, on her side.

Man. My lord, I never thought, till now, it could be difficult to oblige you.

Lady G. [*Aside.*] Heavens, how I tremble!

Lord T. For you, my Lady Townly, I need not here repeat the provocations of my parting with you—the world, I fear, is too well informed of them—— For the good lord, your dead father's sake, I will still support you as his daughter——As Lord Townly's wife, you have had every thing a fond husband could bestow, and (to our mutual shame I speak it) more than happy wives desire——But those indulgences must end; state, equipage, and splendor, but

ill becomes the vices that misuse them——The decent necessaries of life shall be supplied——but not one article to luxury; not even the coach that waits to carry you from hence shall you ever use again. Your tender aunt, my Lady Lovemore, with tears, this morning, has consented to receive you; where, if time and your condition, brings you to a due reflection, your allowance will be increased——but if you are still lavish of your little, or pine for past licentious pleasures, that little shall be less: nor will I call that soul my friend that names you in my hearing.

Lady G. My heart bleeds for her. [*Aside.*

Lord T. Oh, Manly, look there! turn back thy thoughts with me, and witness to my growing love. There was a time, when I believed that form incapable of vice or of decay; there I proposed the partner of an easy home; there I, for ever, hoped to find a cheerful companion, an agreeable intimate, a faithful friend, a useful help-mate, and a tender mother ——but, oh, how bitter now the disappointment!

Man. The world is different in its sense of happiness; offended as you are, I know you will ſtill be just.

Lord T. Fear me not.

Man. This last reproach, I see, has struck her. [*Aside.*

Lord T. No, let me not (though I this moment cast her from my heart for ever) let me not urge her pu-

nishment beyond her crimes———I know the world is fond of any tale that feeds its appetite of scandal; and as I am conscious severities of this kind seldom fail of imputations too gross to mention, I here, before you both, acquit her of the least suspicion raised against the honour of my bed. Therefore, when abroad her conduct may be questioned, do her fame that justice.

Lady T. Oh, sister! [*Turns to Lady* Grace, *weeping.*

Lord T. When I am spoken of, where without favour this action may be canvassed, relate but half my provocations, and give me up to censure. [*Going.*

Lady T. Support me! save me! hide me from the world! [*Falling on Lady* Grace's *neck.*

Lord T. [*Returning.*]—I had forgot me—You have no share in my resentment, therefore, as you have lived in friendship with her, your parting may admit of gentler terms than suit the honour of an injured husband. [*Offers to go out.*

Man. [*Interposing.*] My lord, you must not, shall not leave her thus! One moment's stay can do your cause no wrong! If looks can speak the anguish of her heart, I'll answer with my life, there's something labouring in her mind, that would you bear the hearing, might deserve it.

Lord T. Consider! since we no more can meet, press not my staying to insult her.

Lady T. Yet stay, my lord—the little I would say, will not deserve an insult; and, undeserved, I know your nature gives it not. But as you've called in

friends, to witness your resentment, let them be equal hearers of my last reply.

Lord T. I sha'n't refuse you that, madam——be it so.

Lady T. My lord, you ever have complain'd I wanted love; but as you kindly have allowed I never gave it to another; so, when you hear the story of my heart, though you may still complain, you will not wonder at my coldness.

Lady G. This promises a reverse of temper. [*Apart.*

Man. This, my lord, you are concerned to hear.

Lord T. Proceed, I am attentive.

Lady T. Before I was your bride, my lord, the flattering world had talked me into beauty; which, at my glass, my youthful vanity confirmed. Wild with that fame, I thought mankind my slaves, I triumphed over hearts, while all my pleasure was their pain: yet was my own so equally insensible to all, that when a father's firm commands enjoined me to make choice of one, I even there declined the liberty he gave, and to his own election yielded up my youth——his tender care, my lord, directed him to you——Our hands were joined! But still my heart was wedded to its folly! My only joy was power, command, society, profuseness, and to lead in pleasures! the husband's right to rule I thought a vulgar law, which only the deformed or meanly-spirited obeyed! I knew no directors, but my passions; no master, but my will! Even you, my lord, some time o'ercome by love, was

was pleased with my delights; nor, then, foresaw this mad misuse of your indulgence——And, though I call myself ungrateful, while I own it, yet, as a truth it cannot be denied——that kind indulgence has undone me; it added strength to my habitual failings, and in a heart thus warm, in wild unthinking life, no wonder if the gentler sense of love was lost.

Lord T. Oh, Manly! where has this creature's heart been buried? [*Apart.*

Man. If yet recoverable——How vast the treasure! [*Apart.*

Lady T. What I have said, my lord, is not my excuse, but my confession; my errors (give 'em, if you please, a harder name) cannot be defended! No! What's in its nature wrong, no words can palliate, no plea can alter! What then remains in my condition, but resignation to your pleasure? Time only can convince you of my future conduct: therefore, 'till I have lived an object of forgiveness, I dare not hope for pardon——The penance of a lonely contrite life were little to the innocent; but to have deserved this separation will strow perpetual thorns upon my pillow.

Lady G. Oh, happy, heavenly hearing!

Lady T. Sister, farewell! [*Kissing her.*] Your virtue needs no warning from the shame that falls on me: but when you think I have atoned my follies past—persuade your injured brother to forgive them.

Lord T. No, madam! Your errors thus renounced, this instant are forgotten! So deep, so due a sense of

them, has made you what my utmost wishes formed, and all my heart has sighed for.

Lady T. [*Turning to Lady* Grace.] How odious does this goodness make me!

Lady G. How amiable your thinking so!

Lord T. Long parted friends, that pass through easy voyages of life, receive but common gladness in their meeting: but from a shipwreck saved, we mingle tears with our embraces!

[*Embracing Lady* Townly.

Lady T. What words! what love! what duty can repay such obligations!

Lord T. Preserve but this desire to please, your power is endless.

Lady T. Oh!—'till this moment, never did I know, my lord, I had a heart to give you.

Lord T. By Heav'n! this yielding hand, when first it gave you to my wishes, presented not a treasure more desirable! Oh, Manly! sister! as you have often shared in my disquiet, partake of my felicity! my new-born joy! see here the bride of my desires! This may be called my wedding day.

Lady G. Sister, (for now methinks, that name is dearer to my heart than ever) let me congratulate the happiness that opens to you.

Man. Long, long, and mutual may it flow——

Lord T. To make my happiness complete, my dear, join here with me to give a hand, that amply will repay the obligation.

Lady T. Sister, a day like this——

Lady G. Admits of no excuse against the general joy. [*Gives her hand to* Manly.

Man. A joy like mine———despairs of words to speak it.

Lord T. Oh, Manly, how the name of friend endears the brother! [*Embracing him.*

Man. Your words, my lord, will warm me to deserve them.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, the apartments are full of masqueraders——And some people of quality there desire to see your lordship and my lady.

Lady T. I thought, my lord, your orders had forbid their revelling.

Lord T. No, my dear, Manly has desired their admittance to night, it seems, upon a particular occasion——Say we will wait upon them instantly.

[*Exit Servant.*

Lady T. I shall be but ill company to them.

Lord T. No matter: not to see them, would on a sudden be too particular. Lady Grace will assist you to entertain them.

Lady T. With her, my lord, I shall be always easy ——Sister, to your unerring virtue I now commit the guidance of my future days———

Never the paths of pleasure more to tread,
But where your guarded innocence shall lead;

For in the marriage-state the world must own
Divided happiness was never known.
To make it mutual nature points the way:
Let husbands govern; gentle wives obey. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

" *Opening to another Apartment discovers a great num-*
" *ber of people in masquerade, talking all together, and*
" *playing upon one another. Lady* Wronghead *as a*
" *shepherdess*; Jenny *as a nun*; *the 'Squire as a run-*
" *ning footman*; *and the Count in a domino. After*
" *some time Lord and Lady* Townly, *with Lady* Grace,
" *enter to them unmasked.*

" *Lord T.* So! here's a great deal of company.

" *Lady T.* A great many people, my lord, but no
" company——as you'll find——for here's one now
" that seems to have a mind to entertain us.

" [*A Mask, after some affected gesture, makes up to*
" *Lady* Townly.

" *Mask.* Well, dear Lady Townly, sha'nt we see
" you by-and-by?

" *Lady T.* I don't know you, madam.

" *Mask.* Don't you seriously? [*In a squeaking tone.*

" *Lady T.* Not I, indeed.

" *Mask.* Well, that's charming; but cann't you
" guess?

" *Lady T.* Yes, I could guess wrong, I believe.

" *Mask.* That's what I'd have you do.

" *Lady T.* But, madam, if I don't know you at all " is not that as well.

" *Mask.* Ay, but you do know me.

" *Lady T.* Dear sister, take her off o' my hands; " there's no bearing this. [*Apart.*

" *Lady G.* I fancy I know you, madam.

" *Mask.* I fancy you don't; what makes you think " you do?

" *Lady G.* Because I have heard you talk.

" *Mask.* Ay, but you don't know my voice, I'm " sure.

" *Lady G.* There is something in your wit and hu- " mour, madam, so very much your own, it is im- " possible you can be any body but my Lady Trifle.

" *Mask.* [*Unmasking.*] Dear Lady Grace! thou art " a charming creature.

" *Lady G.* Is there nobody else we know here?

" *Mask.* Oh dear, yes! I have found out fifty al- " ready.

" *Lady G.* Pray who are they?

" *Mask.* Oh, charming company! there's Lady " Ramble——Lady Riot——Lady Kill-care—Lady " Squander——Lady Strip——Lady Pawn——and " the Dutchess of Single Guinea.

" *Lord T.* Is it not hard, my dear, that people of " sense and probity are sometimes forced to seem " fond of such company? [*Apart.*

" *Lady T.* My lord it will always give me pain to " remember their acquaintance, but none to drop it " immediately. [*Apart.*

" *Lady G.* But you have given us no account of " the men, madam. Are they good for any thing?

" *Mask.* Oh, yes, you must know, I always find out " them by their endeavours to find out me.

" *Lady G.* Pray, who are they?

" *Mask.* Why, for your men of tip-top wit and " pleasure, about town, there's my Lord—Bite— " Lord Archwag—Young Brazen-wit—Lord Tim- " berdown—Lord Joint-life—and Lord—Mortgage. " Then for your pretty fellows only—there's Sir " Powder-Peacock—Lord Lapwing—Billy Magpie " —Beau Frightful—Sir Paul Plaister-crown, and " the Marquis of Monkey-man.

" *Lady G.* Right! and these are the fine gentlemen " that never want elbow-room at an assembly.

" *Mask.* The rest, I suppose, by their tawdry hired " habits, are tradesmen's wives, inns-of-court beaux, " Jews, and kept mistresses.

" *Lord T.* An admirable collection!

" *Lady G.* Well, of all our public diversions, I am " amazed how this, that is so very expensive, and has " so little to shew for it, can draw so much company " together.

" *Lord T.* Oh, if it were not expensive, the better " sort would not come into it: and because money " can purchase a ticket, the common people scorn to " be kept out of it,

" *Mask.* Right, my lord. Poor Lady Grace! I sup- " pose you are under the same astonishment, that an " opera should draw so much good company.

" *Lady G.* Not at all, madam! its an easier matter " sure to gratify the ear, than the understanding. " But have you no notion, madam, of receiving plea- " sure and profit at the same time?

" *Mask.* Oh, quite none! unless it be sometimes " winning a great stake; laying down a *vole, sans* " *prendre*, may come up, to the profitable pleasure you " were speaking of.

" *Lord T.* You seem attentive my dear? [*Apart.*

" *Lady T.* I am, my lord; and amazed at my own " follies, so strongly painted in another woman.

[*Apart.*

" *Lady G.* But see, my lord, we had best adjourn " our debate, I believe, for here are some masks that " seem to have a mind to divert other people as well " as themselves.

" *Lord T.* The least we can do is to give them a " clear stage then.

" [*A dance of masks here in various characters.*

" This was a favour extraordinary.

" *Enter* MANLY.

" Oh, Manly, I thought we had lost you.

" *Man.* I ask pardon, my lord; but I have been " obliged to look a little after my country family.

" *Lord T.* Well, pray, what have you done with " them?

" *Man* They are all in the house here, among the " masks, my lord; if your lordship has curiosity

" enough to step into a lower apartment, in three
" minutes I'll give you an ample account of them.

" *Lord T.* Oh, by all means: we'll wait upon you.

" [*The scene shuts upon the masks to a smaller apartment.*"

MANLY *re-enters with Sir* FRANCIS WRONGHEAD.

Sir Fran. Well, cousin, you have made my very hair stond on end! Waunds! if what you tell me be true, I'll stuff my whole family into a stage-coach, and trundle them into the country again on Monday morning.

Man. Stick to that, sir, and we may yet find a way to redeem all. In the mean time, place yourself behind this screen, and for the truth of what I have told you, take the evidence of your own senses: but be sure you keep close till I give you the signal.

Sir Fran. Sir, I'll warrant you——Ah, my Lady! my Lady Wronghead! What a bitter business have you drawn me into.

Man. Hush! to your post; here comes one couple already.

[*Sir* Francis *retires behind the screen.* *Exit* Manly.

Enter MYRTILLA *with 'Squire* RICHARD.

'Squ. Rich. What, is this the doctor's chamber?

Myr. Yes, yes, speak softly.

'Squ. Rich. Well, but where is he?

Myr. He'll be ready for us presently, but he says

he cann't do us the good turn without witnesses: so, when the count and your sister come, you know he and you may be fathers for one another.

'Squ. Rich. Well, well, tit for tat! ay, ay, that will be friendly.

Myr. And see, here they come.

Enter Count BASSET, *and Miss* JENNY.

Count Bas. So, so, here's your brother and his bride, before us, my dear.

Jenny. Well, I vow, my heart's at my mouth still! I thought I should never have got rid of mamma; but while she stood gaping upon the dance, I gave her the slip! Lawd, do but feel how it beats here.

Count Bas. Oh, the pretty flutterer! I protest, my dear, you have put mine into the same palpitation!

Jenny. Ay, say you so——but let's see now—— Oh, lud! I vow it thumps purely—well, well, I see it will do, and so where's the parson?

Count Bas. Mrs. Myrtilla, will you be so good as to see if the doctor's ready for us.

Myr. He only staid for you, sir: I'll fetch him immediately. [*Exit.*

Jenny. Pray, sir, am not I to take place of mamma, when I'm a countess?

Count Bas. No doubt on't, my dear.

Jenny. Oh, lud! how her back will be up then, when she meets me at an assembly; or you and I in our coach-and-six at Hyde-Park together!

Count Bas. Ay, or when she hears the box-keepers at an opera, call out—The Countess of Basset's servants!

Jenny. Well, I say it, that will be delicious! And then, mayhap, to have a fine gentleman, with a star and a what-d'ye-call-um ribbon, lead me to my chair, with his hat under his arm all the way! Hold up, says the chairman; and so, says I, my lord, your humble servant. I suppose, madam, says he, we shall see you at my Lady Quadrille's? Ay, ay, to be sure, my lord, says I——So in swops me, with my hoop stuffed up to my forehead; and away they trot, swing! swing! with my tassels dangling, and my flambeaux blazing, and——Oh, it's a charming thing to be a woman of quality!

Count Bas. Well! I see that, plainly, my dear, there's ne'er a dutchess of 'em all will become an equipage like you.

Jenny. Well, well, do you find equipage, and I'll find airs, I warrant you.

"SONG.

"*What though they call me country lass,*
"*I read it plainly in my glass,*
"*That for a dutchess I might pass;*
"*Oh, could I see the day!*
"*Would fortune but attend my call,*
"*At park, at play, at ring and ball,*
"*I'd brave the proudest of them all,*
"*With a stand by—clear the way.*

" *Surrounded by a crowd of beaux,*
" *With smart toupees, and powder'd clothes,*
" *At rivals I'd turn up my nose;*
" *Oh, could I see the day!*
" *I'd dart such glances from these eyes,*
" *Should make some lord or duke my prize:*
" *And then, oh, how I'd tyrannize,*
" *With a stand by—— clear the way.*

" *Oh, then for every new delight,*
" *For equipage and diamonds bright,*
" *Quadrille, and plays, and balls all night;*
" *Oh, could I see the day!*
" *Of love and joy I'd take my fill,*
" *The tedious hours of life to kill,*
" *In every thing I'd have my will,*
" *With a stand by——clear the way.*"

Squ. Rich. Troth! I think this masquerading's the merriest game that ever I saw in my life! Thof, in my mind, and there were but a little wrestling, or cudgel-playing naw, it would help it hugely. But what a-rope makes the parson stay so!

Count Bas. Oh, here he comes, I believe.

Enter MYRTILLA, *with a Constable.*

Const. Well, madam, pray which is the party that wants a spice of my office here?

Myr. That's the gentleman. [*Pointing to the Count.*

Count Bas. Hey-day! what, in masquerade, doctor?

Const. Doctor! Sir, I believe you have mistaken your man: but if you are called Count Basset, I have a billet-doux in my hand for you, that will set you right presently.

Count Bas. What the devil's the meaning of all this?

Const. Only my Lord Chief Justice's warrant against you for forgery, sir.

Count Bas. Blood and thunder!

Const. And so, sir, if you please to pull off your fool's frock there, I'll wait upon you to the next justice of peace immediately.

Jenny. Oh, dear me, what's the matter? [*Trembling.*

Count Bas. Oh, nothing, only a masquerading frolic, my dear.

'Squ Rich. Oh, ho, is that all?

Sir Fran. No, sirrah! that is not all.

[*Sir* Francis *coming softly behind the 'Squire, knocks him down with his cane.*

Enter MANLY.

'Squ. Rich. Oh, lawd! oh, lawd! he has beaten my brains out.

Man. Hold, hold, Sir Francis, have a little mercy upon my godson, pray sir.

Sir Fran. Wounds, cousin, I ha'n't patience.

Count Bas. Manly! nay then I'm blown to the devil. [*Aside.*

'Squ. Rich. Oh, my head! my head!

Enter Lady WRONGHEAD.

Lady Wrong. What's the matter here, gentlemen? For Heaven's sake! What, are you murdering my children?

Const. No, no, madam! no murder! only a little suspicion of felony, that's all.

Sir Fran. [*To* Jenny.] And for you, Mrs. Hot-upon't, I could find in my heart to make you wear that habit as long as you live, you jade you. Do you know, hussy, that you were within two minutes of marrying a pickpocket.

Count Bas. So, so, all's out I find. [*Aside.*

Jenny. Oh, the mercy! why, pray, papa, is not the count a man of quality then?

Sir Fran. Oh, yes, one of the unhanged ones, it seems.

Lady Wrong. [*Aside.*] Married! Oh, the confident thing! There was his urgent business then—slighted for her! I ha'n't patience!—and, for ought I know, I have been all this while making a friendship with a highwayman.

Man. Mr. Constable, secure there.

Sir Fran. Ah, my lady! my lady! this comes of your journey to London: but now I'll have a frolic of my own, madam; therefore pack up your trumpery this very night, for the moment my horses are able to crawl, you and your brats shall make a journey into the country again.

Lady Wrong. Indeed, you are mistaken, Sir Francis—I shall not stir out of town yet, I promise you.

Sir Fran. Not stir? Waunds, madam———

Man. Hold, sir!—if you'll give me leave a little—I fancy I shall prevail with my lady to think better on't.

Sir Fran. Ah, cousin, you are a friend indeed!

Man. [*Apart to my lady.*] Look you, madam, as to the favour you designed me, in sending this spurious letter inclosed to my Lady Grace, all the revenge I have taken, is to have saved your son and daughter from ruin.——Now if you will take them fairly and quietly into the country again, I will save your ladyship from ruin.

Lady Wrong. What do you mean, sir?

Man. Why, Sir Francis——shall never know what is in this letter; look upon it. How it came into my hands you shall know at leisure.

Lady Wrong. Ha! my billet-doux to the count! and an appointment in it! I shall sink with confusion!

Man. What shall I say to Sir Francis, madam?

Lady Wrong. Dear sir, I am in such a trembling! preserve my honour, and I am all obedience!

[*Apart to* Manly.

Man. Sir Francis——my lady is ready to receive your commands for her journey, whenever you please to appoint it.

Sir Fran. Ah, cousin, I doubt I am obliged to you for it.

Man. Come, come, Sir Francis, take it as you find it. Obedience in a wife is a good thing, though it

were never so wonderful——And now, sir, we have nothing to do but to dispose of this gentleman.

Count Bas. Mr. Manly; sir, I hope you won't ruin me.

Man. Did not you forge this note for five hundred pounds, sir?

Count Bas. Sir——I see you know the world, and therefore I shall not pretend to prevaricate——But it has hurt nobody yet, sir; I beg you will not stigmatize me; since you have spoiled my fortune in one family, I hope you won't be so cruel to a young fellow, as to put it out of my power, sir, to make it in another, sir.

Man. Look you, sir, I have not much time to waste with you: but if you expect mercy yourself, you must shew it to one you have been cruel to.

Count Bas. Cruel, sir!

Man. Have you not ruined this young woman!

Count Bas. I, sir!

Man. I know you have——therefore you cann't blame her, if, in the fact you are charged with, she is a principal witness against you. However, you have one, and only one chance to get off with. Marry her this instant—and you take off her evidence.

Count Bas. Dear sir!

Man. No words, sir; a wife or a mittimus.

Count Bas. Lord, sir! this is the most unmerciful mercy!

Man. A private penance, or a public one—Constable.

Count. Bas. Hold, sir, since you are pleased to give me my choice, I will not make so ill a compliment to the lady, as not to give her the preference.

Man. It must be done this minute, sir: the chaplain you expected is still within call.

Count Bas. Well, sir,——since it must be so——Come, spouse——I am not the first of the fraternity, that has run his head into one noose, to keep it out of another.

Myr. Come, sir, don't repine: marriage is at worst but playing upon the square.

Count Bas. Ay, but the worst of the match too, is the devil.

Man. Well, sir, to let you see it is not so bad as you think it; as a reward for her honesty, in detecting your practices, instead of the forged bill you would have put upon her, there's a real one of five hundred pounds to begin a new honey-moon with.

[*Gives it to* Myrtilla.

Count Bas. Sir, this is so generous an act——

Man. No compliments, dear sir——I am not at leisure now to receive them. Mr. Constable, will you be so good at to wait upon this gentleman into the next room, and give this lady in marriage to him?

Const. Sir, I'll do it faithfully.

Count Bas. Well, five hundred will serve to make a handsome push with, however.

[*Exeunt Count* Bas. Myr. *and Constable.*

Sir Fran. And that I may be sure my family's rid of him for ever—come, my lady, let's even take our children along with us, and be all witnesses of the ceremony.

[*Exeunt Sir* Fran. *Lady* Wrong. *Miss and 'Squire.*

Man. Now, my lord, you may enter.

Enter Lord and Lady TOWNLY, *and Lady* GRACE.

Lord T. So, sir, I give you joy of your negociation.

Man. You overheard it all, I presume?

Lady G. From first to last, sir.

Lord T. Never were knaves and fools better disposed of.

Man. A sort of poetical justice, my lord, not much above the judgment of a modern comedy.

Lord T. To heighten that resemblance, I think, sister, there only wants your rewarding the hero of the fable, by naming the day of his happiness.

Lady G. This day, to-morrow, every hour, I hope, of life to come, will shew I want not inclination to complete it.

Man. Whatever I may want, madam, you will always find endeavours to deserve you.

Lord T. Then all are happy.

Lady T. Sister, I give you joy consummate as the happiest pair can boast.

In you, methinks, as in a glass, I see,
The happiness that once advanc'd to me.

So visible the bliss, so plain the way,
How was it possible my sense could stray?
But now, a convert to this truth I come,
That married happiness is never found from home.

[Exeunt omnes.

EPILOGUE.

METHINKS I hear some powder'd critics say;
" Damn it, this wife reform'd has spoil'd the play!
" The coxcomb should have drawn her more in fashion,
" Have gratified her softer inclination,
" Have tipt her a gallant, and clinch'd the provocation."
But there our bard stopp'd short: for 'twere uncivil
T' have a modern belle, all o'er a devil!
He hop'd, in honour of the sex, the age
Would hear one mended woman——on the stage.

From whence, you see, by common sense's rules,
Wives might be govern'd were not husband's fools.
Whate'er by nature dames are prone to do,
They seldom stray but when they govern you.
When the wild wife perceives her deary tame,
No wonder then she plays him all the game.
But men of sense meet rarely that disaster;
Women take pride where merit is their master:
Nay, she that with a weak man wisely lives,
Will seem t' obey the due commands he gives!
Happy obedience is no more a wonder,
When men are men, and keep them kindly under.
But modern consorts are such high-bred creatures,
They think a husband's power degrades their features:

That nothing more proclaims a reigning beauty,
Than that she never was reproach'd with duty:
And that the greatest blessing Heav'n e'er sent,
Is in a spouse, incurious and content.

To give such dames a diff'rent cast of thought,
By calling home the mind, these scenes were wrought.
If with a hand too rude the task is done,
We hope the scheme, by Lady Grace laid down,
Will all such freedom with the sex atone,
That virtue there, unsoil'd by modish art,
Throws out attractions for a Manly's heart.

You, you, then, ladies, whose unquestion'd lives
Give you the foremost fame of happy wives,
Protect, for its attempt, this helpless play;
Nor leave it to the vulgar taste a prey;
Appear the frequent champions of its cause,
Direct the crowd, and give yourselves applause.

THE END.

De Wilde pinxt. Thornthwaite sculp

MISS CHAPMAN as AUGUSTA AUBREY,

——I have no Friend or Refuge
in this World.——

London, Printed for J. Bell, British Library, Strand, Jan.y 10. 1782.

THE

FASHIONABLE LOVER.

A

COMEDY,

By RICHARD CUMBERLAND, Esq.

ADAPTED FOR

THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRES-ROYAL,

DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOKS,

By Permission of the Managers.

"The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation."

LONDON:

Printed for the Proprietors, under the Direction of

JOHN BELL, British-Library, STRAND,

Bookseller to His Royal Highness the PRINCE of WALES.

MDCCXCIII.

ADVERTISEMENT.

I COMMIT this Comedy to the press with all possible gratitude to the public for the reception it has met: I cannot flatter myself that the same applause will follow it to the closet; for as it owed much to an excellent representation, I have neither on this nor any preceding occasion, considered myself otherwise than as a sharer only with the managers and performers, who have distinguished themselves in the exhibition of my trifling productions. But it is not on the score of spectacle only that I am obliged to Mr. Garrick; I am, both in the instance of this comedy, and in that of the West Indian, materially indebted to his judgment, and owe the good effect of many incidents in both to his suggestion and advice: the correction of a real critic is as different from that of a pretender, as the operation of a surgeon from the stab of an assassin.

The Comedy now submitted to the reader, is designed as an attempt upon his heart, and as such, proceeds with little deviation from mine; if it should be thought, therefore, that I meant well, the charge of having executed indifferently I shall patiently submit to. I have on this occasion (as on the two preceding ones) wholly rested my performance upon such poor abilities as I am master of. I am not conscious of having drawn any particular assistance, either in respect of character or design, from the productions of others; although I am far from presuming to say or think, that I have ever exhibited any

character purely original. The level manners of a polished country like this, do not supply much matter for the comic muse, which delights in variety and extravagance; wherever, therefore, I have made any attempt at novelty, I have found myself obliged either to dive into the lower class of men, or betake myself to the outskirts of the empire: the centre is too equal and refined for such purposes.

Whether the reception of this Comedy may be such, as shall encourage me to future efforts, is of small consequence to the public: but if it should chance to obtain some little credit with the candid part of mankind, and its author for once escape without those personal and unworthy aspersions, which writers, who hide their own names, fling on them who publish theirs, my success, it may be hoped, will draw forth others to the undertaking with far superior requisites; and that there are numbers under this description, whose sensibility keeps them silent, I am well persuaded, when I consider how general it is for men of the finest parts, to be subject to the finest feelings; and I would submit, whether this unhandsome practice of abuse is not calculated to create in the minds of men of genius, not only a disinclination to engage in dramatic compositions, but a languid and unanimated manner of executing them. It will drive men from a necessary confidence in their own powers, and it will be thought convenient to get out of the torrent's way, by mooring under the lee of some great name, either French or Italian, and sitting down contented with the humble, but less exposed task of translation. Should this take place, a cold elaborate stile will prevail in our drama, clearly opposite to the national character, and not at all at unison with the taste of our writers themselves. Correctness will become the chief object in view; by which, though much may be avoided, little will be obtained: nothing great can be accomplished on a plain; turn to Shakspere, and

you find the Alps not more irregular than his genius: had the critics of his days marked his inacuracies with that illiberal spirit which seems reserved for our time, the bold and daring sallies of the sublimest muse would probably have been suppressed, and neither the great actor who has brought his scenes to life, nor the elegant essayist * who has defended them, would have made such display of their own genius in the celebration and protection of his.

RICHARD CUMBERLAND.

* Essay on the Genius and Writings of Shakspere.

PROLOGUE.

SPOKEN BY MR. WESTON,
In the Character of a Printer's Devil.

I AM a devil, so please you—and must hoof
Up to the poet yonder with this proof.
I'd read it to you: but, in faith, 'tis odds
For one poor devil to face so many gods.
A ready imp I am, who kindly greets
Young authors with their first exploits in sheets;
While the press groans, in place of dry-nurse stands,
And takes the bantling from the midwife's hands.

If any author of prolific brains,
In this good company feels labour-pains;
If any gentle poet, big with rhime,
Has run his reck'ning out and gone his time;
If any critic, pregnant with ill-nature,
Cries out to be deliver'd of his satire;
Know such, that at our hospital of Muses
He may lye in, in private, if he chuses;
We've single lodgings there for secret sinners,
With good encouragement for young beginners.

Here's one now that is free enough in reason;
This bard breeds regularly once a season;

Three of a sort, of homely form and feature,
The plain coarse progeny of humble nature;
Home-bred and born; no strangers he displays,
Nor tortures free-born limbs in stiff French stays:
Two you have rear'd; but between you and me,
This youngest is the fav'rite of the three.
Nine tedious months he bore this babe about;
Let it in charity live nine nights out;
Stay but his month up; give some little law;
'Tis cowardly to attack him in the straw.

Dear Gentlemen Correctors, be more civil;
Kind courteous sirs, take council of the devil;
Stop your abuse; for while your readers see
Such malice, they impute your works to me;
Thus, while you gather no one sprig of fame,
Your poor unhappy friend is put to shame:
Faith, sirs, you should have some consideration,
When ev'n the devil pleads against damnation.

Dramatis Personae.

DRURY-LANE.

Men.

Lord ABBERVILLE,	Mr. Dodd.
MORTIMER,	Mr. King.
AUBREY,	Mr. Barry.
TYRREL,	Mr. Reddish.
BRIDGEMORE,	Mr. Bransby.
Doctor DRUID,	Mr. Baddely.
JARVIS,	Mr. Griffiths.
NAPTHALI,	Mr. Waldron.
LA JEUNESSE,	Mr. J. Burton.
COLIN MACLEOD,	Mr. Moody.

Women.

AUGUSTA AUBREY,	Mrs. Barry.
Mrs. BRIDGEMORE,	Mrs. Hopkins.
LUCINDA BRIDGEMORE,	Mrs. Egerton.
Mrs. MACINTOSH,	Mrs. Love.
Maid Servant,	Miss Platt.

THE FASHIONABLE LOVER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Hall in Lord ABBERVILLE's *House with a Stair-case seen through an Arch. Several Domestics waiting in rich Liveries. Flourish of French-horns.*

Enter COLIN *hastily.*

Colin.

HOOT! fellows, haud your honds: pack up your damned clarinets, and gang your gait for a pair of lubberly minstrels as you are. An you could hondle the bagpipes instead, I would na' say you nay: ah! 'tis an auncient instrument of great melody, and has whastled many a braw lad to his grave; but your holiday horns there are fit only to play to a drunken city barge, on a swan-hopping party up the Thames.

Enter LA JEUNESSE.

La Jeu. Fedon, Monsieur Colin, for why you have send away the horns? It is very much the ton in this

country for the fine gentlemens to have the horns: upon my vord, my lord this day give grand entertainment to very grand company; tous les maccaroni below stairs, et toutee la coterie above. Hark, who vaits dere? My lord ring his bell.—Voi la, Monsieur Colin, dere is all the company going to the tea-room.

Colin. [*Looking out.*] Now the de'il burst the weams of you all together, say I, for a pack of locusts; a cow in a clover-field has more moderation than the best among you; had my Lord Abberville the wealth of Glasgow, you'd swallow it all down before you gee'd it over.—Crom, crom.

La Jeu. Vat is dat crom, crom? We do not know in France, vat is dat crom, crom. But vat you say to the dinner? Upon my vord, monsieur, the cook make as fine dispositions for the table, as the Grand Condé did for the battle: ma foi, he merit to have his statue raised en crocan in the centre of his own performance.

Colin. Rais'd on a gibbet in the centre of Hounslow Heath; that's what he merits.

La Jeu. Ah, barbare! Here come my lord.

[*Exit.*

Enter Lord ABBERVILLE.

Lord Abb. Colin, see that covers are laid for four-and-twenty, and a supper served at twelve in the great eating parlour.

Colin. Ecod, my lord, had you ken'd the mess of

cakes and sweeties that was honded up amongst 'em just now, you would na' think there could be muckle need of supper this night.

Lord Abb. What, fellow, would you have me starve my guests?

Colin. Troth, an you don't, they'll go nigh to starve you.

Lord Abb. Let me hear no more of this, Colin Macleod; I took you for my servant, not for my adviser.

Colin. Right, my lord, you did; but if by advising I can serve you, where's the breach of duty in that? [*Exit.*

Lord Abb. What a Highland savage is this! My father indeed made use of him to pay the servants' wages, and post the tradesmens' accounts; as I never do either, I wish somebody else had him that does.

Enter MORTIMER, *repeating to himself.*

Mort. *Is this a dinner, this a genial room?*
This is a temple and a hecatomb.

Lord Abb. What, quoting, Mortimer, and satire too?—I thought you need not go abroad for that.

Mort. True; therefore I'm returning home.—Good night to you.

Lord Abb. What, on the wings so soon! With so much company, can my philosopher want food to feast his spleen upon?

Mort. Food! I revolt against the name; no Bramin could abominate your fleshly meal more than I

do; why, Hirtius and Apicius would have blushed for it: Mark Antony, who roasted eight whole boars for supper, never massacred more at a meal than you have done.

Lord Abb. A truce, good cynick: pr'ythee now get thee up stairs, and take my place; the ladies will be glad of you at cards.

Mort. Me at card! Me at a quadrille table! Pent in with fuzzing dowagers, gossiping old maids, and yellow admirals! 'sdeath, my Lord Abberville, you must excuse me.

Lord Abb. Out on thee, unconformable being: thou art a traitor to society.

Mort. Do you call that society?

Lord Abb. Yes; but not my society; none such as you describe will be found here; my circle, Mr. Mortimer, is formed by people of the first fashion and spirit in this country.

Mort. Fashion and spirit! Yes, their country's like to suffer by their fashion more than 'twill ever profit by their spirit.

Lord Abb. Come, come, your temper is too sour.

Mort. And yours too sweet: a mawkish lump of manna; sugar to the mouth, but physic to the bowels.

Lord Abb. Mr. Mortimer, you was my father's executor; and I did not know that your office extended any farther.

Mort. No; when I gave a clear estate into your

hands, I cleared myself of an unwelcome office: I was, indeed, your father's executor; the gentlemen of fashion and spirit will be your lordship's.

Lord Abb. Pooh! You've been black-ball'd at some paltry port-drinking club; and set up for a man of wit and ridicule.

Mort. Not I, believe me; your companions are too dull to laugh at, and too vicious to expose.—There stands a sample of your choice.

Lord Abb. Who, Doctor Druid? Where's the harm in him.

Mort. Where's the merit?—What one quality does that old piece of pedantry possess to fit him for the liberal office of travelling-preceptor to a man of rank? You know, my lord, I recommended you a friend as fit to form your manners as your morals; but he was a restraint; and, in his stead, you took that Welchman, that buffoon, that antiquarian forsooth, who looks as if you had raked him out of the cinders of Mount Vesuvius.

Lord Abb. And so I did: but pr'ythee, Mortimer, don't run away; I long to have you meet.

Mort. You must excuse me.

Lord Abb. Nay, I must have you better friends.——Come hither, doctor; hark'e———

Mort. Another time; at present, I am in no humour to stay the discussion of a cockle-shell, or the dissection of a butterfly's wing. [*Exit.*

Enter Doctor DRUID.

Dr. Druid. Putterflies, putterflies in your teeth, Mr. Mortimer. What is the surly-poots prabbling about? Cot give her coot luck; will the man never leave off his flings and his fleers, and his fegaries; packpitting his petters:——Coot, my lord, let me call him back, and have a little tisputes and tisputations with him, d'ye see.

Lord Abb. Hang him, tedious rogue, let him go.

Dr. Druid. Tedious! ay, in cood truth he is, as tedious as a Lapland winter, and as melancholy too; his crotchets and his humours damp all mirth and merriment, as a wet blanket does a fire: he is the very night-mare of society.

Lord Abb. Nay, he talks well sometimes.

Dr. Druid. Ay, 'tis pig sound and little wit; like a loud pell to a pad dinner.

Lord Abb. Patience, good doctor, patience! Another time you shall have your revenge; at present you must lay down your wrath, and take up your attention.

Dr. Druid. I've done, my lord, I've done! laugh at my putterflies indeed! If he was as pig and as pold as King Gryffyn, Doctor Druid would make free to whisper an oord or two in his ear.

Lord Abb. Peace, choleric king of the mountains, peace.

Dr. Druid. I've done, my lord; I say, I've done.

Lord Abb. If you have done, let me begin. You

must know then, I expect my city madam from Fish-street-hill.

Dr. Druid. Ay, ay, the rich pig-pellied fellow's daughter, young madam Pridgemore, my Lady Apperville, that is to be, pless her, and save her, and make her a coot wife, say I.

Lord Abb. Pr'ythee, good doctor, don't put a man in mind of his misfortunes: I tell you she is coming here by appointment, with old Bridgemore and her mother; 'tis an execrable groupe; and, as I mean to make all things as easy to me as I can, I'm going out to avoid being troubled with their impertinence.

Dr. Druid. Going out, my lord, with your house full of company.

Lord Abb. Oh, that's no objection; none in the least; fashion reconciles all those scruples: to consult your own ease in all things is the very first article in the recipe for good breeding: when every man looks after himself, no one can complain of neglect; but as these maxims may not be orthodox on the eastern side of Temple-Bar, you must stand, Gentleman Usher on this spot; put your best face upon the matter, and marshal my citizens into the assembly-room, with as much ceremony, as if they came up with an address from the whole company of Cordwainers.

Dr. Druid. Out on it, you've some tevilish oomans in the wind; for when the tice are rattling above, there's nothing but teath or the tevil, could keep you below.

Lord Abb. You've guess'd it; such a divine, delicious little devil, lurks in my heart; Glendower himself could not exercise her: I am possessed; and from the hour I saw her by surprise, I have been plotting methods how to meet her; a lucky opening offers; the mine is laid, and Bridgemore's visit is the signal for springing it.

Dr. Druid. Pridgemore's!—How so?

Lord Abb. Why, 'tis with him she lives; what else could make it difficult, and what but difficulty could make me pursue it? They prudently enough would have concealed her from me; for who can think of any other, when Miss Aubrey is in sight!——But hark! they're come; I must escape.——Now, love and fortune stand my friends! [*Exit.*

Dr. Druid. Pless us, what hastes and hurries he is in! and all for some young hussy.—Ah! he'll never have a proper relish for the venerable antique: I never shall bring down his mercury to touch the proper freezing point, which that of a true virtuoso ought to stand at: sometimes, indeed, he will contemplate a beautiful statue, as if it was a ooman; I never could persuade him to look upon a beautiful ooman, as if she was a statue.

Enter BRIDGEMORE, *Mrs.* BRIDGEMORE, *and* LUCINDA.

Bridge. Doctor, I kiss your hands; I kiss your hands, good Doctor.—How these nobles live! Zooks, what a swinging chamber!

Mrs. Bridge. Why, Mr. Bridgemore, sure you think yourself in Leatherseller's-hall.

Luc. Pray, recollect yourself, papa; indeed this is not Fish-street-hill.

Bridge. I wish it was; I'd soon unhouse this trumpery: I'd soon furnish it with better goods.—Why, this profusion, child, will turn your brain.

Mrs. Bridge. Law, how you stand and stare at things! stoopping in the hall to count the servants; gaping at the lustre there, as if you'd swallow it.—I suppose our daughter, when she's a woman of quality, will behave as other women of quality do.—Lucinda, this is Dr. Druid, Lord Abberville's travelling tutor, a gentleman of very ancient family in North Wales.

Luc. So it should seem, if he's the representative of it.

Dr. Druid. Without flattery, Mrs. Pridgemore, Miss has very much the behaviours of an ooman of quality already.

Mrs. Bridge. Come, sir, we'll join the company, Lord Abberville will think us late.

Dr. Druid. Yes, truly, he's impatient for our coming; but you shall find him not at home.

Mrs. Bridge. How! not at home?

Luc. A mighty proof of his impatience, truly.

Dr. Druid. Why, 'twas some plaguy business took him out; but we'll dispatch it out of hand, and wait upon you quickly.

Bridge. Well, business—business must be done.

Mrs. Bridge. I thought my lord had been a man of fashion, not of business.

Luc. And so he is; a man of the first fashion; you cannot have a fresher sample:—the worst gallant in nature is your maccaroni; with the airs of a coquette, you meet the manners of a clown: fear keeps him in some awe before the men, but not one spark of passion has he at heart, to remind him of the ladies.

Mrs. Bridge. Well, we must make our curtsies above stairs—Our card was from Lady Caroline: I suppose she is not from home, as well as her brother.

Dr. Druid. Who waits there?—Shew the ladies up.

Bridge. Ay, ay, go up and shew your clothes; I'll chat with Dr. Druid here below. [*Exeunt Mrs.* Bridge. *and* Luc.] I love to talk with men that know the world:—they tell me, sir, that you have travelled it all over.

Dr. Druid. Into a pretty many parts of it.

Bridge. Well, and what say you, sir? You're glad to be at home; nothing, I warrant, like old England. Ah! what's France, and Spain, and Burgundy, and Flanders? No—Old England for my money; 'tis worth all the world besides.

Dr. Druid. Your pelly says as much:—'twill fill the pot, but starve the prain; 'tis full of corn, and sheep, and villages, and people:—England, to the rest of the oorld, is like a flower-garden to a forest.

Bridge. Well, but the people, sir;—what say you to the people?

Dr. Druid. Nothing; I never meddle with the hu-

man species: man, living man, is no object of my curiosity—nor ooman neither; at least, Mr. Pridgemore, till she shall be made a mummies of.

Bridge. I understand you; you speak in the way of trade;—money's your object.

Dr. Druid. Money and trade!—I scorn them both; the beaten track of commerce I disdain to follow:—I've traced the Oxus, and the Ton; traversed the Riphæan Mountains, and pierced into the inmost Tesarts of Kalmuc Tartary—follow trade indeed!—No,—I've followed the ravages of Kouli Chan with rapturous delight:—there is the land of wonders! finely depopulated! gloriously laid waste! fields without a hoof to tread them; fruits without a hand to gather them; with such a catalogue of pats, peetles, serpents, scorpions, caterpillars, toads,—Oh, 'tis a recreating contemplation to a philosophic mind!

Bridge. Out on them, filthy vermin! I hope you left them where you found them.

Dr. Druid. No, to my honour be it spoken, I have imported above fifty different sorts of mortal poisons into my native country.

Bridge. Lack-a-day, there's people enough at home can poison their native country.

Re-enter Mrs. BRIDGEMORE *and* LUCINDA.

So, ladies, have you finished your visit already.

Mrs. Bridge. We've made our curtsies, and come away.

Dr. Druid. Marry, the fates and the fortunes forbid that you should go till my lord comes back.

Luc. Why not?—If my lord treats me already with the freedom of a husband, shouldn't I begin to practise the indifference of a wife? [*Exit.*

Dr. Druid. Well, but the supper, Mr. Pridgemore; you a citizen, and leave the supper?

Bridge. Your fifty mortal poisons have given me my supper:—scorpions, and bats, and toads—come, let's be gone.

Dr. Druid. Would they were in your pelly!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in BRIDGEMORE's *House. Enter Miss* AUGUSTA AUBREY *and* TYRREL, *and a Maid Servant with Lights.*

Aug. How I am watched in this house you well know, Mr. Tyrrel; therefore you must not stay:—what you have done and suffered for my sake, I never can forget; and 'tis with joy I see you now, at last, surmount your difficulties, by the recovery of Lord Courtland: may your life never be again exposed on my account.

Tyr. I glory in protecting you;—when he, or any other rake, repeats the like offence, I shall repeat the like correction. I am now going to my uncle Mortimer, who does not know that I am in town. Life

is not life without thee; never will I quit his feet, till I have obtained his voice for our alliance.

Aug. Alas! what hope of that from Mr. Mortimer, whose rugged nature knows no happiness itself, nor feels complacency in that of others!

Tyr. When you know Mr. Mortimer, you'll find how totally the world mistakes him.——Farewell, my dear Augusta; back'd with thy virtuous wishes, how can I fail to prosper? [*Exit.* Tyr.

[Augusta *enters an inner apartment.*

Enter Maid, introducing Lord ABBERVILLE.

Maid. All's safe; follow me, my lord; she is in her bed-chamber.

Lord Abb. Where? where?

Maid. There; where you see the light through the glass-door. If I thought you had any wicked designs in your head, I wouldn't have brought you here for the word; I should be murder'd if the family were to know it:—For pity's sake, my lord, never betray me.

Lord Abb. Go, get you gone; never talk of treason, my thoughts are full of love. [*Exit Maid.*]—First I'll secure the door; 'twill not be amiss to bar this retreat. [*Locks the door, and advances to the glass door.*]—Ay, there she is!—How pensive is that posture!—Musing on her condition; which, in truth, is melancholy enough: an humble cousin to a vulgar tyrant.—'Sdeath, she cannot choose but jump at my proposals.——See, she weeps.—I'm glad on't—grief dis-

poses to compliance.—'tis the very moment to assail her.

[Aug. *comes to the door with a candle in her hand; seeing Lord* ABBERVILLE, *starts*]

Aug. Who's there? who's at the door? Ah!——

Lord Abb. Hush, hush; your screams will rouse the house.——'Tis I, Miss Aubrey—'tis Lord Abberville. ——Give me your hand—nay, be composed.—Let me set down the candle:—you are safe ——

Aug. Safe, my lord!—Yes, I'm safe:—but you are mistaken;—Miss Bridgemore's not at home; or, if she was, this is no place to meet her in.

Lord Abb. I'm glad of that;—bless'd in Miss Aubrey's company. I wish no interruption from Miss Bridgemore.

Aug. I should be loath to think so;—an avowal of baseness to one woman, should never be taken as flattery by another.—In short, my lord, I must intreat you to let the servants shew you to some fitter apartment. I am here in a very particular situation, and have the strongest reasons for what I request.

Lord Abb. I guess your reasons, but cannot admit them. I love you, madam; let that declaration be my excuse.

Aug. Nay, now your frolick has the air of insult, and I insist upon your leaving me.

[*Knocking at the door*

Luc. [*Without.*] Who's within there?

Aug. Hark, hark! Miss Bridgemore, as I live.—Come in.

Luc. Come in!—Why, you have lock'd the door.

Aug. Lock'd! is it lock'd?—for shame, for shame! thus am I sacrific'd to your ungenerous designs:—she must come in.

Lord Abb. Stay, stay; she must not find me here; there's one retreat; your chamber; lock me in there: I may still escape.

Luc. [*Without.*] What are you about, Miss Aubrey?—Let me in.

Aug. Where shall I turn myself? You've ruined all: if you're discovered, I shall never gain belief.

Lord Abb. Be advised then:—we have only this chance left. [*Goes to the bed-room door.*

Luc. [*Without.*] Miss Aubrey, if you don't let me in immediately, I shall call up mamma; so pray unlock the door.

Aug. I scarce know what I do. [*Locks Lord* Abb. *in, then opens the outer door.*] There, madam, you're obeyed.

Enter LUCINDA BRIDGEMORE.

Luc. Why, surely, you affect extraordinary privacy.—It seems you've had your Tyrrel in our absence.

Aug. Yes, Mr. Tyrrel has been here.

Luc. Humph! you're in mighty spirits.

Aug. No, madam; my poor spirits suit my poor condition: you, I hope, are rich in every sense.

Luc. She's happy, I can see, though she attempts to hide it: I cann't bear her. [*Aside.*]——Pray, Miss

Aubrey, what are your designs—to ruin this young man?

Aug. Madam!

Luc. Can you now in your heart suppose that Mortimer will let his nephew marry you? Depend upon't (I tell you as your friend) as soon as that old cynic hears of it (which I have taken care he shall) your hopes are crushed at once.

Aug. When were they otherwise?

Luc. I don't know what to make of her—she seems confus'd—her eyes wander strangely: watching the bed-room door—what is it she looks at?

Aug. Where are you going?

Luc. Going! Nay, no where—she's alarmed—— Miss Aubrey, I have a foolish notion in my head, that Mr. Tyrrel's in this house.

Aug. No, on my word—shall I light you to your room?

Luc. So ready!—No; your own will serve: I can adjust my head-dress at your glass—Hey-day; all's fast—you've locked the door.——

Aug. Have I, indeed?

Luc. Yes, have you, madam; and if my suspicion's true, your lover's in it—open it.

Aug. I beg to be excused.

Luc. Oh! are you caught at last? Admit me.

Aug. You cannot sure be serious—think I've the sanction of a guest.

Luc. Ridiculous! I'll raise the house—let me come to the bell.

Aug. Hold! hold! you don't know what you do: for your own sake desist: to save your own confusion, more than mine, desist, and seek no farther.

Luc. No, madam; if I spare you, may the shame that waits for you fall on my head.

Aug. At your own peril be it then! Look there. [*Opens, and discovers Lord* Abb.

Luc. Astonishing! Lord Abberville! This is indeed extraordinary; this, of all frolicks modern wit and gallantry have given birth to, is in the newest and the boldest stile.

Lord Abb. Upon my life, Miss Bridgemore, my visit has been intirely innocent.

Luc. Oh, yes! I give you perfect credit for your innocence; the hour, the place, your Lordship's character, the lady's composure, are all innocence itself. Cann't you affect a little surprise, ma'am, at finding a gentleman in your bed-room, though you placed him there yourself? So excellent an actress might pretend a fit on the occasion: Oh, you have not half your part.

Lord Abb. Indeed, Miss Bridgemore, you look upon this in too serious a light.

Luc. No, be assured: I'm charmed with your address; you are a perfect fashionable lover: so agreeable to invite us to your house, so well bred to be from home, and so considerate to visit poor Miss Aubrey in our absence: altogether I am puzzled which to prefer, your wit, politeness, or your honour.

Aug. Miss Bridgemore, 'tis in vain to urge my inno-

cence to you; Heaven and my own heart acquit me; I must endure the censure of the world.

Luc. O, madam, with Lord Abberville's protection you may set that at nought: to him I recommend you: your company in this house will not be very welcome. [*Exit.*

Lord Abb. [*To her as she goes out.*] Then, madam, she shall come to mine; my house, my arms are open to receive her.—Fear nothing, set her at defiance; resign yourself to my protection; you shall face your tyrant, out-face her, shine above her, put her down in splendor as in beauty; be no more the servile thing her cruelty has made you; but be the life, the leader of each public pleasure, the envy of all womankind, the mistress of my happiness——

Aug. And murderer of my own. No, no, my lord, I'll perish first; the last surviving orphan of a noble house, I'll not disgrace it: from these mean, unfeeling people, who to the bounty of my ancestors owe all they have, I shall expect no mercy; but you, whom even pride might teach some virtue, you to tempt me, you with unmanly cunning to seduce distress, yourself created, sinks you deeper in contempt than Heaven sinks me in poverty and shame. [*Exit.*

Lord Abb. A very unpromising campaign truly: one lady lost, and the other in no way of being gained. Well, I'll return to my company; there is this merit however in gaming, that it makes all losses appear trivial but its own.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Library in MORTIMER's *House.* MORTIMER *alone.*

Mortimer.

So! so! another day; another twelve hours round of folly and extravagance; 'pshaw, I am sick on't. What is it our men of genius are about? Jarring and jangling with each other, whilst a vast army of vices overruns the whole country at discretion.

Enter JARVIS.

Now, Jarvis, what's your news?

Jar. My morning budget, sir; a breakfast of good deeds; the offerings of a full heart and the return of an empty purse, There, sir, I've done your errand; and wish hereafter you could find another agent for your charities.

Mort. Why so, Charles?

Jar. Because the task grows heavy; besides, I'm old and foolish, and the sight is too affecting.

Mort. Why doesn't do like me then? Sheath a soft heart in a rough case, 'twill wear the longer; fineer thyself, good Jarvis, as thy master does, and keep a marble outside to the world. Who dreams that I am the lewd fool of pity, and thou, my pandar, Jarvis, my provider? You found out the poor fellow then, the half pay officer I met last Sunday——

Jar. With difficulty; for he obtruded not his sorrows on the world; but in despair had crept into a

corner, and, with his wretched family about him, was patiently expiring.

Mort. Pr'ythee no more on't: you sav'd him; you reliev'd him; no matter how; you made a fellow creature happy, that's enough.

Jar. I did, sir; but his story's so affecting——

Mort. Keep it to thyself, old man, then; why must my heart be wrung? I too am one of nature's spoilt children, and hav'n't yet left off the tricks of the nursery.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Mr. Tyrrel's come to town, and begs to see you.

Mort. Let him come in. [*Exit Serv.*

Enter TYRREL.

So, nephew, what brings you to town? I thought you was a prisoner in the country.

Tyr. I was; but now my Lord Courtland has obtained his liberty, no reason holds why I should not recover mine.

Mort. Well, sir, how have you fill'd up your time? In practising fresh thrusts, or repenting of that which is past? You've drawn your sword to satisfy one man, now think of satisfying the rest of mankind.

Tyr. You know my story, sir: I drew my sword in the defence of innocence: to punish and repel the libertine attempts of an ennobled ruffian; every man of honour would have done the same.

Mort. Yes, honour: you young men are subtle arguers; the cloak of honour covers all your faults, as that of passion all your follies.

Tyr. Honour is what mankind have made it; and as we hold our lives upon these terms, with our lives it behoves us to defend them.

Mort. You have made it reason then it seems; make it religion too, and put it out of fashion with the world at once: of this be sure, I would sooner cast my guineas in the sea, than give 'em to a duellist. But come, Frank, you are one from prejudice, not principle; therefore we'll talk no more on't. Where are you lodged?

Tyr. At the hotel hard by.

Mort. Then move your baggage hither, and keep house with me: you and I, nephew, have such opposite pursuits that we can never justle; besides they tell me you're in love; 'twill make a good companion of you; you shall rail at one sex, while I'm employed with t'other, and thus we may both gratify our spleen at once.

Tyr. O, sir, unless you can consent to hear the praises of my lovely girl from hour to hour, in endless repetition, never suffer me within your doors.

Mort. Thy girl, Frank, is every thing but rich, and that's a main blank in the catalogue of a lady's perfections.

Tyr. Fill it up then, dear uncle; a word of yours will do it.

Mort. True, boy, a word will do it; but 'tis a long word; 'tis a lasting one; it should be, therefore, a deliberate one: but let me see your girl; I'm a sour fellow; so the world thinks of me; but it is against

the proud, the rich I war: poverty may be a misfortune to Miss Aubrey; it would be hard to make it an objection.

Tyr. How generous is that sentiment!—Let me have your consent for my endeavours at obtaining hers, and I shall be most happy.

Mort. About it then; my part is soon made ready; yours is the task: your are to find out happiness in marriage; I'm only to provide you with a fortune. [*Exit* Tyr.] Well, Frank, I suspected thou hadst more courage than wit, when I heard of thy engaging in a duel; now thou art for encountering a wife, I am convinced of it. A wife! 'sdeath, sure some planetary madness reigns amongst our wives; the dog-star never sets, and the moon's horns are fallen on our heads.

Enter COLIN.

Colin. The gude time o'day to you, gude Maister Mortimer.

Mort. Well, Colin, what's the news at your house?

Colin. Nay, no great spell of news, gude faith; aw things with us gang on after the auld sort. I'm weary of my life amongst 'em; the murrian take 'em all, sike a family of free-booters, Maister Mortimer; an I speak a word to 'em, or preach up a little needful œconomy, hoot! the whole clan is up in arms. I may speak it in your ear, an the de'il himsell was to turn housekeeper, he could na' pitch upon a fitter set; fellows of all trades, countries, and occupations; a ragamuffin crew; the very refuse of the mob, that canna'

count past twa generations without a gibbet in their 'scutcheon.

Mort. Ay, Colin, things are miserably changed since your old master died.

Colin. Ah, Maister Mortimer, it makes my heart drop blude to think how much gude counsel I ha' cast away upon my laird; i'faith, I hanna 'stinted him o' that; I gee'd him rules and maxims of gude husbandry in plenty, but aw in vain; the dice ha' deafen'd him.

Mort. Yes, and destroyed; his head, heart, happiness are gone to ruin; the least a gamester loses is his money.

Colin. Ecod, and that's no trifle in this case: last night's performances made no small hole in that.

Mort. Whence learn you that?

Colin. From little Napthali, of St. Mary Axe when a man borrows money of a Jew, 'tis a presumption no Christian can be found to lend him any.

Mort. Is your lord driven to such wretched shifts?

Colin. Hoot! know you not that every losing gamester has his Jew? He is your only doctor in a desperate case; when the regulars have brought you to Death's door, the quack is invited to usher you in.

Mort. Your Jew, Colin, in the present case, favours more of the lawyer than the doctor: for I take it he makes you sign and seal as long as you have effects.

Colin. You've hit the nail o' the hede; my laird will sign to any thing; there's bonds, and blanks, and bargains and promissary notes, and a damned sight

of roguries, depend on't. Ecod he had a bundle for his breakfast, as big as little Napthali could carry; I would it had braken his bock; and yet he is na' half the knave of yon fat fellow upon Fish-street-hill.

Mort. Bridgemore, you mean.

Colin. Ay, ay, he's at the bottom of the plot; this little Hebrew's only his jackall.

Mort. I comprehend you: Bridgemore, under cover of this Jew, has been playing the usurer with Lord Abberville, and means to pay his daughter's portion in parchment: this must be prevented.

Colin. You may spare your pains for that; the match is off.

Mort. Hey-day, friend Colin, what has put off that?

Colin. Troth, Mr. Mortimer, I canna' satisfy you on that hede; but yesternight the job was done; methought the business never had a kindly aspect from the first.

Mort. Well, as my lord has got rid of miss, I think he may very well spare her fortune.

Colin. Odzooks, but that's no reason he should lose his own.

Mort. That, Colin, may be past my power to hinder? yet even that shall be attempted: find out the Jew that Bridgemore has employed, and bring him hither, if you can.

Colin. Let me alone for that; there never was a Jew, since Samson's time, that Colin cou'd na' deal with; an' he hangs bock, and will na' follow kindly, troth,

I'll lug him to you by the ears; ay, will I, and his master the fat fellow into the bargain.

Mort. No, no, leave me to deal with Bridgemore; I'll scare away that cormorant; if the son of my noble friend will be undone, it never shall be said he fell without an effort on my part to save him. [*Exit.*

Colin. By Heaven you speak that like a noble gentleman. Ah, Maister Mortimer, in England he that wants money wants every thing; in Scotland now, few have it, but every one can do without it.

[*Exit* Colin.

SCENE II.

An Apartment in BRIDGEMORE's *House.* BRIDGEMORE *and Doctor* DRUID.

Bridge. But what is all this to me, doctor; while I have a good house over my head, what care I if the Pyramids of Egypt were sunk into the earth? London, thank Heaven, will serve my turn.

Dr. Druid. Ay, ay, look ye, I never said it wasn't coot enough for them that live in it.

Bridge. Good enough! Why what is like it? Where can you live so well?

Dr. Druid. No where, coot truth, 'tis all cooks shops and putchers shambles; your very streets have savoury names; your Poultry, your Pye-corner, and Pudding-lane, your Bacon-alley, and Fish-street-hill here; o' my oord, the map of London, would

furnish out an admirable pill of fare for a Lord Mayor's dinner.

Bridge. Well, doctor, I am contented with Fish-street-hill; you may go seek for lodgings yonder in the ruins of Palmyra.

Dr. Druid. Ruins indeed! what are all your new buildings, up and down yonder, but ruins? Improve your own a little further, and you'll drive every man of sense out of it; bless us, and save us, bye and bye not a monument of antiquity will be left standing, from London-stone to Westminster-hall.

Bridge. And if the Commissioners of Paving would mend the streets with one, and present t'other as a nuisance, bone-setters and lawyers would be the only people to complain.

Dr. Druid. Down with 'em then at once, down with every thing noble and venerable and ancient amongst you; turn the Tower of London into a Pantheon, make a new Adelphi of the Savoy, and bid adieu to all ages but your own; you will then be no more in the way of deriving dignity from your progenitors, than you are of transmitting it to your posterity.

Bridge. Well, doctor, well, leave me my opinion and keep your own; you've a veneration for rust and cobwebs; I am for brushing them off wherever I meet them: we are for furnishing our shops and warehouses with good profitable commodities; you are for storing them with all the monsters of the creation: I much doubt if we could serve you with a

dried rattlesnake, or a stuft alligator, in all the purlieus of Fish-street-hill.

Dr. Druid. A stuft alligator. A stuft alderman would be sooner had.

Bridge. May be so; and let me tell you an antiquarian is as much to seek in the city of London, as an alderman would be in the ruins of Herculaneum; every man after his own way, that's my maxim: you are for the paltry ore; I am for the pure gold; I dare be sworn now, you are as much at home amongst the snakes and serpents, at Don Saltero's, as I am with the Jews and jobbers, at Jonathan's.

Dr. Druid. Coot truth, Mr. Pridgemore, 'tis hard to say which connection is the most harmless of the two.

Enter Mrs. BRIDGEMORE.

Mrs. Bridge. I'm out of patience with you, Mr. Pridgemore, to see you stir no brisker in this business; with such a storm about your ears, you stand as idle as a Dutch sailor in a trade-wind.

Bridge. Truly, love, till you come in, I heard nothing of the storm.

Mrs. Bridge. Recollect the misadventure of last night: the wickedness of that strumpet you have harboured in your house; that viper, which would never have had strength to sting, had not you warmed it in your bosom.

Dr. Druid. Faith and truth now, I hav'n't heard better reasoning from an woman this many a day;

you shall know Mr. Pridgemore, the viperous species love warmth; their stings, look ye, is then more venomous; but draw their teeth, and they are harmless reptiles; the conjurors in Persia play a thousand fancies and fagaries with 'em.

Bridge. But I'm no Persian, doctor.

Mrs. Bridge. No, nor conjuror neither; you would not else have been the dupe thus of a paltry girl.

Dr. Druid. A girl, indeed! why all the European world are made the dupes of girls: the Asiatics are more wise; saving your presence now, I've seen a Turkish Pacha or a Tartar Chan rule threescore, ay, three hundred wives, with infinite more ease and quiet, than you can manage one.

Mrs. Bridge. Manage your butterflies, your bats and beetles, and leave the government of wives to those who have 'em; we stand on British ground as well as our husbands; Magna Charta is big enough for us both; our bill of divorce is a full match for their bill of rights at any time; we have our Commons, doctor, as well as the men; and I believe our privileges are as well managed here at St. Paul's, as theirs are yonder at St. Stephen's.

Dr. Druid. Your privileges, Mrs. Pridgemore, are not to be disputed by any in this company; and, if miss is as well instructed in hers, I wish my Lord Abberville joy of his release; that's all. [*Exit.*

Enter LUCINDA.

Luc. What did the fellow say? Who sent that old mummy hither

Bridge. He came upon a qualifying message from Lord Abberville, as I believe; but 'tis such an extravagant old blade, he got amongst the pyramids of Egypt before he could well bring it out.

Mrs. Bridge. I would he was there, and his pupil with him; don't you see what a condition our poor girl is thrown into?

Luc. I into a condition! No; they shall never have to say they threw me into a condition. I may be angry, but I scorn to own I'm disappointed.

Bridge. That's right, child; sure there are more men in the world than Lord Abberville.

Luc. La, papa! your ideas are so gross, as if I cared for any of the sex, if he hadn't singled her out from all women kind; but it is ever thus; she's born to be my evil genius; sure the men are mad—Tyrrel, Lord Abberville—one touched my heart, the other wounds my pride.

Bridge. Why, ay; there is a fine estate, a noble title, great connections, powerful interest.

Luc. Revenge is worth them all; drive her but out of doors, and marry me to a convent.

Bridge. But let us keep some shew of justice; this may be all a frolic of Lord Abberville's, the girl, perhaps, is innocent.

Luc. How can that be, when I am miserable?

Mrs. Bridge. Come, she's been suffered in your house too long; had I been mistress, she should have quitted it last night upon the instant: would she had never entered it.

Bridge. There you make a bad wish, Mrs. Bridgemore; she has proved the best feather in my wing; but call her down; go, daughter, call her down.

Luc. I'll send her to you; nothing shall prevail with me to speak to her, or look upon the odious creature any more. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Bridge. What is it you are always hinting at about this girl? She's the best feather in your wing! Explain yourself.

Bridge. I cann't; you must excuse me; 'tis better you should never know it.

Mrs. Bridge. Why, where's the fear; what can you have to dread from a destitute girl, without father, and without friends?

Bridge. But is she really without a father? Was I once well assured of that——But hush! my daughter's here——Well, where's Miss Aubrey?

Enter LUCINDA, *followed by a Maid Servant.*

Luc. The bird is flown.

Bridge. Hey-day, gone off!

Mrs. Bridge. That's first conviction.

Bridge. What have you there: A letter?

Luc. She found it on her table.

Bridge. Read it, Lucy.

Luc. I beg to be excused, sir; I don't choose to touch her nasty scrawl.

Bridge. Well then, let's see; I'll read it myself. [*Reads.*] 'Sir, Since neither Lord Abberville's testimony, nor my solemn protestations can prevail

'with you to believe me innocent, I prevent Miss 'Bridgemore's threatened dismission, by withdrawing 'myself for ever from your family.—How the world 'will receive a destitute defenceless orphan, I am now 'to prove: I enter on my trial without any armour 'but my innocence; which, though insufficient to se-'cure to me the continuance of your confidence, will, 'by the favour of Providence, serve, I hope, to sup-'port me under the loss of it.

'AUGUSTA AUBREY.'

So, she's elop'd.——

Mrs. Bridge. Ay, this is lucky; there's an end of her: this makes it her own act and deed;—give me the letter.—Go, you need not wait. [*To the maid.*

Maid. Madam!

Luc. Don't you hear? Leave the room.

Maid. Pray, don't be angry; I beg to speak a word to you.

Luc. Go, go;—another time;—I'm busy.

Maid. I've done a wicked thing; and if I don't discharge my heart, 'twill break, it is so full.

Mrs. Bridge. What have you done? Speak out.

Maid. Why, I have been the means of ruining an innocent person; for such Miss Aubrey is.

Bridge. How so? Go on.

Maid. 'Twas I that brought Lord Abberville last night into her chamber, unknown to her: I thought it was a little frolic to surprise her; but when I heard her scream, I was alarmed, and ran and listened at the door.

Luc. Well, and what then?

Maid. Why, then I heard her chide him, and desire him to be gone;—yes, and but just before you came up stairs, I heard the poor young lady reproach him bitterly for his baseness in making love to her, when he was engaged to you, madam:—indeed she is as innocent as the babe unborn.

Luc. Go your way for a simpleton, and say no more about the matter.

Maid. To be sure I was a simpleton to do as I did; but I should never survive it, if any mischief was to follow. [*Exit.*

Bridge. What's to be done now?

Mrs. Bridge. What's to be done? why let her take her course; guilty or not, what matters it, if every man who offers for your daughter, is to turn aside and follow after her?

Luc. True, where's the woman who can pardon that? indeed had she been really criminal, I could have endured her better; for then I had had one qualification which she had wanted;—now she piques me every way.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Lord Abberville, madam, desires to be admitted to say a word to you.

Luc. Who? Lord Abberville?

Mrs. Bridge. Oh, by all means admit, him.—Now, Lucy, shew yourself a woman of spirit: receive him; meet his insulting visit with becoming contempt.——

Come, Mr. Bridgemore, let us leave them to themselves. [*Exeunt Mr. and Mrs.* Bridge.

Luc. Ahem! now, pride support me!

Enter Lord ABBERVILLE.

Lord Abb. Miss Bridgemore, your most obedient;—I come, madam, on a penitential errand, to apologize to you and Miss Aubrey for the ridiculous situation in which I was surprised last night.

Luc. Cool, easy villain! [*Aside.*

Lord Abb. I dare say you laughed most heartily after I was gone.

Luc. Most incontinently-incomparable assurance! [*Aside.*

Lord Abb. Well, I forgive you; 'twas ridiculous enough; a foolish frolick, but absolutely harmless, be assured; I'm glad to find you no longer serious about is.——But where's Miss Aubrey, pray?

Luc. You'll find her probably at you own door;—she's gone from hence.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mr. Tyrrel, madam.

Luc. Shew him in, pray.—My lord, you've no objection.

Lord Abb. None in life; I know him intimately; but, if you please, I'll take my leave; you may have business.——Curse on it, he is the lady's lover. [*Aside.*

Luc. Nay, I insist upon your staying.——Now, malice, stand my friend! [*Aside.*]——Good morning to you, sir, you're welcome to town.

Enter TYRREL.

Tyr. I thank you.—I am wrong, I believe; your servant should not have shewn me in here; 'tis with Miss Aubrey I request to speak

Luc. Lord Abberville, you can direct Mr. Tyrrel to Miss Aubrey:—she has left this family, sir.

Tyr. Madam—my lord—I beg to know— I don't understand——

Lord Abb. Nor I, upon my soul:—was ever any thing so malicious? [*Aside.*

Luc. My lord, why don't you speak; Mr. Tyrrel may have particular business with Miss Aubrey.

Lord Abb. Why do you refer to me? How should I know any thing of Miss Aubrey?

Luc. Nay, I ask pardon; perhaps Mr. Tyrrel's was a mere visit of compliment.

Tyr. Excuse me, madam; I confess it was an errand of the most serious sort.

Luc. Then it's cruel not to tell him where you've plac'd her.

Tyr. Plac'd her!

Lord Abb. Ay, plac'd her indeed!—For Heaven's sake, what are you about?

Luc. Nay, I have done, my lord; but after last night's fatal discovery, I conceived you would no

longer affect any privacy as to your situation with Miss Aubrey.

Tyr. What did you discover last night, madam, tell me? I have an interest in the question.

Luc. I'm sorry for it, for then you'll not be pleased to hear that she admits Lord Abberville by night into her bed-room, locks him up in it, and on detection the next morning, openly avows her guilt, by eloping to her gallant.

Tyr. What do I hear?—My lord, my lord, if this is true——

Lord Abb. What then?—What if it is?—Must I account to you?—Who makes you my inquisitor?

Tyr. Justice, humanity, and that controul which virtue gives me over its opposers.—if more you would, with anguish, I confess my heart unhappily was placed on her whom you have ruin'd:—now you'll not dispute my right.

Lord Abb. This is no place to urge your right? I shall be found at home.

Tyr. I'll wait upon you there. [*Exit.*

Lord Abb. Do so—your servant.——Miss Bridgemore, I am infinitely your debtor for this agreeable visit;—I leave you to the enjoyment of your many amiable virtues, and the pleasing contemplation of what may probably ensue from the interview you have provided for me with Mr. Tyrrel. [*Exit.*

Luc. Ha, ha, ha!—I must be less or more than woman, if I did not relish this retaliation. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Street, with a distant View of a Square. Enter COLIN.

Colin.

AH, Colin! thou'rt a prodigal; a thriftless loon thou'st been, that cou'dna' keep a little pelf to thysall when thou had'st got it: now thou may'st gang in this poor geer till thy life's end—and worse too, for aught I can tell.—'Faith, mon, 'twas a smeart little bysack of money thou had'st scrap'd together, and the best part of it had na' been laft amongst thy kinsfolk in the isles of Skey and Mull;—muckle gude may it do the weams of them that ha' it!—There was Jamie Mac Gregor, and Sawney Mac Nab, and the twa braw lads of Kinruddin, with old Charley Mac Dougall, my mother's first husband's second cousin:—by my saul I cou'd na' see such near relations, and gentlemen of sic auncient families, gang upon bare feet, while I rode a horseback:—I had been na' true Scot, an I cou'd na' ge'en a countryman a gude laft upon occasion. [*Going.*

Enter Miss AUGUSTA AUBREY.

Aug. That house is Mr. Mortimer's; and yet I cann't resolve to go to it:—to appeal to Tyrrel is a dangerous step; it plunges him again in my unprosperous concerns, and puts his life a second time in

danger:—still, still I know not how to let him think me guilty:—wretched, unfriended creature that I am, what shall I do? [*As she is going out*, Colin *advances.*

Colin. Haud a bit, lassie, you that are bewailing; what's your malady?

Aug. Sir! Did you speak to me?

Colin. Troth did I; I were loth to let affliction pass beside me, and not ask it what it ail'd.

Aug. Do you know me then?

Colin. What need have I to know you? An you can put me in a way to help you, isn't that enough?

Aug. I thank you: if I have your pity, that is all my case admits of.

Colin. Wha can tell that? I may be better than I seem:—as sorry a figure as I cut, I have as gude blude in my veins, and as free of it too, as any Briton in the land;—troth, an you be of my country, madam, you may have heard as much.

Aug. I do not question it;—but I am not of Scotland.

Colin. Well, well, an' if you had, the de'il a bit the worse shou'd I ha' lik'd you for it; but it was not your lot;—we did na' make oursalls;—Paradise itsal wou'd na' hald all mankind, nor Scotland neither:—and let me tell you, there's no braver or more auncient people underneath Heaven's canopy; no, nor a nation of the terrestrial globe wha have more love and charity for one another.

Aug. Well, sir, you seem to wish to do me service: I've a letter here, I cannot well deliver it myself; if

you are of this neighbourhood, perhaps you know the house of Mr. Mortimer.

Colin. Hoot, hoot! I ken him weel; I came fra' thence but now.

Aug. Will you take charge of this, and give it as directed? the gentleman will be found at Mr. Mortimer's.

Colin. To Francis Tyrrel, esquire——Ah! an 'tis there abouts you point, gadzooks, your labour's lost; you may ev'n wear the willow as they say, for by my troth he'll play the loon wi' you.

Aug. Is that his character?

Colin. No; but he canna' well be true to twa at the same time.

Aug. His heart's engaged it seems: what is the lady's name?

Colin. Woe worth her name! I canna' recollect it now; an it had been a Scotish name, I should na' let it slip so; but I've no mighty memory for your English callings; they do na' dwell upon my tongue: out on't! 'tis with a grete fat lubber yonder in the city that she dwells; a fellow with a paunch below his gullet, like the poke of a pelican; and now I call to mind, 'tis Aubrey is her name; ay, ay, 'tis Aubrey; she's the happy woman.

Aug. Is she the happy woman? Well, sir, if you'll deliver that letter into Mr. Tyrrel's hands; there is no treason in it against Miss Aubrey; she herself is privy to the contents.

Colin. You need na' doubt but I shall honde it to

him; I were a sorry cheeld an I could grudge you that; where shall I bring his answer?

Aug. It requires none.

Colin. But an he craves to know your house, where mun I say you dwell?

Aug. I have no house, no home, no father, friend, or refuge, in this world; nor do I at this moment, fainting as I am with affliction and fatigue, know where to find a hospitable door.

Colin. Come with me then, and I will shew you one; ah! woe is me, we hanna' all cold hearts, that occupy cold climates: I were a graceless loon indeed, when Providence ha' done so much for me, an' I could not pay back a little to a fellow creature.

Aug. Who you may be I know not; but that sentiment persuades me I may trust you: know, in this wretched person you behold her whom you think the envied, the beloved Miss Aubrey.

Colin. Miss Aubrey! you Miss Aubrey! His presence be about us! and has that grete fat fellow in the city turned his back upon you? Out on him, ugly hound, his stomach be his grave! I could find in my heart to stick my dirk into his weam.

Aug. Have patience; 'tis not he; Lord Abberville's the source of my misfortunes.

Colin. Ah, woe the while the more's his shame, I'd rather hear that he was dead.

Aug. Do not mistake affliction for disgrace; I'm innocent.

Colin. I see it in your face: would I could say as much of him.

Aug. You know him then.

Colin. Ay, and his father afore him: Colin Maccleod's my name.

Aug. Colin Macleod!

Colin. What do you start at? Troth, there's no shame upon't; 'tis not a bit the worse for my wear; honesty was aw my patrimony, and, by my sol! I hanna' spent it: I serve Lord Abberville, but not his vices.

Aug. I readily believe you; and to convince you of it, put me, I beseech you, in some present shelter, till the labour of my hands can keep me, and hold me up but for a breathing space, till I can rally my exhausted spirits, and learn to struggle with the world.

Colin. Ay, will I by my sol, so Heaven gives life? and woe betide the child that does you wrong! I be na smuthly spoken, but you shall find me true.—And look, the first door that I cast my ey'n upon, I ken the name of Macintosh: troth, 'tis a gudely omen, and prognostic; the Macintoshes and Macleods are aw of the same blood fra' long antiquity: had we search'd aw the town we could na' find a better. [*Knocks at the door.*] Odzooks, fear nothing, damsel, an she be a true Macintosh, you need na' doubt a welcome.

Enter Mrs. MACINTOSH.

Gude day to you, madam, is your name Macintosh, pray you?

Mrs. Mac. It is; what are your commands?

Colin. Nay, hau'd a bit, gude child, we command nought; but being, d'ye see, a Scotish kinsman of

yours, Colin Macleod by name, I crave lodgment in your house for this poor lassie.—Gude troth you need na' squant at her so closely; there's nought to be suspected; and though she may na' boast so long a pedigree as you and I do, yet for an English family, she's of no despicable house; and as for reputation, gude faith the lamb is not more innocent: respecting mine own sall I will na' vaunt, but an' you've any doubt, you need na' gange a mighty length to satisfy 'em; I'm no impostor.

Mrs. Mac. I see enough to satisfy me: she is a perfect beauty:—pray, young lady, walk in; pray walk up stairs, you are heartily welcome; lack-a-day you seem piteously fatigued.

Aug. Indeed I want repose.

Colin. Rest you awhile; I'll deliver your letter and call on you anon.

Aug. I thank you. [*Enters the house.*

Mrs. Mac. Heavens, what a lovely girl!

Colin. Haud you bit, you've done this kindly, cousin Macintosh, but we're na' come a bagging, d'ye see; here, take this money in your hond, and let her want for nought.

Mrs. Mac. You may depend upon my care.

Colin. Ay, ay, I ken'd you for a Macintosh at once; I am na' apt to be mistaken in any of your clan? and 'tis a comely presence that you have; troth 'tis the case with aw of you; the Macintoshes are a very personable people. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Mac. Another of my Scotish cousins—Oh, this

new name of mine is a most thriving invention; a rare device to hook in customers; when I was plain Nan Rawlins of St. Martin's parish, scarce a yard of ferret could I sell to club a prentice's hair on a Sunday morning; now there's not a knight of the Thistle that does not wear my green pauduasoy across his shoulder, nor a Mac passes my shop who does not buy snuff and black ribband of his kinswoman; of such consequence is it to have a good name in this world. [*Ex.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Lord ABBERVILLE's *House. Enter Lord* ABBERVILLE, *followed by several Servants.*

Lord Abb. You are a most unreasonable set of gentry truly; I have but one Scotchman in my family, and you are every one of you, cook, valet, butler, up in arms to drive him out of it.

La Jeu. And with reason, my lord; Monsieur Colin is a grand financier; but he has a little of what we call la maladie du pays; he is too œconomique; it is not for the credit of mi Lord Anglois to be too œconomique.

Lord Abb. I think, La Jeunesse, I have been at some pains to put that out of dispute; but get you gone all together, and send the fellow to me; I begin to be as tired of him as you are.—[*Exeunt servants.*] —His honesty is my reproach; these rascals flatter while they rob me: it angers me that one, who has

no stake, no interest in my fortune, should husband it more frugally than I who am the owner and the sufferer: in short, he is the glass in which I see myself, and the reflection tortures me; my vices have deformed me; gaming has made a monster of me.

Re-enter LA JEUNESSE.

Lord Abb. Well, is the savage coming?

La Jeu. He is only turning his cravet, my lord, and will be here immediately.

Lord Abb. Leave me. [*Exit* La Jeu.

Enter COLIN.

Come hither, Colin; what is this I hear of you?

Colin. Saving your presence I should guess a pratty many lies; 'twill mostly be the case when companions in office give characters one of another.

Lord Abb. But what is he whom nobody speaks well of? You are given up on all hands.

Colin And so must truth itsall, when the de'il turns historian.

Lord Abb. You've been applauded for your bluntness; 'tis no recommendation to me, Macleod; and shall I part from all my family to accommodate your spleen; from the stable boy to my own valet, there's not a domestic in this house gives you a good word.

Colin. Nor never will, till I prefer their interest to yours; hungry curs will bark; but an' your lordship would have us regale our friends below stairs, while you are feasting yours above, gadzooks. I have a

pratty many countrymen in town, with better appetites than purses, who will applaud the regulation.

Lord Abb. 'Tis for such purses and such appetites you would be a fit provider; 'tis for the latitude of the Highlands, not for the meridan of London, your narrow scale of œconomy is laid down.

Colin. Oeconomy is no disgrace; 'tis better living on a little, than outliving a great deal.

Lord Abb. Well, sir, you may be honest, but you are troublesome; my family are one and all in arms against you; and you must know, Colin Macleod, I've great objection to a rebellion either in a family or state, whatever you and your countrymen may think of the matter.

Colin. My lord, my lord; when you have shad the blude of the offenders, it is na' generous to revive the offence: as for mine awn particular, Heaven be my judge, the realms of England does na' haud a heart more loyal than the one I strike my honde upon.

Enter Dr. DRUID.

Lord Abb. So, doctor, what's the news with you?—Well, Colin, let me hear no more of these complaints; don't be so considerate of me—and hark'e, if you was not quite so parsimonious to yourself, your appearance would be all the better.

Colin. Troth, I'd be better habited, but I canna' afford it.

Lord Abb. Afford it, sirrah? Don't I know you have money enough, if you had but spirit to make use of it.

Colin. True; but I fain would keep a little together, d'ye see, lest you should not. [*Exit.*

Dr. Druid. Plessing upon us, how the man prates and prattles! 'Twas but this morning he was differing and disputing, truly, about pedigrees and antiquities, though I can count forty and four generations from the grandmother of Saint Winifred, as regularly as a monk can tell his beads.

Lord Abb. Leave your generations to the worms, doctor, and tell me if you carried my message to Bridgemore—But why do I ask that? When I myself am come from putting the finishing hand to that treaty: and really, if young women will keep companions who are handsomer than themselves, they musn't wonder if their lovers go astray.

Dr. Druid. Ah, my Lord Apperville, my Lord Apperville, you've something there to answer for.

Lord Abb. Preach not, good sixty-five, thy cold continence to twenty-three; the stars are in my debt one lucky throw at least; let them bestow Miss Aubrey, and I'll cancel all that's past. [*A Servant delivers a letter.*] What have we here?—From Tyrrel I suppose—No, 'tis from a more peaceable quarter; my commodious Mrs. Macintosh. [*Reads.*]—'Chance 'has thrown in my way a girl, that quite eclipses 'your Miss Somers: come to me without loss of 'time, lest the bird should be on the wing.'—What shall I do? I have but little stomach to the business. Aubrey is my goddess, and 'tis downright heresy to follow any other.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, a person without says he comes with a recommendation from Sir Harry Gambie.

Lord Abb. What sort of a person?

Serv. A little ugly fellow: I believe he's a Jew.

Lord Abb. That's right, I had forgot: my Jew is fairly jaded; Sir Harry's probably is better trained; so let me see him: who is in the anti-chamber?

Serv. There are several persons waiting to speak with your lordship; they have called a great many times.

Lord Abb. Ay, ay, they come for money; he alone comes with it; therefore conduct that little ugly fellow as you call him to my closet, and bid those other people call again. [*Exit Serv.*] Doctor if any of my particulars are importunate to see me, don't let them interrupt me here; tell them I'm gone to Mrs. Macintosh's; they'll know the place, and my business in it. [*Exit.*

Dr. Druid. They may guess that without the gift of divination truly: ah! this passion is the prejudice of education! He may thank France and Italy for this: I would have carried him through Ingria, Esthonia, and Livonia; through Moldavia, Bessarabia, Bulgaria, Thrace; from the Gulf of Finland to the Streights of the Dardanelles. 'Tis a chance if he had seen a human creature in the whole course of his travels.

Enter TYRREL.

Tyr. Doctor, forgive me this intrusion; where is

Lord Abberville? His servants deny him to me, and I have business with him of a pressing sort.

Dr. Druid. Business indeed!

Tyr. Yes, business, sir: I beg you to inform me where to find him.

Dr. Druid. I take it, Mr. Tyrrel, you are one of his particulars, therefore I tell you, he is gone to Mrs. Macintosh's; a commodious sort of a body, who follows one trade in her shop, and another in her parlour.

Tyr. Yes, yes, I know her well, and know his business there.

Dr. Druid. Pleasure is all his business: I take for granted he finds some gratification in his visits there.

Tyr. Yes, the gratification of a devil; the pleasure of defacing beauty and dispoiling innocence, of planting everlasting misery in the human heart for one licentious transitory joy: 'tis there he holds his riots; thither he is gone to repeat his triumphs over my unhappy Aubrey, and confirm her in her shame.

Dr. Druid. Ay, I suppose Miss Aubrey is the reigning passion now.

Tyr. Curs'd be his passions, wither'd be his powers! Oh, sir, she was an angel once: such was the grateful modesty of her deportment, it seems as if the chastity, which now so many of her sex throw from them, centered all with her.

Dr. Druid. I've told too much; this lad's as mad as he—Well, Mr. Tyrrel, I can say but little in the case; women and politics I never deal in; in other words, I abhor cuckoldom, and have no passion for the pillory. [*Exit.*

Enter COLIN.

Colin. Gang your gait for an old smoak-dried piece of goat's flesh. [*Shuts the door.*]—Now we're alone, young gentleman, there's something for your private reading. [*Delivers a letter.*

Tyr. What do I see? Miss Aubrey's hand! Why does she write to me?—Distraction! how this racks my heart!

Colin. Ay, and mine too—Ecod, it gave it sic a pull, I canna' for the saul of me, get it back into its place again:—gude truth, you'll find it but a melancholy tale.

Tyr. [*Reads.*] 'I am the martyr of an accident, 'which never will find credit; under this stroke, I 'cann't conceal a wish that Mr. Tyrrel would not 'give me up; but as his single opposition to the 'world's reproach might be as dangerous to him, as 'it must be ineffectual to me, I earnestly advise him 'to forget the unfortunate AUGUSTA.'

—What am I to conclude? The paper looks like innocence; the words are soft as modesty could utter. —'The martyr of an accident!'—She calls it accident; why, that's no crime.—Alas! it might be accident which threw temptation in her way, but voluntary guilt which yielded to the tempter;—of him she makes no mention.——Pray, sir, inform me; you have seen this lady——

Colin. I have.

Tyr. Discours'd with her——

Colin. I have.

Tyr. In that discourse, do you recollect if she named Lord Abberville?

Colin. I recollect she said he was the source of her misfortunes.

Tyr. Ay, did she say so much? That's guilty beyond doubt.

Colin. You're right; it carries a damn'd guilty look; I wou'd na' take his fortune to father his faults.

Tyr. Why you then give him up. Oh, 'tis too palpable!—But, pray, did she herself give you this letter for me?

Colin. With her own honds; gude faith, the heart within you wou'd ha' malted to have seen the manner of it.

Tyr. That aggravates my torture!—Where was it you left her? In what wretched habitation?

Colin. Hoot! no disparagement upon her habitation; there's nought of wretchedness about it: odzooks! she's with a lady of as gude a family!—But you mun be as close as wax, d'ye see; ye munna mang the secret to my laird.

Tyr. Well, well;—the place——

Colin. Nay, 'tis hard by; a cousin's of mine own; a comely courteous woman as you'd wish to commune with;—one Mrs. Macintosh.——

Tyr. 'Sdeath, that confirms it!—There, sir, bring me no more letters: whether you're dupe or pandar in this business, I desire never to be troubled more.

[*Exit.*

Colin. Hoot! what the fiend possesses you?—What

time o' the moon is this? The lad's an errant bedlamite.—There's mischief in the wind, and this same laird of mine is at the bottom of it: gadzooks, there goes Maister Mortimer; I'll tell him aw the case, and take his counsel on the whole. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Changes to Mrs. MACINTOSH's *House. Enter Mrs.* MACINTOSH *and* TYRREL.

Mrs. Mac. Well, Mr. Tyrrel, if you must and will be heard, you must; but pray be short,—my time is precious.

Tyr. So is my peace of mind:—You've got a lady in your house has taken that from me I never shall recover.

Mrs. Mac. What is't you mean? What lady have I in my house?

Tyr. Miss Aubrey.

Mrs. Mac. Miss Aubrey! You mistake; I never heard the name.

Tyr. Come, you and I have long been friends: answer me truly,—does not Lord Abberville visit a lady here?

Mrs. Mac. Well, if he does, what then?

Tyr. Why, then, that lady has undone me; she has broke my heart.

Mrs. Mac. Yes: but her name's not Aubrey; my lord calls her Somers.

Tyr. Let my lord call her what he will, coin what new name he pleases to elude my search, still I must see her.

Mrs. Mac. Why, you're mad sure to think of such a thing; I thought you knew me better: violate a trust!—No, no, young man, that's not my principle; you see no lady here. Why, sure, I've not maintained an honourable character in the world till now, to make away with it at last.

Tyr. If you suspect me, stay and be present at our conference.

Mrs. Mac. Yes, and so have my lord come in and catch us, and a tilting-bout ensue betwixt you;—no, Mr. Tyrrel, mine's a sober well-conducted family: I'll have no coroner's inquest come within my doors. —— Hush! as I live, here comes my lord, dear Tyrrel, be advised—come along with me, and betake yourself out of his way.

Tyr. No;—I'll not seek a quarrel with Lord Abberville, but I cannot fly from him:—go, go, and leave us to each other. [*Exit Mrs.* Mac.

Enter Lord ABBERVILLE.

Lord Abb. Tyrrel!—What brings you here? This is no place of meeting; if you've any explanation to require upon Miss Aubrey's account, come to my house;—I answer nothing here.

Tyr. My lord, when I'm assured Miss Aubrey is in this house, and see you her visitor, I can interpret for myself.

Lord Abb. Miss Aubrey in this house! You rave.

Tyr. Come, 'tis in vain; your Scotchman told me so; your Mrs. Macintosh herself confessed it.

Lord. Abb. Humph! after all, 'twould be a lucky hit, should this be true:—it may be so. [*Aside.*

Tyr. If you require more witnesses to what I say, here comes an indisputable one, Miss Aubrey herself.

Enter Miss AUGUSTA AUBREY.

Aug. Oh, Mr. Tyrrel, this is generous indeed!—Lord Abberville here too!—'tis what I dreaded. You have mischief in your minds; but, I beseech you, leave me to my misfortunes, nor cast away a thought upon a wretch like me.

Tyr. Give me your answer first to these demands: Have you been wrong'd? Have you an accusation to prefer against this lord? or do you acquit him, and submit with patience to your situation?

Aug. I accuse no one; I submit with patience; I am content to be the only sufferer in this business, and earnestly intreat you to desist from any altercation with Lord Abberville on my account.

Tyr. I'm satisfied; and shall religiously obey you.—Lord Abberville, I ask your pardon for this interruption; I never shall repeat it more.

Aug. But are you going?

Tyr. For ever.—Dangerous to behold you are; therefore, before my fond, my foolish heart relapses into love, I'll seize the resolution of the moment, and bid farewell to you for ever.

Aug. Astonishing!

Lord Abb. There, madam, you perceive the love, the honour of that gentleman.

Aug. Could I have thought this of him?—Now I'm truly wretched.

Lord Abb. No, madam, if my purse, my person, my assiduous ardent love, can fill the vacancy his falsehood makes, you've had no loss; dry up your tears, you've yet a friend; smile only on my wishes.

Aug. No, my lord, no;—you've made me wretched, guilty you shall never make me.

Lord Abb. Innexorable girl, will nothing move? Then I've no longer any terms to keep: call to mind where you are; in a house where I am master; surrounded by creatures whom I command; your champion gives you up; resistance is in vain;—if you refuse my favours, madam, you shall feel my force.

[*Struggles with her.*

Aug. What is't you mean, my lord?—Stand off.

Enter MORTIMER.

Mort. Ay, what is it you mean, my lord?

Lord Abb. Mortimer! 'Sdeath, what evil genius conducted you hither?

Mort. [*Goes to the door.*] Nay, my good friend, come in.

Enter COLIN.

This honest man was my conductor: while you, Lord Abberville, in a distinguished rank, are openly assaulting innocence, he, in his humble post, is

secretly supporting it.—If you come under that description, madam, I am your defender; if not, I have no further business here.

Aug. Why should I urge my innocence? I am unfortunate, I'm poor; your nephew, sir, will tell you that is cause sufficient for abandoning me.

L. Abb This grows too serious; I scorn to steal that from you half my fortune could not purchase. I believe you are as innocent as Heaven first formed you; and to convince the world in what esteem I hold your virtues, here, before Mortimer, I offer you my hand, and lay my title, rank, and fortune, at your feet.

Aug. No, there may be a legal prostitute as well as a licentious one; had you a world to give, after your base experiment, you cannot offer any thing that I shall take. You may find others less exceptious; but in a noble family, though stripped of fortune, there will still be pride.

L. Abb. I see my fate; I see a prepossession in your heart too strong for me to shake: I plainly perceive that Mr. Tyrrel can offend with more impunity than I can; however, Mortimer, you are a man of honour: I resign Miss Aubrey into your hands for the present, and shall expect you will avail yourself of no unfair advantages over me.—Macleod, I find Miss Aubrey is to thank you for this seasonable visit of Mr. Mortimer's. [*Exit.*

Mort. Come, madam, you are now my ward; Bridgemore must struggle hard to get you back again.

Aug. Sir!—Mr. Mortimer! You'll pardom me, but must I think you serious? If what you now propose is meant in kindness to me, I must say the world has not done justice to your character: I have been taught to look upon you as no friend to our sex in particular.

Mort. Nor am I; your sex have broke treaty with us, passed the bounds betwixt us, forced into our very taverns, and from being once the glory of my country are become its shame.

Aug. But all have not done this——

Mort. Nor am I then at enmity with all: a virtuous individual is of no sex, no country.

Colin. No country? Hoot! A true North Briton will give up his virtue afore his country at any time.

Aug. Yes, and I think it was a partiality to your country rather than to virtue, which determined you to put me into this house.

Colin. De'il take me now, and all my kindred with me, if I knew aught about the house, more than the name of Macintosh upon the door.

Mort. Time will clear all things up: a general misconception is gone forth; my nephew I perceive has fallen under it. As for poor Colin, his design in bringing you hither was more than innocent, depend upon it, it was noble; I have heard his story, and at my request he brings me here; commit yourself therefore to my protection, and rely upon my justice.

Aug. How shall I answer you? Your generosity o'erwhelms me.

Mort. I generous! No, I am a meer voluptuary; I study luxury by principle, and am as sensual on the side of virtue, as Abberville, or any other fashionable rake, on that of vice. Colin, you'll settle matters with your countrywoman and come to us at my house. [*Exeunt.*

Colin. My countrywoman! The fiend a bit! I never will believe she has a drop of Scotish blude in aw her composition; as I shall answer I never blushed before for any of the name: there must be something spurious in her genealogy: I'll have a little serious talk with her on that; I've got the pedigree of the Macintoshes at my fingers ends, and if there's e'er a flaw in her descent 'twixt this and Noah, gadzooks, I'll wager a hundred pounds I prove her an impostor. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Fish-Street-Hill. AUBREY *alone.*

Aubrey.

IF Bridgemore hasn't shifted his abode, that is the house; 'twas there that eighteen years ago I lost a wife, and left an infant daughter. All-disposing Providence, who hast ordained me to this hour, and through innumerable toils and dangers led me back to this affecting spot, can it be wondered at, if I ap-

proach it with an anxious aching heart, uncertain as I am if I have still a child or not? What shall I do? If my Augusta's lost, 'twere better I should never enter those ill-omen'd doors; if she survives, how shall I disclose myself, and tell her she has still a father? Oh, that unknown and unperceived, I could but catch a sight of her, gaze till I'd gratified my longing, and till this throbbing might abate! I'll watch the door till somebody comes out, that I may speak to. [*Steps aside.*

Enter COLIN MACLEOD.

Colin. The murrain light upon this Fish-Street-Hill, wherever it may be: I wou'd it had na' got its name for nought, that I might fairly small it out, for I am clear bewalder'd. Johnny Groat's house wou'd as soon be found as this same Bradgemore's. One cries, turn o' this honde, one o' that, and t'other stares and grins forsooth because I hanna got the modern gabble on my tongue, but speak the language in its auncient purity. Hoot! this mon seems of a batter sort, and peradventure wou'd concede an answer. Speed you, gentleman, I pray you whuch way leads to Fish-Street-Hill?

Aub. You are there already; this is Fish-Street-Hill.

Colin. Gadzooks! and that's the reason I could find it na' where else. Ken you one Bradgemore's, may I ask?

Aub. He had us'd to live in yonder house with the great gates; but it is many years since I have been in England

Colin. I'faith, you need na' tell me that; I apprehend as much from your civility.

Aub. Give me leave now in my turn to ask you a few questions.

Colin. With aw my heart; you have gude right; you may interrogate me freely.

Aub. You are acquainted with this Bridgemore——

Colin. I am

Aub. And with his family——

Colin. I am.

Aub. And what does it consist of?

Colin. Troth, of a spouse and daughter.

Aub. Are they all?

Colin. Ay, and enough in aw gude reason; the de'il, sir, in his vengeance need na' add a third.

Aub. But to be serious; tell me, I beseech you, do you know of no one else in Mr. Bridgemore's family.

Colin. Of none.

Aub. What do I hear? Pray recollect yourself: you don't seem to know his house; perhaps you are not well acquainted with his family.

Colin. Aw that he owns I know; what base begotten brats he may haue sculking up and down in holes and corners, troth, I can't pretend to say.—These city cattle sometimes will break pasture.

Aub. You misconceive me, honest friend: has no

young lady of the name of Aubrey come within your knowledge?

Colin. Ay, ay, poor lassie, she once liv'd with Bradgemore; the worse luck her's, but that is over, she has got her liberty; she's now releas'd.

Aub. I understand you——she is dead.

Colin. Dead! Heaven forefend! An you would give me time, I wou'd ha' told you she's released from yon fat fellow's tyranny; na more: out on him, filthy porpoise, aw the bowels in his belly, tho' he has got gude store, danna contain one grain of pity: troth, with his gude will she might ha' starv'd and perish'd in the streets.

Aub. What is't you tell me? In the same breath you bring my hopes to life and murder them again—Starv'd in the streets? I thought she had an affluent fortune.

Colin. In virtue, sir, nought else, and that will not pass current for a dinner. Zooks, and I mysall, by Heaven's gude providence, had na' stapt in upon the very nick of time, my life upon't she had been lost.

Aub. Come to my arms then, whosoe'er thou art, and wonder not, for thou hast sav'd my daughter.

Colin. Daughter! Gadzooks, you make my heart jump to my laps for joy. Are you Miss Aubrey's father?

Aub. I am her father.

Colin. An if I'd found mine awn I cou'd na' been

more happy. Wall, wall, I hope you'll merit your gude fortune; by my soul you've got an angel of a child—but where have you been buried all the while? for we believ'd you dead.

Aub. You shall hear all my story, but this is no fit place to tell it in: satisfy me first if my poor child is safe.

Colin. Fear nought, she's safe with Maister Mortimer; I laft her but this moment.

Aub. Who is Mr. Mortimer?

Colin. Why, Maister Mortimer is one who does a thousand noble acts without the credit of one; his tongue wounds and his heart makes whole; he must be known and not describ'd: an' you will bait awhile in yonder tavern till I come from Bradgemore's, I'll accompany you to where your daughter is.

Aub. Agreed! I fear I've been mistaken in this Bridgemore; three years ago I consign'd to him a cargo of great value from Scanderoon; if he has robbed me——but till I've seen my daughter, I'll suspend my enquiry. Step with me into yonder tavern, there we'll concert the means of bringing Bridgemore to an interview at Mr. Mortimer's.—Come, my good benefactor, how fortunate was this meeting! I long to know to whom I owe this happiness. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Compting-House belonging to BRIDGEMORE. *Enter* BRIDGEMORE *and* NAPTHALI.

Bridge. And so, friend Napthali, Lord Abberville has had another tumble.

Napth. A damn one.

Bridge. I'm glad on't; this will wring his fine high pamper'd carcase to the quick.

Napth. I'fait, he flings and winces so, I tremble to come near; he look as dark as India stock upon a settling day.

Bridge. Ay, ay, the dice are little weapons, but they make deep wounds: what between those that win and us that lend, he bleeds at both arms. These are the bonds.

Napth. Take 'em: this is a memorandum of the premium on five thousand, and this the private contract for extraordinary interest. [*Gives several papers.*

Bridge. Good, good, friend Napthali! The bonds give legal interest, and this doubles it. There, there, lie by and breed. [*Puts them by.*] But hark'e-me! Hast brought the abstract of the sale of the Neptune's cargo?

Napth. Aubrey's consignment you mean.

Bridge. The same; but mum! That's between you and me: close, close, my little Napthali.

Napth. A broker and betray his principal! That's not my vay; there is no senses in that. Here I have

make out your account; 'tis var coot bargain I have make, considering diamond is a drug.

Bridge. Why this tells well; it mounts; the raw silk was old gold; the carpetting and cottons not amiss; and whuh! the rhubarb!

Napth. Ah, sir, but vat is that? Look at the coffee!

Bridge. Politics account for that; while news-papers bear price, coffee will hold its own. This rupture with the Russians was in our favour here.

Napth. Ay, ay, a charming stroke: war is a var coot thing; and then the plague; a blessed circumstance, tank Heaven; a blessed circumstance, coot 7 *per cent.*

Bridge. Let me see; altogether 'tis a thumping sum: it netted forty thousand: where's the conscience, Napthali, that wouldn't strain a point for forty thousand pounds?

Napth. Oh, 'tis all fair in the vay of trade; you cou'd not strike a jury out of Jonathan's that wouldn't acquit you. Well, Mr. Bridgemore, any thing more in my vay?

Bridge. Nothing at present. Did you call at Lloyd's?

Napth. Odso! well recollected! The Sea-horse is arrived from Scanderoon, she that had such high insurances upon her.

Bridge. What d'ye hear? What passengers come in her? Is she at Stangate-Creek?

Napth. No, in the pool; she brought clean bills of health from Leghorn.

Bridge. Go, go; you have given me an ague-fit; the name of Scanderoon sets all my teeth a chattering. [*Exit* Napth.]—Well, would it had been possible to have kept my secret from that fellow.——The Sea-horse come at last!—Why, be it so.——What ails me? what possesses me?—If she brings news of Aubrey's death, I'm a whole man; ay, and a warm one too.——How now;—who's there?

Enter COLIN.

Colin. Cawdie Macleod, a ragged Highlander, so please you, a wratched gaelly under favour of your raverence, na better.

Bridge. I recollect you now for one of my Lord Aberville's retinue,——Well, you have some enquiries to make about Miss Aubrey.

Colin. Ecod, you are close upon the mark.

Bridge. I guest as much; but she's gone from hence, and you may follow.

Colin. Out on thee, ragamuffin; an I were not bound to secrecy, I'd gee thee sic a pill shou'd lead that weam of thine the de'il a dance. [*Aside.*

Bridge. No, Master Colin, your Scotch policy will stand you in no stead this turn.

Colin. Then I'll forswear my country.—Well, you wull na' have my message then, I mun gang back to Maister Mortimer, and tell the Turkish trader you'll na' see him.

Bridge. Hold, hold,—what trader do you speak of?

Colin. Of one that's com'd a passenger from Scan-

deroon, aboard the—what d'ye call the vessel—the Sea-horse, I take it.

Bridge. What? who?—It is not Aubrey.

Colin. Gude faith, I wou'd it was—the mon is dead.

Bridge. which man is dead:—the passenger or Aubrey?

Colin. Hoot! cann't you think 'tis Aubrey?—By your leave, Truth, awhile, you will na' take it much to heart, an I make use of falsehood to detect itsall. [*Aside.*

Bridge. I'll go to Mr. Mortimer's; I'll go with all my heart.—Give me your hand; I ask your pardon heartily, my honest friend.—And so he is dead, you say——you're sure he is dead——pray, what distemper did he die of?

Colin. When a mon's in his grave, what matters which distemper laid him there.

Bridge. That's true, that's true enough. Pray you sit down; I'll just run up and tell my wife and daughter——Zooks! suppose I brought them with me; will they meet a welcome, think you?

Colin. Ay, sic a one as you don't look for, take my word.

Bridge. I'm a new man; I walk upon the air. [*Exit.*

Colin. Ecod the project takes; I drew for the cock bird, and have taken the whole covey.

Enter NAPTHALI *hastily.*

Napth. Odds my life, Mr. Bridgemore, I forgot ——Who's there?—that devil Scotchman.

Colin. Hold, hold, friend Napthali; you and I munna part; you must keep pace wi' me to Maister Mortimer's.

Napth. To Mr. Mortimer's? Impossible: why I must be at Bank, sir, I must be at Jonathan's: I've forty bargains to settle. I shall have half the coffee-house on my back. Would you make me a lame duck?

Colin. Duck, or no duck, ecod, sir, you must travel.

[*Exit dragging* Napth. *out.*

Enter LUCINDA.

Luc. Hey-day! I never saw the like before; I cann't think what possesses my father; he's intoxicated: quite beside himself with this comfirmation of Mr. Aubrey's death: for my part, I derive no particular gratification from it; so that Augusta had but one lover less, I care not if she had forty fathers living: Tyrrel's the man of her heart, and in truth he is an object worthy of any woman's preference; if I could draw him from her 'twould be full retaliation for Lord Abberville——I'll go to Mortimer's: 'tis an untoward visit; but I'll go there.

Enter BRIDGEMORE.

Bridge. Come, bustle, daughter, bustle; get your cloak on, the coach will be here immediately: but where's my Scotchman? I forgot to ask the stranger's name. [*Exit hastily.*

Enter Mrs. BRIDGEMORE.

Mrs. Bridge. Where have you hid yourself, my dear? Come, are you ready? Your father's frantic with impatience.

Luc. I follow you——Now, Aubrey, 'tis my turn.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Changes to MORTIMER'S *Library. Enter* MORTIMER *and* TYRREL.

Mort. Never tell me, you've acted like a giddy hot young man; put a few hear-say circumstances together, shook them in an empty noddle, and so produced a compound of nonsense and suspicion.

Tyr. I plainly see I've judged too hastily.

Mort. Judged! pooh, I would not give a rush for such a judge: a magpye in a cage, that chatters out whore to every woman that goes by, will be as often right as you, and judge as wisely: never talk to me of judging others, till you've condemned yourself.

Tyr. I do condemn myself; and if Miss Aubrey does not sign my pardon, I am disposed not only to condemn, but execute.

Mort. Away then, and throw yourself upon the mercy of the court; it is the fate of bunglers to be asking pardon. [*Exit* Tyr.

Enter COLIN.

Colin. Bless you, good Maister Mortimer, I hanna' slept in your commission; yon fat fellow upon Fish-Street-Hill is on his march with bag and baggage.

Mort. What mean you? Does he bring his wife with him.

Colin. Troth does he, and his daughter too; the plot is thick'ning you mun know apace, and yon same buzzard canna spy it out.

Mort. What plot is thick'ning?

Colin. Zooks, mon, you shall behold as pretty a discovery, come the time, as ever your eyes looked upon; but aw things in their course; I mun' gang home the while, but I'll be quickly bock again, d'ye see.

Mort. Do so, my friend; and hark'e, tell your lord, I beg half an hours conversation with him, when and where he pleases.

Colin. I shall do that; but you mun know, while I was on my way, I cross'd upon a gentleman of no vulgar presence, and considering he has sojourned for a pretty many years with none but such as we denominate barbarians, as courteous in his manners as your heart could wish.

Mort. Why that accounts for it. Well, what of him?

Colin. With your leave, Maister Mortimer, he'll tell you his own errand: troth, he wull'd me introduce him to you: he's without.

Mort. Admit him.

Colin. Gude faith, he has done that for himsall; he's not habituated to our ceremonies. Maister Mortimer, I pray Heaven take you to its holy keeping till I see you again. [*Exit.*

Enter AUBREY.

Aub. Sir, your most humble servant. Can you forgive the intrusion of a stranger?

Mort. A stranger, sir, is welcome; I cannot always say as much to an acquaintance.

Aub. I plainly see your experience of mankind by the value you set upon them.

Mort. True, sir; I've visited the world from arctic to ecliptic, as a surgeon does an hospital, and find all men sick of some distemper: the impertinent part of mankind are so busy, the busy so impertinent, and both so incurably addicted to lying, cheating and betraying, that their case is desperate: no corrosive can eat deep enough to bottom the corruption.

Aub. Well, sir, with such good store of mental provison about you, you may stand out a siege against society; your books are companions you never can be tired of.

Mort. Why truly their company is more tolerable than that of their authors would be; I can bear them on my shelves, though I should be sorry to see the impertinent puppies who wrote them: however, sir, I can quarrel with my books too, when they offend my virtue or my reason.—But I'm taking up your

time; the honest Scotchman, who announced you, told me you had something of importance to communicate to me.

Aub. I have: I'm told I am your debtor, and I came with a design to pay you down such thanks as your benevolence well merits; but I perceive already you are one, whom great professions would annoy, whose principle is virtue, and whose retribution rises from within.

Mort. Pray, sir, no more of this; if you have any thing to request, propose it: I'd rather much be told what I may do for you, than reminded of what I may have done.

Aub. I readily believe you, and according to your humour will address you: I own you may confer a benefit upon me? 'tis in your power, Mr. Mortimer, to make me the happiest of all mankind.

Mort. Give me your hand; why now you speak good sense; I like this well: let us do good, sir, and not talk about it: show me but how I may give happiness to you, with innocence to myself, and I shall be the person under obligation.

Aub. This then it is; you have a young person under your protection, a lady of the name of Aubrey—

Mort. I have.

Aub. Resign her to my care.

Mort. Sir!

Aub. Put her into my hands: I am rich, sir, I can support her.

Mort. You're insolent, or grossly ignorant, to think

I would betray a trust, a sacred trust: she's a ward of virtue; 'tis from want, 'tis from oppression I protect Miss Aubrey—who are you that think to make a traitor of me?

Aub. Your zeal does honour to you; yet if you persist in it, and spite of my protest hold out, your constancy will be no virtue; it must take another name.

Mort. What other name, and why? Throw off your mystery, and tell me why?

Aub. Because—

Mort. Ay, let us hear your cause.

Aub. Because I am her father.

Mort. Do I live?

Aub. Yes, in my heart, while I have life or memory; that dear injured girl, whom you so honourably protect, is my daughter. The overflowings of a father's heart bless and reward you! You whom I know not, and that poor Highlander, out of his small pittance, have, under Providence, preserved my child; whilst Bridgemore, whom I raised from penury, and trusted with the earnings of my travel, has abandoned and defrauded her.

Mort. O, mother Nature, thou'lt compel me to forswear thee.

Aub. Ah, sir, you feel the villany of man in every vein; I am more practised, and behold it only with a sigh: Colin and I have laid a little plot to draw this Bridgemore hither; he believes me dead, and thinks he is to meet a person at your house, who can relate

particulars of my death; in which case it is clear he means to sink a capital consignment I sent him about three years since, and turn my daughter on the world.

Mort. Well, let him come; next to the satisfaction I receive in the prosperity of an honest man, I am best pleased with the confusion of a rascal.

Enter TYRREL *hastily.*

Tyr. Dear uncle, on my knees——what am I doing?

Mort. You thought I was alone.

Tyr. I did.

Mort. And what had you to tell me in such haste?

Tyr. I had a petition to prefer, on which my happiness in life depends.

Aub. I beg I may retire: I interrupt you.

Mort. By no means: I desire you will not stir; let him make his request; if it is not fit for you to hear, it is not fit for me to grant. Speak out: nay, never hesitate.

Tyr. What can I ask of you but to confirm my hopes, and make Miss Aubrey mine.

Mort. Was ever the like heard? Pray whence do you derive your pretensions to Miss Aubrey? Tell me in presence of this gentleman.

Tyr. Not from my own deservings, I confess; yet, if an ardent, firm, disinterested passion, sanctified withall by her consent, can recommend me, I am not without some title.

Mort. Look you there now: this fellow you shall know, sir, is my nephew; my sister's son; a child of

fortune,—Hark'e, with what face do you talk of love, who are not worth a groat?

Tyr. You have allowed me, sir, to talk of love; openly beneath your eye I have solicited Miss Aubrey's consent, and gain'd it; as for my poverty, in that I glory, for therein I resemble her whom I adore; and I should hope, though fortune has not favoured us, we have not lost our title to the rights of nature.

Mort. Pooh! the rights of nature!—While you enjoy its rights, how will you both provide against its wants?

Tyr. Your bounty hitherto has let me feel no wants; and should it be your pleasure to withdraw it, thanks to Providence, the world is not so scantily provided, but it can give to honest industry a daily dinner.

Mort. Fine words! But I'll appeal to this good gentleman; let him decide betwixt us.

Aub. In truth, young gentleman, your uncle has good reason on his side; and was I he, I never would consent to your alliance with Miss Aubrey, till she brought a fortune large enough to keep you both.

Tyr. These are your maxims I've no doubt; they only prove to me, that you love money more than beauty, generosity, or honour.

Aub. But is your lady in possession of all these? Let me be made acquainted with her, and perhaps I may come over to your sentiments.

Mort. Ay, Frank, go fetch your girl, and let my friend here see her;—I'm in earnest. Upon my

honour, nephew, till you have gained this gentleman's consent, you never can have mine;—so go your way and let us see if you have interest enough to bring her hither.

Tyr. Oh, if my fate depends upon her looks, they must be iron hearts that can withstand them! [*Exit.*

Aub. The manly and disinterested passion of this youth, while it possesses me strongly in his favour, gives an assurance of a virtuous conduct in my child: —Indeed, sir, I am greatly taken with your nephew.

Mort. Thank Heaven, the boy as yet has never made me blush; and, if he holds his course, he may take one half of my fortune now, and t'other at my death.——But see, sir, here your daughter comes.

Enter TYRREL, *introducing Miss* AUBREY.

Tyr. You are obeyed; you see the lady, and you've nothing now to wonder at but my presumption.

Aub. To wonder at! I do behold a wonder!—'Tis her mother's image!—Gracious Providence, this is too much!

Mort. You will alarm her; your disorder is too visible.

Aub. I cannot speak to her; I pray you let me hear her voice.

Aug. Why am I sent for? Is your uncle angry? How have I offended?——

Aub. Hush, hush, she speaks;—'tis she herself,— it is my long-lost wife restor'd and rais'd again.

Mort. Pooh! what had I to do to meddle with these matters?

Aug. Why does that gentleman regard me so attentively? His eyes oppress me:—Ask him if he knows me.

Tyr. Sir, if you know this lady—if you have any tidings to communicate that touch her happiness,—Oh, that I could inspire you with my feelings!

Aub. I knew your father, and am a witness to the hard necessity which tore him from an infant child, and held him eighteen tedious years in exile from his native land.

Aug. What do I hear!—You was my father's friend!—The prayer and intercession of an orphan draw Heaven's righteous benediction down upon you!

Aub. Prepare yourself—be constant. I have news to tell you of your father.

Mort. I can't stand this: I wish I was any where else.

Tyr. Courage, my dear Augusta; my life upon it, there is happiness in store for thee.

Aug. Go on, go on.

Aub. You are in an error; you are not an orphan; you have a father, whom, thro' toil and peril, thro' sickness and through sorrow, Heaven has graciously preserved, and blest at length his unremitting labours with abundance.

Tyr. Did not I tell you this?—Bear up.

Aub. Yes, virtuous Augusta, all your sufferings ter-

minate this moment; you may now give way to love and happiness: you have a father living, who approves you passion, who will crown it with a liberal fortune, who now looks upon you, speaks to you, embraces you. [*Embraces her.*

Mort. There, there; I'm glad 'tis over. Joy befall you both.

Tyr. See how her colour flies——she'll faint.

Aub. What have I done?—Dear innocent, look up.

Aug. Oh, yes, to Heaven with gratitude for these divine vouchsafements.——I have a father then at last.——Pardon my tears; I'm little us'd to happiness, and have not learn'd to bear it.

Tyr. May all your days to come be nothing else! —But look, she changes again.——Help me to lead her into the air. [Tyr. *and* Aub. *leads her out.*

Mort. I believe a little air will not be much amiss for any of us.——Look at that girl; 'tis thus mortality encounters happiness; 'tis thus the inhabitant of earth meets that of Heaven, with tears, with faintings, with surprise:—let others call this the weakness of our nature; to me it proves the unworthiness: for had we merits to entitle us to happiness, the means would not be wanting to enjoy it. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Hall in Lord ABBERVILLE's *House. Enter Lord* ABBERVILLE *followed by* COLIN.

Lord Abberville.

'SDEATH, sir! Am I or you the master of this house? Who made you judge what company is fit for me to keep? The gentlemen you excluded came by my special invitation and appointment.

Colin. Gentlemen!

Lord Abb. Ay, gentlemen. Were they not such?

Colin. Under favour, I took them to be sharpers: I know your lordship always loses, and I've notic'd that they always win.

Lord Abb. Impertinence!—I had debts of honour to adjust with every one of them.

Colin. Hang 'em, base vermin: pay them debts!—pay your poor tradesmen; those are debts of honour. [*Half aside.*

Lord Abb. What is it you mutter?—It was you too, I suppose, that drove away my Jew, that came with money to discharge those debts.

Colin. That's true enow, gude faith; I. promised him a beating, and I kept my word.

Lord Abb. Rascal, thou'rt born to be my plague.

Colin. Rascal! Your father never used that word.

Lord Abb. On your life, name not him: my heart is torn with vultures, and you feed them. Shall I

keep a servant in my house to drive away my guests, to curb my pleasures, my pursuits, and be a spy upon my very thoughts; to set that cynic Mortimer upon me, and expose me in the moments of my weakness to that snarling humourist?—I want no monitors to reproach me, my own thoughts can do that. [*Exit.*

Colin. Well, well; 'tis very well:—A rascal!—Let it pass—Zooks, I'm the first Macleod that ever heard that word and kept my dirk within my girdle.—Let it pass.——I've seen the world, serv'd a spendthrift, heard myself called rascal, and I'll now jog back again across the Tweed, and lay my bones amongst my kindred in the isle of Skey; they're all that will be left of me by then I reach the place.

Enter LA JEUNESSE.

La Jeu. Ah! dere he stand, le pauvre Colin in disgrace! Ha, ha, ha! queile spectacle! Ma foi, I must have one little vord wid him at parting.——Monsieur le Financier, courage; I am inform my lord have sign your lettre de-cachet: vat of dat? the air of Scotland will be for your healt; England is not a country for les beaux esprits; de pure air of de Highlands will give you de grand appetit for de bonny clabber.

Colin. Take your jest, Maister Frenchman, at my countrymen and welcome;—the de'il a jest they made of you last war. [*Exit.*

La Jeu. Yes, you are all adroit enough at war, but none of you know how to be at peace. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in MORTIMER*'s House. Enter* MORTIMER, AUBREY, *and* NAPTHALI.

Mort. And these are all the money dealings you have had with Lord Abberville?

Napth. That is the amount of his debt; the bonds and contracts are in Bridgemore's hands.

Mort. You see your money has not slept in Bridgemore's keeping; your consignment, Mr. Aubrey, is put to pretty good interest. [Mort. *looks over his papers.*

Napth. Aubrey! Is your name Aubrey, may I ask?

Aub. It is.

Napth. Have you had any dealings with Mr. Bridgemore?

Aub. To my cost.

Napth. Did you consign him merchandize from Scanderoon?

Aub. I am the person who was guilty of that folly?

Napth. Bridgemore, I believe, thought you was dead.

Aub. I take for granted he would gladly have me so.——But do you know any thing of that consignment?

Napth. Heh! do I know of it?—I had better make a friend of him;—'tis up with Bridgemore, fait;—there is no senses in serving him any longer. [*Aside.*] ——Why, you shall know, sir, I was Bridgemore's

broker for your merchandize: here is the abstract of the net proceeds.

[*Gives a paper to* Aub. *who peruses it some time.*

Mort. That's lucky, as I live:—I see an honest man never can want weapons to defeat a knave.——And, pray, sir, what might be your profit on this sale; double commission for a breach of trust—that is the rule of trade, I think.

Napth. I work as others;—I do nothing below market-price.

Mort. You're right, sir; 'twould be starving many an honest family, if you made roguery too cheap.——But get you gone together to my library; I observe a person coming who will interrupt you.——Hark'e, Mr. Aubrey, have an eye to our Jew.

Aub. Trust him to me; I'm pretty well accustom'd to their dealings. [*Exit with* Napth.

Enter Dr. DRUID.

Dr. Druid. Save you, sir, save you; is it true I pray you, that a learned gentleman, a traveller, but just arrived, is now with you?

Mort. There is a person under that description in my house.

Dr. Druid. May he be seen, good now? May he be talked with? What has he brought home? Is he well stored with oriental curiosities?

Mort. Faith, sir, indifferent well; he has brought a considerable parcel of sun-dried bricks from the ruins

of antient Babylon, a heavy collection of ores from the mines of Siberia, and a pretty large cargo of common salt from the banks of the Caspian.

Dr. Druid. Inestimable!

Mort. Oh, sir, mere ballast.

Dr. Druid. Ballast indeed; and what discoveries does he draw from all these?

Mort. Why, he has discovered that the bricks are not fit for building; the mines not worth the working, and the salt not good for preserving: in short, Doctor, he has no taste for these trifles; he has made the human heart his study; he loves his own species, and does not care if the whole race of butterflies was extinct.

Dr. Druid. Yes, putterflies—'tis in my mind, d'ye see, what you have said about my putterflies; 'tis upon my memory; but no matter—your studies, Mr. Mortimer, and mine, are wide asunder.—But go on—reform the world, you'll find it a tough task; I am content to take it as I find it.

Mort. While the sun shines, you'll carry a candle; how will that light them, who travel in the night? Away with such philosophers, here comes an honest man, and that's a character worth ten on't.

Enter COLIN.

So, Colin, what's the news with you? If I'm to augur from your countenance, something goes wrong at your house.

Colin. Troth, sir, no mighty matter; only Laird

Abberville has turned away a troublesome fellow, who bore your honour grete gude will.

Mort. What is't you tell me? Is my Lord determined upon ruin, that he puts away the only honest man belonging to him?

Dr. Druid. By this coot light, and that is well remembered; look'e, I got your wages: come, hold out your hand.

Colin. Excuse me, I'll ha' none on't.

Dr. Druid. No wages? Why 'tis all coot money; 'tis in full. What, man, think better on't: you'll want it when you get to Scotland, ten to one else.

Colin. Like enow, but by my sol I'll touch na siller; he has geen a title to me, which I hanna merited, Heaven knows, nor ever shall.

Mort. What title has he given you?

Colin. Saving your presence, it ha' pleas'd my Laird to say, I am a rascal; but I'll na wear a rascal's wages in a Scotish pouch: de'il o' my soul, I'd sooner eat my stroud for famine.

Mort. I think thou would'st, but wait a while with patience; this rash young man's affairs press to a crisis; I have yet one effort more to make, which if it fails I shall take leave of him as well as you.

Enter JARVIS.

Jar. Lord Abberville, sir, desires to speak with you.

Mort. That's well, Colin, go you with honest Jarvis. Doctor, for once let us unite our studies in

this cause; come you with me; if my advice can rescue your unhappy pupil from a course of guilty occupations, your philosophy may furnish harmless ones to fill their place: make haste, make haste, here comes the Bridgemores. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Servant, introducing BRIDGEMORE, *his Wife and Daughter.*

Serv. Please to walk in here; my master will wait upon you immediately.

Bridge. Nobody here!—Hark'e, friend, I expected to meet a stranger: a Gentleman just landed from Scanderoon. Know you of such a one?

Serv. He is now in the house.

Luc. And Mr. Tyrrel, sir, is he at home?

Serv. He is; they both will wait upon you presently. [*Exit.*

Bridge. That's well, that's well; as for old surly-boots we could well spare his company; 'tis a strange dogged fellow, and execrated by all mankind.

Mrs. Bridge. Thank Heaven, he is a man one seldom meets; I little thought of ever setting foot in his house: I hope the savage won't grow ceremonious and return the visit.

Luc. Unless he brings his nephew in his hand.

Enter MORTIMER.

Mort. Ladies, you do me honour. Mr. Bridgemore, you come here upon a melancholy errand——

Bridge. True, sir, but death you know is common

to all men; I look'd to meet a Gentleman here—this is all lost time.

Mort. True: therefore, before he comes, let us fill it up with something more material: I have a business to propose to you, which I consider as my own. You must know, sir, I've a nephew——

Bridge. Mr. Tyrrel, I suppose?

Mort. The same.

Mrs. Bridge. Mind that, Lucy, he is opening his commission.

Luc. La, ma'am, you put me into such a flutter—

Mort. There is a certain Lady, Mr. Bridgemore, whom, on this occasion, you must father.

Bridge. How tedious he is! Cou'dn't he as well have nam'd my daughter?—Well, sir, what are your expectations from that lady?

Mort. Nay, nothing but what you can readily supply: I know no good thing she stands in want of, but a fortune.

Bridge. Well, and who doubts but on a proper occasion I shall give her one? Ay, and a tolerable fortune too, Mr. Mortimer, as times go.

Mort. The fortune you was to have given my ward, Lord Abberville, will just suffice: I think the sum was forty thousand pounds.

Bridge. Why you speak out at once.

Mort. That's ever been my custom; I abominate long sleepy processes; life don't allow of 'em.

Bridge. But I hear nothing on your part; Mr. Tyrrel, as I take it, is wholly dependant on your

bounty—besides, affairs, as I conceive, are yet scarce ripe.

Luc. Indeed, papa, you're very much mistaken.

Mrs. Bridge. Why really, Mr. Mortimer, the parties should at least be suffer'd to consult each other's inclinations.

Mort. By all means; let 'em speak for themselves: 'tis their own cause, and they will plead it best: hark'e, come in: sir, these are the parties.

Enter TYRREL *and* MISS AUBREY.

Luc. Ah!

Mort. What ails you; have you trod upon a thorn?

Mrs. Bridge. Astonishing assurance! Augusta here?

Mort. Yes: Francis Tyrrel and Augusta Aubrey. Do the names offend you? Look at the parties, are they not well-match'd? Examine them, they'll tell you they're agreed. Who shall forbid their union?

Luc. Who cares about it? If Mr. Tyrrel and the lady are agreed, that's enough: I suppose it is not necessary for us to be present at the ceremony.

Bridge. Ay, sir, I pray you, where's the occasion for us to be call'd in, because your nephew chooses to take up with an unworthy girl, that I once harbour'd upon charity?

Tyr. Hold your audacious tongue: let conscience keep you silent.

Aug. Hush, hush! you frighten me; pray be compos'd; and let me own that no injustice, no severity

can wholly cancel what I owe to Mr. Bridgemore for his past protection, and that share of education he allowed me; but when he puts this to the account of charity, he takes a virtue foreign to his heart, and only aggravates the shame that's falling on him.

Mr. Bridge. Is the man thunder-struck; why don't you answer?

Mort. Charity keeps him silent.

Luc. Come, let's begone: her words have daggers in 'em, and her looks have poison.

Aug. Before you go, Miss Bridgemore, suffer me to ask, when you related Lord Abberville's adventure to Mr. Tyrrel, why you supress'd the evidence of your own maid, who conducted him into my chamber!

Luc. Miss Aubrey, if it ever is your fate to have a rival, you will find an answer to that question.

[*Exit with Mrs.* Bridge.

Mort. Hold; you and I, sir, must not part.

[*To* Bridge. *as he is going.*

Bridge. Well, sir, your pleasure?

Aug. I suffer for him; this is a scene I wish not to be present at. [*Exit.*

Tyr. Well, Mr. Bridgemore, you that harbour'd my Augusta upon charity, I shall leave my uncle to discharge my obligations to you on that score, together with his own. [*Exit.*

Mort. Well, sir, we're now alone; and if it needs must be that one of us shall come to shame, 'tis well we are so. It is thought I am a hard unfeeling man:

let it be so: you shall have justice notwithstanding: innocence requires no more. You are accus'd; defend yourself.

Bridge. Accus'd of what; and who is my accuser?

Mort. A man; and you shall face him like a man. Who waits? [*Enter a Servant.*] Desire the stranger to come hither. [*Exit Servant.*] Fear nothing; we're enough to try this question; where the human heart is present, and the appeal is made to Heaven, no jury need be summoned. Here is a stranger has the confidence to say that your pretensions to charity are false: nay, he arraigns your honesty; a charge injurious to any man, but mortal to a trader, and levell'd at the vital root of his profession.

Bridge. Ay, 'tis the Turkey merchant I suppose; let him come in; I know upon what ground I stand, and am afraid of no man living.

Mort. We shall try that. [*Aside.*] Do you know this gentleman?

Enter AUBREY.

Bridge. Aubrey! [*Starting.*]

Aub. Thou wretch!

Bridge. He lives!

Aub. To thy confusion——Rais'd by the bounty of my family, is this your gratitude? When in the bitterness of my distress I put an infant daughter in your hands, the last weak sycon of a noble stock, was it to rob me you received her; to plunder and defraud an helpless orphan, as you thought her,

and rise upon the ruins of your benefactor's fortune?

Bridge. Oh! I am trepan'd! How shall I look my wife and daughter in the face! [*Aside.*

Aub. Where have you lodged the money I deposited with you at parting? I find my daughter destitute: what have you done with the remittances I sent from time to time? But above all, where is the produce of the Neptune's cargo? Villain, look here, I have the proofs; this is the abstract of the sale; if you dispute it, I am here provided with a witness, your Jew broker, ready at hand to attest it to your face.

Bridge. Expose me not; I will refund to the last farthing: I dispute nothing; call him not in.

Mort. There's no occasion for witnesses when a man pleads guilty.

Enter Miss AUGUSTA AUBREY *and throws herself on her knees to her Father.*

Aug. Dear sir, upon my knees, I do beseech you mitigate your severity; it is my first petition; he's detected, let his conscience add the rest.

Aub. Rise my beloved child, it shall be so. There, sir, your pardon be your punishment; it was my money only you attempted; my choicest treasure you have left untouch'd: now go and profit by this meeting: I will not expose you: learn of you fraternity a more honourable practice; and let integrity for

ever remain the inseparable characteristic of an English merchant.

Mort. Stay; I've another point to settle with you; you're a creditor of Lord Abberville's: I find you've put Miss Aubrey's money to extraordinary interest: Jarvis, shew this gentleman into my library; you'll find a lawyer there will settle your accounts.

Bridge. I think you've pretty well done that already—A fine visit truly I have made on't; and a fine reception I shall meet at home. [*Exit.*

Aub. So! This uneasy business past, let us now turn to happiness: where is your nephew?

Mort. Conferring with Lord Abberville.

Aug. Lord Abberville! You frighten me.

Mort. Fear nothing; you will find him a new man; a deep incision has let out the disorder; and I hope a healthy regimen in time will heal the wound; in short I can't be idle; and now Frank is off my hands, I've once more undertaken to set this ricketty babe of quality upon his legs—Oh, here he comes; why this is as it should be; now you look like friends.

Lord ABBERVILLE *and Mr.* TYRREL.

Lord Abb. May we be ever so! O, Mortimer, I blush to look upon that lady; your reproofs I bore with some composure; but methinks was she to chide me, I should sink with shame.

Aug. You've nothing, my Lord Abberville, to apprehend from me: I should be loth to give an interruption to your happiness in the height of my own.

Aub. Give me thy hand, Augusta——In the hope that I was labouring for thy sake, and in thy person that I should restore the prostrate fortunes of an ancient house, I have toiled on through eighteen years of wearisome adventure: crown'd with success, I now at length return, and find my daughter all my fondest hope could represent; but past experience makes me provident: I would secure my treasure; I would bestow it now in faithful hands—What say you, sir, will you accept the charge?

[*To* Tyr.

Tyr. Yes, and will bear it ever in my sight, watch over it with unremitting love, and guard it with my life.

Aub. What says my child, my dear Augusta? But I read her looks——Blest be you both!

Mort. Amen, say I. Live an example to the age; and when I read the list of marriages, as I do that of burials, with a sigh, let me have this to say, that there was one example of felicity.

Lord Abb. O, Frank, 'tis hard to speak the word, but you deserve her; yours is the road to happiness: I have been lost in error, but I shall trace your steps, and press to overtake you.

Mort. Why, that's well said; there spoke your fa-

ther from within you: now begone; fly to the altars of your country lares; visit that nurse of contemplation, solitude; and while you range your groves, that shook at every rattle of the dice, ask of your reason why you was a gamester.

Lord Abb. I've been a madman; I have lost an humble faithful friend, whose services would be invaluable.

Mort. Why ay, your Highlander, your poor Macleod; our plan must stop without his help; I'm but a projector, he must execute—but there likewise I can serve you.

Lord Abb. O Mortimer, how much have I mistaken thee!

Mort. Come, come, I have my faults; I'm an untoward fellow, and stand as much in need of a reform as any of you all.

Enter Dr. DRUID *hastily, followed by* COLIN.

Dr. Druid. Tutor me truly—talk to me! Pray, gentlemens, bear witness: is Master Colins here a proper teacher of the dialects, d'ye see, and pronunciations of the English tongue?

Colin. Why not? Is there not Duncan Ross of Aberdeen, that lactures twice a week in oratory at the Seven Dials? and does not Sawney Ferguson, a cousin of mine awn, administer the English language in its utmost elegance at Amsterdam?

Dr. Druid. Bear witness; that is all I say, bear witness.

Mort. We do: there is not one amongst us, Doctor, but can witness to some noble act of Colin's; and we would not wound his harmless vanity, for any bribe that you can offer.

Lord Abb. Colin, I've done you wrong: but I was not myself; be you no worse a servant than you have been, and you shall find henceforward I will be a better master.

Colin. I'm satisfied; an you'll neglect yoursall na more than I shall do, things will gang well enow.

Tyr. I must apologize to Colin too; like my Lord Abberville, I was not myself when I rebuff'd you on the business of Miss Aubrey's letter.

Colin. Say no more, Maister Tyrrel; 'tis not for a mon to resent the pertness of a cheeld, or the petulance of a lover.

Aug. But what shall I say to him? Where shall I find words to thank him as I ought?

Aub. I father all your obligations; 'twas not you but me his bounty sav'd.

Lord Abb. Hold, sir; in point of obligation, I stand first. By how much there is more disgrace in doing than in suffering a violence, by so much I am more his debtor than you all.

Colin. Ecod, and that is true enew; Heaven sends misfortunes, but the de'il sends mischief.

Dr. Druid. Well, Master Colin, all is past and

over; you have got your place again, and all is well. Coot now, let me admonish you for the future to be quiet and hear reason; moderate your choler and your passions and your partialities: it is not for a clown like you to prattle and dispute with me; in fait you should know better.

Mort. Come, come, 'tis you that should know better; in this poor Highlander, the force of prejudice has some plea, because he is a clown; but you, a citizen that should be of the world, whose heart, philosophy and travel might have open'd, should know better than to join the cry with those, whose charity, like the limitation of a brief, stops short at Berwick, and never circulates beyond the Tweed: by Heaven, I'd rather weed out one such unmanly prejudice from the hearts of my countrymen, than add another Indies to their empire.

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY MRS. BARRY.

LADIES, your country's ornament and pride,
Ye, whom the nuptial deity has tied
In silken fetters, will ye not impart
For pity's sake, some portion of your art
To a mere novice, and prescribe some plan
How you would have me live with my good man?

Tell me, if I should give each passing hour
To love of pleasure or to love of power;
If with the fatal thirst of desperate play
I should turn day to night and night to day:
Had I the faculty to make a prize
Of each pert animal that meets my eyes,
Say are these objects worth my serious aim;
Do they give happiness, or health, or fame?
Are hecatombs of lovers hearts of force
To deprecate the demons of divorce?

Speak, my advisers, shall I gain the plan
Of that bold club, which gives the law to man,
At their own weapon that proud sex defies
And sets up a new female paradise?

Lights for the ladies! Hark, the bar-bells sound!
Shew to the club-room—See the glass goes round—
Hail happy meeting of the good and fair,
Soft relaxation from domestic care,
Where virgin minds are early train'd to loo,
And all Newmarket opens to the view.

In these gay scenes shall I affect to move,
Or pass my hours in dull domestic love?
Shall I to rural solitudes descend,
With Tyrrel my protector, guardian, friend;
Or to the rich Pantheon's round repair,
And blaze the brightest heathen goddess there?
Where shall I fix? Determine ye who know,
Shall I renounce my husband, or Soho?
With eyes half open'd and an aching head,
And ev'n the artificial roses dead,
When to my toilette's morning task resign'd,
What visitations then may seize my mind!

Save me, just Heaven, from such a painful life,
And make me an unfashionable wife!

THE END.

De Wilde pinxt. Audinet fc.

M.r MIDDLETON as SALISBURY.

Come on.
'Tis Salisbury, Salisbury calls thee to the Strife.

London. Printed for J. Bell British Library Strand. Feb.9.1793.

THE

COUNTESS OF SALISBURY.

A

TRAGEDY,

By HALL HARTSON, Esq.

ADAPTED FOR

THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRES-ROYAL,

DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOKS,

By Permission of the Managers.

The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation.

LONDON:

Printed for the Proprietors, under the Direction of

JOHN BELL, British Library, STRAND,

Bookseller to His Royal Highness the PRINCE of WALES.

M DCC XCIII.

TO

ELIZABETH,

Countess of Moira.

MADAM,

THE attention you have vouchsafed to the Countess of Salisbury and the author, ever since they have had the honour of being known to your ladyship, persuades me that you will take pleasure in hearing it has been favourably received on the English theatre. Stript now of all stage decoration, and the assistance which it has hitherto received from the most animated performance, it is to undergo a stricter scrutiny, that of the closet; a scrutiny for which it is indeed but little provided. I know your ladyship will make a tender allowance for want of experience in the author, and such errors as are incident to human imperfection; but this is an indulgence, which I doubt the critic will not so readily show him. But however he may censure, I must ever think myself happy in having already acquired your ladyship's good opinion. I am also flattered, as often as I think of the near resemblance my heroine has of your ladyship. Had I been earlier honoured with your ladyship's acquaintance, I think I could have much

enlarged the character. And yet there are many virtues, many delicacies, which it would have been impossible for me to have preserved in the picture, of which those only can be truly sensible, who have the happiness of being acquainted with the original.

Please, madam, to accept the following attempt, as an offering of my gratitude for many favours; an imperfect indeed, but honest proof, of the esteem which is due from,

MADAM,

Your Ladyship's

Most respectful,

Most obliged,

Humble Servant,

H. HARTSON.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE COUNTESS OF SALISBURY made her appearance about two years ago in Ireland, where she was received with very singular marks of favour; the author there had many friends, and with all the partiality they might be supposed to have for him, those friends did not hesitate to declare, that the excellent performance of *Mrs. Dancer* and *Mr. Barry*, contributed largely to the success of the piece:—written in his early youth, without having much knowledge of the stage, or dramatic performances, the author is sensible what his tragedy must be, notwithstanding the smiles with which it has been indulged. England, agreeably to the character of good nature and generosity which it has established through all the world, has kindly followed the example of its sister nation, and received with indulgence the attempt of a young writer, who is indeed ambitious of pleasing, but dares not aspire to excellence. He attributes, in a great measure, his good fortune now, to what his friends attributed it before, the animated performance of *Mrs. Dancer* and *Mr. Barry*:—It is theirs to endeavour to support a reputation already gained; his to aim at improvement, in order to acquire one.

THE COUNTESS OF SALISBURY.

THE author of this play is a gentleman, by name HALL HARTSON. An anecdote is told, the probability of which we are inclined to admit, that Dr. LELAND assisted in the composition. What induces us to think so, is the strange inequality of the composition. Some pages, not scenes, carry all that weighty exuberance of figurative diction that we catch from the study of Milton; elevation of thought, refined by platonism; others again retain the flattest puerilities of thought and expression.

Surely no understanding capable of producing much of this tragedy, would think it necessary to make the following rejoinder:

> But hear me, lady, hear a pious lesson,
> Which thy own lips to me have *oft* repeated;
> There is a power unseen, whose charge it is,
> With ever wakeful eye, to watch the good.

The sentences are frequently rendered uncouth, as well by distorted expression, as tumid affectation. Lady Salisbury, when demanded whether her lover should be made happy to-morrow, or the bright succeeding day, answers,——

> I know not; nor will I submit me or
> To promis'd league or tye.

The catastrophe of the piece produces the pleasure, which results from triumphant virtue.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. WESTON, in the Character of a Teague.

MY jewels, I'm come to spake in the behalf——
Hoot, devil burn you all, you makes me laugh;
Upon my soul now, I don't take it well in you;—
Arra, be easy, till I'm after telling you:

Smit with the love of glory and of pelf,
To-night a bard, from Dublin its own self,
Has brought a play here for your approbation;
A very pretty thing, by my salvation.——
If you'll trust Irish evidence, I mean.—
I cann't the story very well explain:
But its about a countess and an earl;
The countess is a mighty honest girl.
But there's a villian with a damn'd cramp'd name,
Makes such proposhals—'tis a burning shame——
Another too—a knight—bekeys as why——
But kould you now, you'll see it by and bye;
And then 'tis time enough to tell the plot.——
Oh, but that's true,—I'd like to have forgot
The dresses:—'Pon my conscience, in my days
I never saw their peer,—they're all a blaze.
Then there's a child, the sweetest little rogue!——
Only excuse a trifling spice of brogue;——

He'll make you cry your eyes out, I'll be bound——
'Tis Ireland is the true poetic ground.
The Muses—Phœbus—heath'nish cant I loath!
What's Mount Parnassus to the Hill of Howth?
Or all the scenes each foolish poet paints——
Oh, bub-bub-boo! give me the isle of saints.—
Turn up your noses—cavil now and carp——
Musha, I'm sure our emblem is the harp.
But stop!---the bell rings.——Fait they'll soon begin;
'Tis time for me to be a going in.
I take my lave, then——but dear craters mind—
Pray, to our Irish poetry be kind:
'Tis a new manufacture in effect;
And yours, my souls, t' encourage and protect.
No critic custom then exacted be;
Pass it, like Irish linen, duty free.

Dramatis Personae.

DRURY-LANE.

Men.

ALWIN,	Mr. Smith.
RAYMOND,	Mr. Palmer.
GREY,	Mr. Aickin.
MORTON,	Mr. Farren.
SIR ARDOLF,	Mr. Packer.
LEROCHES,	Mr. Chaplin.
LORD WILLIAM,	Miss Heard.

Women.

ELEANOR,	Miss Kemble.
LADY SALISBURY,	Mrs. Siddons.

Knights, Peasants, &c.

SCENE, *Salisbury Castle, and the Country about it.*

THE COUNTESS OF SALISBURY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An Avenue leading to a Gothic Castle. Enter GREY *and First* Knight.

Grey.

A MESENGER dispatch'd by Lady Salisbury!

Knt. And in the specious guise he wore, had pass'd
Unquestion'd; had not I in happy season
Approach'd, even as th' unwary centinels
Half op'd the gate. By threats o'eraw'd in part,
In part thro' hope of favour won, he own'd
At length, by whom employed, whither bent,
And for what purpose.

Grey. Say—

Knt. Strait to repair
To Marlborough; where now, as fame reports,
Our king resides, with all his peers; and there
To seek the Lord de Warren; to what end
This paper will, as I suppose, inform you—
I was about to bear it to Lord Raymond.

Grey. That care be mine. Henceforward it concerns
Us near, our vigilance be doubly firm. [*Exit* Knt.

Reads.] 'The Countess of Salisbury, to her illus-
'trious friend, the Lord de Warren.

'I have lost my husband—Me and my lands Lord
'Raymond claims, as by royal grant assigned to him.
'He has banished my train, encompassed me with
'his creatures, and holds me a prisoner in my
'own castle. If the memory of thy noble friend be
'dear to thee, haste and rescue the afflicted

'ELA.'

How near was Raymond's hope, the beauteous hope
He tended with unceasing care, how near
My rising fortunes marr'd—I like not this:
Her, and her rich domains he would possess;
Yet in his breast there lives that kind of heart
Withholds him from the path that's nearest—He,
That would be great, must first be bold.
I hate those motley'd characters;
Something, I know not what, 'twixt good and ill,
Yet neither absolute; all good, all ill,
For me—That day, saith he, that happy day,
Which sees the countess mine, shall amply pay
Thy services: a doubtful balance this
Whereon my fortunes hang—This way he moves;
And, by his gait and gesture, ill at ease—
We must be firm;
My hopes demand it, and the time admits
No weak, no scrupulous delay—

Enter RAYMOND.

Ray. To sue,
But ever without grace to sue—oh Grey!
I am even weary of the vain pursuit.

Grey. It is, in truth, my lord, an irksome labour.

Ray. But now I cast me at the fair one's feet;
Pleaded my passion with whatever arts
Might best the gentle purpose aid; but she,
Instead of such return as I might hope,
Repaid me with an eye of cold contempt.
Of her late gallant lord she spoke; his merits
In opposition hateful placed to mine.
Urg'd then with recollection of her wrongs,
Like the loud torrent, with steep winter rains
O'ercharg'd, in all the loose, ungovern'd sway
Of wrath and indignation, she assail'd me.

Grey. And did my lord, in this unseemly fashion,
Hear all with equal temper? Wak'd he not
With such a peal—

Ray. Thou know'st not what it is
To love like me—Long time (for passion now
Had shed o'er all her charms a brighter glow,
That like Jove's daughter most she look'd, severe
In youthful beauty) long I lay, o'eraw'd
And silenc'd as by some superior being;
Till wak'd by pride, quick from the floor I sprung;
Warn'd her how she provok'd my power;
'Twas great, 'twas now within these walls supreme;
I long had gently woo'd her; but that love,
Tho' patient, would not always brook disdain.

Grey. 'Twas well: and what ensu'd?

Ray. Silence at first,
Then tears; bright drops, like May-morn dews that fall
From the sweet blossom'd thorn. Back in her chair
She sunk—Oh! had you seen her then, dissolv'd
In all the soft, the lovely languishment
Of woe; while at her knee, with countenance
Most piteous stood her beauteous boy, and look'd
As if each tear, which from his mother fell,
Would force a passage to his little heart——
I fled; else had I kneel'd, and wept myself
As well as she.

Grey. O shame to manhood!—suits
Such weakness with our hopes?

Ray. She must, she must;
Yes, Grey, she must be mine—and yet—yet fain
Would I persuade the fair one, not compel.

Grey. Say to what purpose then was seiz'd her castle?
When she your suit rejected, then perforce
To claim her as the gift of royal favour!
To lord it here so long, and now to falter—
My lord, my lord, the mound is overleapt,
What now forbids but without further pause
To crop the rich, the golden fruits within?

Ray. Ungracious is the love reluctance yields;
And cold, cold even as marble is the maid,
Who comes unwilling to another's arms.

Grey. In brief, would you partake the lady's bed?

Ray. What means the question?

Grey. Look on that, my lord :
Better reluctant come, than not at all.
Ray. How came this to your hand ?
Grey. By one whose cares
Of thee demand no trivial recompence.
His wakeful eye it was descry'd the bearer;
Else had the watch with all their vigilance
Prov'd insufficient.
Ray. My better angel interposed.
Grey. Had this it's purpos'd scope attain'd—my lord,
Were this but whisper'd in our Henry's ear—
He gave the royal nod, you say: true, he
Permitted, but thus far ; that you should woo
The lady, and, her choice approving wed;
No more. By us the public ear is told
She hath approved: our artifice hath spread
The rumour ; and with some it is receiv'd
That she is now your full-espoused consort :
But truth, my lord, long cannot rest conceal'd ;
It will abroad, of that be sure, in spite
Of all our studied wiles.
Ray. What's to be done ?
Grey. 'Tis critical ; and must be manag'd nicely—
But see, with Eleanor the Countess comes ;
And in her hand the young lord William. Here
Her custom is to walk : retire we now ;
And thou observe the counsels of a friend.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter LADY SALISBURY, LORD WILLIAM, *and* ELEANOR.

Lady Sal. Talk'st thou of patience? What! the very roof,
That should protect and shelter me, become
My prison? Aw'd, and threatened, as I am,
By this intruder!—Cruel destiny!
Had I not more than common griefs before?

Ele. In evil hour thy hospitable gates
Were open'd to receive him.

Lady Sal. Unguarded that I was!—But who could then
Foresee the purpose of his coming.

Ele. Who
Can think even yet, that once repuls'd, he e'er
Would thus presume?

Lady Sal. Is there no succour then?
No generous hand to vindicate my wrongs?
Oh Salisbury! Salisbury! why, if yet thou liv'st—
Fond hope! he lives not, else with speed of thought
Would he repair to his afflicted Ela.

Ele. Why, dearest lady, will you yield you up
A prey to purpos'd sorrow? Time is fruitful;
And the next hour perhaps may bring thee comfort.

Lady Sal. Day after day I have watch'd the joyless hours:
Night after night, when some fleet courier sent
Before perchance, or letter fraught with sweet

Assurance of his safety might appear;
Five tedious moons have pass'd since first were told
The dismal tidings; no fleet courier sent
Before, alas! nor letter with such sweet
Assurance yet appears—He's gone! he's lost!
And I shall never, never see him more.

Ele. Ah! suffer not the leaden hand of cold
Despair thus weigh thee down; I yet have hope—

Lady Sal. Away with hope, away. No, no; full loud,
As I remember, and outrageous blew
The storm, that even the solid fabric shook
Of yonder walls; deep-rooted oaks gave way;
Churches and spires were overturn'd; nor even
The peasant's humble roof esscap'd that hour.
The fleet, save only one, one luckless ship,
Have all return'd; my lord nor hath been seen,
Alas! nor ever heard of since the storm.

Ele. Heaven visit her affliction, and bestow
That patience which she needs.

Lady Sal. No, Eleanor; no more shall he
To these deserted walls return. No more
Shall trophies, won by many a gallant deed,
Thro' the long hall in proud procession move;
No more fair Salisbury's battlements and towers
Re-echo to th' approaching trumpet's voice.
Never, oh! never more shall Ela run
With throbbing bosom at the well-known sound,
T'unlock his helmet, conquest-plum'd, to strip
The cuishes from his manly thigh, or snatch

Quick from his breast the plated armour, wont
T' oppose my fond embrace—Sweet times farewell.

Lord Wil. Mother, why do you speak so? you make me sad.

Lady Sal. It is too soon, my child, for thee to know
What sadness is.

Lord Wil. Will not my father come home soon?
Eleanor told me he would: she would not tell a lye.

Lady Sal. No, love.

Lord Wil. Then he will come.

Lady Sal. Sweet innocence! I fear he will not.

Lord Wil. I hope he is not sick.

Lady Sal. —Go, lovely pratler, seek thy toys; go, go.

Lord Wil. I will, good mother; but don't be sad, or I shall be so too. [*Exit.*

Lady Sal. Sweet state of childhood! unallay'd with cares;
Serene as spring-tide morn, new-welcom'd up
With bleat of lamb, with note of woodlark wild.
With riper years come passions turbulent
And rude, a baleful crew, unnumber'd as
The forest leaves that strew the earth in autumn.
When happiness is round thee, when thou art on
The lap of downy ease, when thou art cherish'd
In the fair bosom of unruffl'd joy,
Comes a fell hand, dashes thee rudely down,
And leaves thee to despair.

Ele. Cease,
Cease, lady, to afflict thee: Raymond may,
I trust he will, e'er long retire, and give

Thee ease again—But hither comes his minion :
Much with his lord he can ; and, as he lists,
To purposes of good or ill o'er-rules
His mind : if he accost thee, speak him gently.

Enter GREY.

Grey. As you are fair above all other women,
So may you lend to that I would implore
A gracious ear.

Lady Sal. Without more preface, briefly speak thy suit.

Grey. To love, but ne'er to reap of love the sweet
Returns, is sure the worst of ills.

Lady Sal. And what of that?

Grey. Tho' love denied, yet pity may do much
To sooth the wound that pity gives—In brief,
Thou much-rever'd! my suit is in behalf of Raymond.

Lady Sal. Then I will spare us both some cost
Of words—In brief, I love him not, nor pity :
So tell thy lord—I would be private—hence.

Grey. Your words are brief indeed ; but of that kin
I dare not, must not bear my lord.

Lady Sal. Must not!

Grey. 'Tis cruel towards the man who loves so fondly.

Lady Sal. Doth he assume the specious name of love?
Love is a bright, a generous quality,
Heaven gave to noble minds ; pure and unmix'd
With every grosser stuff; a goodly flower,
Shoots up and blossoms in great souls alone

Grey. The mind, th' exalted soul thou nam'st, is his.
Lives there a youth more gentle of condition,
In fair accomplishments more grac'd, admir'd?
If beauty sway thy fond regards, if wealth,
I know not in fair England one with him
Can vie.

Lady Sal. Is then the star, the peerless star,
That late was gaz'd on, quite obscur'd? What tho'
He may have set, hath he not left a train
Of glory in the skies?—Th' illustrious name
Of Salisbury yet survives—If wealth—but mark me;
Were he of all the wealth possess'd from where
Th' East-Indian bids the sun good morrow, to where
Th' Atlantic in her wide-extended lap
Receives him setting; could he in each hand
A thousand sceptres place, not all should bribe
Me to his bed—No, Salisbury! thou hast been
The husband of my early love; with thee,
That love was all interr'd; and when I pluck
It forth again, gape wide that earth wherein
Thou liest, quick snatch me from the light of Heaven,
And swallow me within her lowest prison!

Grey. For pity's sake yet soften; for, oh sure
No former love could ever equal his;
No bosom boast the generous flame wherewith
Lord Raymond glows for thee, admired fair!

Lady Sal. Hear this, ye Heavens, and grant me patience—Where's
My people? where the freedom that I late
Was blest with? Wherefore is my palace throng'd

With strangers? Why, why are my gates shut up
And fortified against their rightful mistress?

Grey. Madam———

Lady Sal. Is this the love he boasts?
Is this the fair accomplish'd, this the gentle youth?
Must I recall to mind—Came he not then
Even while the memory of my dear lov'd lord
Was green: while sorrow yet was in my eyes?
—Tears! ye will choke me—Came he not even then,
And broke in on my sorrows? Like a spoiler
He came, heap'd up the measure of my woes,
Added new anguish to th' afflicted heart,
And swell'd the current of the widow's tears.

Grey. Madam, were he that spoiler thou proclaim'st,
He need not now thus humbly sue for that
His power long since, unask'd might have extorted.

Lady Sal. Ha! what art thou that thus presum'st to threaten?
Extorted!—Hence thou rude one, bolder even
Than him who calls thee slave.

Grey. Madam, you speak
As though you knew me not.

Lady Sal. I know thee well—
To what concerns Lord Raymond I have spoke,
My final purpose fix'd:
For thee, I charge thee shun my presence; hence,
And learn the distance that befits thy calling.

Grey. Not ere I speak more fully to the cause—
Nay, lady, look not on me with so stern

An eye, but give me patient hearing—

Lady Sal. No more; I'll hear no more.

Grey. Nor hear me!—When next we meet—I will be heard. [*Exit.*

Lady Sal. What meant he, Eleanor?—I will be heard.

Ele. Alas! I know not: but a soul he hath,
Prompt and alert to acts of desperate thinking.
Hardly thou art beset; O lady, lend
An ear to what thy Eleanor would counsel.
When next he comes (for that he hath obtained
Of Raymond leave to woo thee to his will,
I know) assume a gentler carriage. Seem
As tho' you may hereafter to his suit
Incline. Be ruled: necessity oft lends
A sanction to deceit. Demand a pause:
My lord of Salisbury's fate yet unconfirm'd
Shall add thereto a seeming colour. Chance,
Mean time, that comes or soon or late to all,
To thee may come with unexpected succour.

Lady Sal. ———Sincerity,
Thou, spotless as the snowy-vested hill!
Forgive me, if, by lawless power constrain'd,
I turn this once from thy long-trodden path;
It must be so———
Oh, Salisbury! Salisbury! thou lamented shade;
Descend from those pure mansions, where thou sit'st
Exalted: hover o'er me: and, as thou
Wert wont, support me in this hour of trial.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Within the Castle. Enter RAYMOND *and* GREY.

Grey.

AWAY, my lord, away with every care;
The conflict's past, and fortune is our own—
Defeated once, again I sought the fair;
I sought her, and prevail'd.

Ray. By all the joys, the nameless joys, that on
The precious hour of soft compliance wait,
I will requite thee nobly. Say, for much
My wonder's mov'd, how hast thou found
Such grace? How wrought this change, thus sudden,
——thus,
Unhop'd from her late bearing?

Grey. Uncertain is the sex—but that imports not.
It now remains, that proof, such proof be sought
Of Salisbury's fate, as by minute detail
Of circumstances shall with the lady gain
Prompt cadence—Hear what I have devis'd, if you
Approve——

Enter a Knight.

Knt. My lord, two strangers I have brought,
Within the precincts of the castle found.

Ray. Say'st thou two strangers? of what qua'ity?

Knt. With me they were of speech not over-prompt;
But by their outward guise they would seem men
As with some pious purpose charg'd. Severe
The younger seems, but of excelling form;

And wishes to recruit his wearied limbs
Beneath the friendly covert of this roof.

Ray. Conduct them to our presence— [*Exit* Knt.
I were loth,
The weary traveller to dismiss my gates,
Unhospitably rude; yet none I wish,
While we are yet suspended at the nod
Of peevish and uncertain chance, approach
These walls.

Re-enter Knight, *with* Strangers.

Whence, and what are you?

1st Stran. What we are,
These weeds, tho' we were silent, might unfold.
Alwin I am call'd, my fellow traveller
Leroches. Our way was bent for Canterbury,
With purpose of a pious vow: o'ertaken
By weariness from travel, and desire
Of food, we journey'd hither-ward, in hope
The lord of these fair turrets, first descry'd
At close of evening, might befriend our toils.

Ray. Whence have you come?

Alw. From France, not many days.

Ray. Say, what occasion may have called you hither?

Alw. To aid (Heaven prosper long) my country's
weal.

Ray. You are a soldier then?

Alw. I have been such;
And to be such was my most dear inclining;
Smit with the love, even from my greenest youth,

Of honest arms. Some share of fame I too
Achiev'd—But ill the soldier it beseems
To trumpet his own praises.
Ray. Cease not so.
Tho' in the school of war untutor'd, much
It pleaseth me to hear the brave man's labours.
Alw. None but have heard how some time since was sent
To claim of Lewis certain lands usurp'd
A puissant force——
Ray. Were you therein employed?
Alw. Beneath the royal banner I enroll'd,
As was my bent, in quest of fame.
Ray. Indeed!—
Lord Salisbury then perchance of thee was known?
Alw. I knew him well; our Liege's near ally,
And second to duke Richard in command.
Fast by his side was my allotted post
Upon the marshal'd field: by him I fought,
For him had died.
Ray. Of him fame loudly speaks,
That in those wars he was a gallant man.
Alw. He was not wont, while others bravely fought,
To look unactive on.
Ler. A foe like him,
France never knew, of all that warrior host,
Which like an inundation England pour'd
On her affrighted shores—
Ray. But what
Have prov'd his latter fortunes I should wish

To learn—Say, courteous stranger, if thou can'st,
Of this renowned lord: a rumour hath
Long since prevail'd, that he on Gallia's coast
Was wreck'd with all his crew.

Alw. What cause there was
Of such report, alas! these eyes have seen;
How true in part it is, too sure this tongue
Can testify.

Ray. I pray you let us hear.

Alw. —O'ercharg'd with human prey, fell war had ceas'd
To walk his wasteful round; well pleas'd we turn
Us from the blood-stain'd field; exulting each
With some rich spoil, trophies by valiant dint
Of arms achiev'd. Forthwith the eager host
Embark.
And now the chalky clifts on Albion's coast
T' our straining view appear'd; th' exulting crew
With peals redoubled greet the well known shore—
Ill fated men! in vain the anxious dame
Oft mounts the high-rais'd tower, thence earnest looks
Haply if her wish'd-for lord may come; in vain
The pratling boy oft asks her of his sire,
That never, never shall return.

Ray. Proceed,
Good stranger—what was the event?

Alw. Anon
The winds began to shift—up rose a storm
And heav'd the bosom of the troubled deep:
On the swoln billows sits enthron'd grim death,

And shakes his fatal dart.—The fleet, which late
In such fair order sail'd, is now dispers'd.
Before the wind we drove, left to the mercy
Of the wild waves, and all-disposing Heaven—
Oh my lov'd friends! associates of my toils!
Rescu'd in vain from war's wide wasteful arm,
Here end your labours! here sweet life forsakes you!
For me, a slender plank, next to the hand
Of some good angel, bore me to the shore.
Of full five hundred gallant lives, which late
Embark'd, not one that fatal hour surviv'd—

Ray. Save only thee?

Alw. Save only me!

Ray. Speak, now secure, for nearly it concerns
My quiet—speak—was Salisbury of your crew?

Alw. Alas! too sure.

Ray. Enough—Thy courtesy
Of us may well, and shall be well requited.
Of this our friend accept mean time his prompt
Regards: anon we shall be glad to hold
Some farther converse with you.

[*Exit* Alw. Ler. *and* Knt.

Grey. Of this stranger
What thinks my lord?

Ray. As of an angel, sent
To waft me on his wings strait to the summit
Of all my wishes—With what a gallant grace
He bears him!—Much I wish to hear him speak
Again—to hear the battles he has fought,
And all the story of his life and fortunes.

Grey. That we shall learn hereafter: but 'tis meet
That he to Lady Salisbury first unfold
The sum of what he had reported.

Ray. Methinks
I now behold her, like some full-blown flower,
The fairest of the garden, late o'ercharg'd
With showers, her head declining sad, whilst he
Recounts the story of her Salisbury's fate.
Would she were mine without a tear;
Without a sigh.—But she must weep; she must;
Thereon my all depends—Oh wayward sorrow!
That wounds—yet wounding heals the lover.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to an Apartment. LADY SALISBURY *reclining on a Couch.* *Enter* ELEANOR.

Ele. Grief, that of time's fix'd periods for repose
Takes small account, hath lull'd her wearied senses—
Where'er thou dwell'st, Oh Peace, with azure eyes
Serene; or if in stately-structur'd dome,
Or thatch'd-roof'd cottage low, or in cool grot
By fountain clean thou sit'st, or if perchance
Along the silver brook's green liveried verge
Reclin'd, approach thou rosy-dimpled fair;
Leave thy sweet haunts awhile; and with that balm
Which soothes the woe-struck heart, await her slumbers.

The hour approaches, when, as is her custom,
She seeks the hallowed shrine, and pious wakes
The voice of pure devotion to high Heaven:
I'll thither, and expect her—but she wakes——
How fares the mistress of my best regards?
Proved her slumbers sweet as were my wishes?

Lady Sal. Sweet, sweet, my Eleanor; so sweet, oh! would
I ne'er had wak'd. I dreamt, as wont on him
To dream, that I beheld his gracious form,
My bosom's lord: a while he stood, and seem'd
On me to smile; then flew to my embraces——
Ah fleeting ecstacy!—'twas but a dream.

Enter a Knight.

Knt. Thy favour, lady; I am charg'd with news,
That much imports thy hearing: summon up
Thy powers; two strangers late have come, of whom
One brings assured tidings of thy lord.

Lady Sal. ——My lord——what——speak——

Knt. He saith he knew my Lord
Of Salisbury well; that he was of his crew;
And with that peer embark'd from France.

Lady Sal. —But—well—from France.——

Knt. Lady, all must have
Their sorrows. Strait uprose a mighty tempest,
Dispers'd the fleet o'er all the seas——
The storm—the fatal wreck—of all
The stranger gives most circumstantial proof.

Ele. Alas the tidings!—Dearest lady, give

Thy sorrows vent; thy bosom's overfraught,
And will find ease by letting loose its woes.

Lady Sal. ——Well, well——
Then he is lost, and all, all is despair.
Tho' languid, yet was hope not quite extinct—
Where, where's the stranger? Seek him, haste, that I
May hear him fully speak of all. Methinks [*Exit* Knt.
'Twill be a desperate sort of soothing; to hang
Upon each sound, catch every circumstance
Of the sad story; and wring my aching heart
Till I am even surfeited with sorrow.

Ele. Behold, the stranger comes——.

Enter ALWIN.

Lady Sal. Bear, bear me up, good Heaven!
That I may give full measure to my sorrow.

Alw. —Thy angel hover o'er thee, and support thee.
[*In an under voice.*

Lady Sal. ——The dead ere now
Have burst the prisons of the close pent grave,
And apparitions strange of faith appear'd;
Perhaps thou too art but a shadow; let
Me grasp thee, for, as I have life, I think——
It is, it is my Salisbury! O my lord!

Lord Sal. My bosom's joy!

Lady Sal. ——And dost thou live indeed?
Amazing Providence! He does! he does!
Look! look! behold him, Eleanor! behold
The gracious form! The vision was not vain.
[Ele. *goes aside.*

Lord Sal. —And art thou, art thou then—

Lady Sal. —O my full bosom!

Lord Sal. —The same, by time or circumstance unchang'd?

Lady Sal. Unhoped reverse!—Hence, hence all former woes—

My lord! my life! hence, hence, be swallow'd up
All griefs, and lost in this most blissful hour.

Lord Sal. Thou art, I see, thou art the same, thou must—

Thou hast not yielded to another lord?

Lady Sal. Another lord!—and could you, did you think

'Twas so?

Lord Sal. Thus spoke loud rumour on my way:
Indeed, I scarce could think it.

Lady Sal. Oh! 'twas foul!
Indeed thou should'st not think it——

Lord Sal. Ever dear!
No more; my soul is satisfied, and thinks
Of nothing now but happiness and thee.

Lady Sal. Say then, thou wanderer—Oh! I have much

Of thee to ask, thou much to hear: how is't
I see thee, see thee thus? Where hast thou been?
What secret region hath so long detain'd thee?

Lord Sal. O thou! whose image, ever in my view,
Sustain'd me angel like, against the rough
And rapid current of adversity;
Should I recount the story of my fortunes,

Each circumstance, beginning from that day
We parted, to this hour, thine ear would be
Fatigued; the stars, ere I had ended, cease
To twinkle; and the morning's sun break in
Upon th' unfinish'd tale; suffice it thee
To know the sum:
For England we embark'd, when, black and foul,
A tempest rising, quick upturnd the seas,
And cast me forth upon a hostile shore.
Why need I tell thee, love, how, in disguise,
On foot, alone, I've toil'd my weary way,
Thro' dreary vale, o'er mountain wild; my bed
Oft of the blasted heath, whilst o'er my limbs
Damp night hath shaken her cold, dewy wings,
And the chill northern gale hath spent his breath
On my defenceless head?
Thro' what variety of strange events
I've come, Heav'n-guided, to behold, once more,
My wife?—But, ah! my son! our only hope!
My boy! what, what of him?

Lady Sal. Dear to these eyes
As is the new-born light of Heav'n! he lives;
Is well—But say, my lord, what would thy coming,
Thus unattended, thus disguis'd?

Lord Sal. How I escap'd from hard captivity,
And Gallia's coast, more leisure shall inform you.
My friend, Sir Ardolph, had but just embrac'd me.
(The first glad transports of our meeting o'er)
When, with an honest tear, the good old man

In brief disclos'd what fame had now reported;
That thou wert soon, or had'st, ere this, espous'd
Earl Hubert's nephew, and sole purpos'd heir.——

Lady Sal. Oh, most unhallow'd, thus t' abuse
My unattainted love!——And could my lord——

Lord Sal. Yet hear me.—Strait I grasp'd my sword;
And, single as I was, had sallied forth,
Had not my friend's sage counsels interpos'd.
By Ardolf sway'd, I veil'd me as thou seest;
And, with a sharer in the dark intent,
Set forward on my way for Salisbury castle:
A simple hind's low cottage, not far hence,
Receiv'd us. Here, fast by the green wood side,
We lodg'd; resolv'd, ourselves unknown, to prove
What doubtful rumour only had proclaim'd.
With this intent, at dusk of evening we
Forsook the cot.———

Lady Sal. There needs no more:—Heaven saw
Me, and was touch'd with pity.——What a change
This hour!—Sequester'd as I was, even like
The votarist; perhaps the destin'd prey
Of rude desire.——

Lord Sal. O for to-morrow's slow returning night!

Lady Sal. Say, what of that, my lord?

Lord Sal. Revenge, revenge——
I'll tell thee:—Soon as dark usurping night,
Shall chace to-morrow's sun adown the skies,
Know, Ardolph, with a chosen troop of friends,
To that same cottage, arm'd, shall come——

Enter ELEANOR.

Ele. My lord, I hear th' approach of hasty steps.

Lord Sal. Farewell, my best:
Nor peace nor sleep shall visit me, till I
Have given thee freedom, and reveng'd our wrongs.

Enter Knight.

Knt. Lord Raymond, sir, forthwith expects your coming.

Lord Sal. I will attend him.——Lady, fain would I
Have told thee less ungracious things; but all
Have their appointed trials. Learn to bear;
Convinc'd, the hand of Heaven, when it inflicts,
Prepares us oft for some superior good. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Within the Castle. Enter RAYMOND *and* GREY.

Raymond.

I SEE nor cause my joys to check; nor boast
As yet securely.

Grey. Think, that hope, the young,
The merry-minded fair, exalts us oft,
To make our fall the greater.

Ray. Why this cold,
This prudent maxim?

Grey. Mark the wary falcon:
Forward he shoots his piercing eye, and kens
The quarry from afar;—like his be thine,——
Perhaps, my lord, mine are but nicer fears,
Wak'd in a heart o'er anxious of thy welfare:—
Yet hath the younger of those strangers rais'd
In me suspicions of alarming hue,
Lest, underneath this honest guise, there lurk
Some subtle mischief. Lady Salisbury saw him:
Their conference, as 'twas long, so was it held
In secret——would we had been present.

Ray Granting
Our presence had been seemly——wherefore spoke
You not this counsel ere they met?

Grey. I saw not then the danger.
His honest carriage, and the recent change
Within her mind, had lull'd each nicer fear.

Ray. 'Till now unmov'd, say what hath wak'd suspicion?

Grey. I know not well.—Would she were firmly thine,
Beyond the reach and grasp of wayward fortune.
The knight, whose office was to introduce
Him to the countess, he dismiss'd, ere they
Approach'd th' apartment.

Ray. Indeed!

Grey. This too—Is it not strange, though night, and this
Thy proffer'd roof, invited his sojourn;
He would not wait th' approach of morning?

Ray. Are they gone?

Grey. Amid the unguarded joy
Which held us, they escap'd, unheeded.

Enter Second Knight.

Knt. My lord,
Two strangers, it is said, in palmers weeds
Attired, have lodg'd since morning in a hut;
You may have mark'd it, in the darksome glen,
Near to the forest of wild oaks, just where
The stream white rushes down the shelving cliff.

Ray. Since morning, say'st thou?

Knt. Further I have learn'd;—
Their guise, as doth appear from certain words
O'erheard, is borrow'd with design to mask
Some secret purpose. [*Exit.*

Grey. It must be so:—
Their close-concerted arts have foil'd our caution.

Ray. They scarce have measur'd half the precincts yet;—
Send forth my knights, we will pursue them.

Grey. No:—One way there is, and only one——But hence;
I hear the countess——She loves Lord William well:
And much, much will a pious mother, sure,
To save an only son. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lady Salisbury *and* Eleanor.

Lady Sal. In spite of this event, this blest event,
That hath restor'd the lord of this fond bosom,

Yet is my mind with doubts and fears disturb'd;
With images and wild conceits, of form
Unsightly; such as hover oft in dreams
About the curtains of the sick.——Alas!
Whilst others joy within the friendly roof,
Of night regardless, and the storm that beats
Without, he struggles hard; or he at best
To the dark shelter of the dripping wood.
Besides, what unknown perils may assail him,
Unaided thus, against whatever ill.——
Would he had waited the return of morn!

Ele. The night is dark indeed, the tempest high;
But hear me, lady, hear a pious lesson,
Which thy own lips to me have oft repeated:
There is a power unseen, whose charge it is,
With ever wakeful eye, to watch the good;
And peaceful ever is that breast, which trusts
In his angelic guard.—The hand
Of Heaven, that hitherto hath been his shield,
Will minister safe convoy to his steps,
Tho' night and darkness shed their thickest gloom.

Lady Sal. Misdeem not of my fears; or think I speak,
As over diffident of that same power
Thou nam'st, whose all surveying eye wakes ever;
Clear, unobstructed, either when the sun
Shrowds in night's shadowy veil, or when at noon
He shines reveal'd on his meridian throne.—
But where's the bosom throbs not, if it hopes?
Hope ever is attended with a train

Of wakeful doubts; and where the sweet nymph harbours,
There flutters also her pale sister, fear.——
But hence, as was our purpose, to the shrine;
Where, as is meet, for my dear lord restor'd,
I will, with grateful adoration———

Enter LORD WILLIAM.

Lord Will. Mother, I fain would know that stranger, who he is, that just now met me.

Lady Sal. And wherefore would'st thou know him, love?

Lord Wil. Gentle he was, and mild; not like those grim-fac'd ones I see here every day: and such kind things he did, as make me love him dearly.

Lady Sal. Say, what were they?

Lord Wil. He kiss'd me, strok'd my head, and patted me upon the cheek, and said———

Lady Sal. What said he, sweet?

Lord Wil. He said, 'Heaven bless thy beauteous head, sweet boy.'

Enter GREY.

Grey. Permit me, honour'd dame, I have a word
Or two, that claims thine ear.

Lady Sal. Then but a word;
My present cares ill brook long interruption.

Grey. Behold the blossom of the spring, how fair!
Yet in his velvet bosom lurks the worm,
And hourly wastes him of his choicest sweets;

Not less a foe is slow consuming grief
To beauty.——
You may remember, when we last conferr'd,
The gracious purport of your words to what
Concern'd Lord Raymond, when you taught his suit
To hope a prosperous issue; thus by me he speaks:
In the recesses of the hallow'd shrine,
Where with him stands the sable vested priest,
He waits thy coming; there with pious vows
Exchang'd, even now to consecrate thee his.—
May every rose-lip'd son of light look down,
And smile propitious on the joyful hour!

Lord Sal. Is this a season meet for such a theme?

Grey. For gracious acts all seasons should be meet;
Heaven shows the bright example; ever prompt
T' incline, when virtue lifts her suppliant eye.
But say, that for the present he forbore
His earnest suit, say, shall to-morrow make
Him happy? or to-morrow's night, perchance?
Or—what shall be the bright succeeding day?

Lady Sal. I know not;—nor will I submit me or
To promis'd league or tye; no, tho' thou should'st plead
Even with an angel's tongue.

Grey. You will not, lady!——
Know, then, this night, this hour must make thee his.

Lady Sal. This night! this hour!—Who'll make me his this hour?

Grey. A power, my lady, thou shalt learn to fear;

Force, force superior, that, with giant hand,
Plucks even the monarch from his throne—disrobes
The virgin of her honour; while distress
With streaming eyes and loose dishevell'd hair,
Hold forth her supplicating hands in vain.

Lady Sal. I know the monster thou would'st fright me with;
But I despise his power.——Hast thou ne'er heard?
Learn then of me a truth, a golden truth,
Grav'd on the registers of hoary time:
Virtue, with her own native strength upheld,
Can brave the shock of ruffian force, unmov'd
As is the rock, whose firm set base not all
The tumult of the western surge can shake,
Though the fierce winds uplift him to the stars.

Grey. This is a truth indeed may hold a place
On fancy's tinsel page:—What will avail
Thy virtue's boasted powers, when thou shalt see
Torn from thy feeble arms all thou holdest dear?—
Yes, lady, thy Lord William, thy lov'd son!

Lady Sal. Ha!—Save him, Heaven! He dare not sure——and yet——

Grey. Think, lady, think upon thy son.

Lady Sal. Protect
Him, O ye powers celestial!——angels watch
His steps, and hover round his harmless head!

Grey. Say, will you to the altar, lady?

Lady Sal. Sooner to my grave.

Grey. Thy obstinacy on his head.——Who waits?

Enter a Ruffian.

Lady Sal. What would'st thou here? Hence, execrable wretch!
Thou mak'st my blood run cold.
Lord Wil. Oh, mother, I am frighten'd.
Lady Sal. Dearest lamb!——
Hast thou no terrors for thyself?—Oh, Salisbury!—
Hast thou no fears?——Oh, I could tell thee what,
Like thunder, would appal thy hearing,—shrink
Up every nerve within thy blasted frame,
And make thee nothing.——Fear not, love.
Grey. Think not
With empty sounds to shake our purpose, say,
Will you comply?
Lady Sal. My little innocent!
Thou dar'st not, fell as is thy nature.——My love!
My life!
Grey. Convey Lord William hence.
Lord Wil. Oh, save me, mother, save me!
Lady Sal. Forbear your impious hands, forbear.
Grey. Or to the altar, or by all therein
I swear, this moment wrests him from thy view.
Lady Sal. Inhuman that thou art, can nothing move
Thee?—Oh! those little harmless looks would preach
Even to the hungry lion, make him pause,
And turn his rage to pity.
Grey. Nay, madam———

Lady Sal. Forbear, and I will go.——Whither?
Distraction! I will rouse
The castle.—Help!—My cries shall tear the roofs.
Help, help, Oh, help!—the mother and the son!
Grey. Your cries are vain.——

Enter LORD SALISBURY.

Lord Sal. Hold!—What is't ye do?
Grey. He here again!
Lord Sal. Speak, lady, would these men have wrong'd thee?
Pale fear is on thy cheek.

[Ele. *removes Lord* Will. *Exit* Grey *and* Ruf.

Lady Sal. Cold horror hath o'ercome me.
Lord Sal. Ever lov'd!
Sure thou wert sore distress'd, I heard thee cry.
Lady Sal. Ah, sore distress'd indeed! the hand of peril
Was on me; violence and murder star'd
Me full in all their hideous forms!
Lord Sal. Gracious powers! my fear, my fear, new-wak'd;
For thee it was, as Heaven decreed, that urg'd
Me back, and brought me to thy timely rescue.
Lady Sal. 'Twas Heaven indeed that brought thee hither now!
Yet I have wondrous fears:—thou art but one,
Surrounded by a legion of those fiends.

Enter RAYMOND, GREY, *and armed* Knights.

Ray. [*As he enters.*] Where is the audacious man
that hath presum'd
To question with such bold intrusion?
Lord Sal. If him you mean,
Who took the part of feeble innocence
Against the ruffian's arm,—he's here.
Ray. Which of you, slaves, have suffer'd him to
enter?
Knt. My lord, he bad us to unbar the gates,
Driven by the tempest, as he said, to seek
The proffer'd shelter he had late declin'd:
Pardon, if, deeming him your honoured guest,
We answer'd him with prompt compliance.
Ray. Say what dark purpose is't hath brought thee
hither?
Confess thee true, or by the blessed Saints
Thou shalt have cause to mourn the hour which mov'd
Thee, daring as thou art, t' approach our castle.
Lord Sal. To other regions, other climes with threats
Like these, where proud oppression lords it: here
The free-born subject knows not what it is
To be in awe of arbitrary power.
Ray. I will know what thou art.
Lord Sal. Even what thou seest
Am I; a man not prompt to offer wrong,
Yet of that frame, I brook not to behold
A noble lady made the prey of ruffians.

Ray. Intruder, bold as thou art officious, wherefore
Should'st thou concern thee in this lady's cause?

Lord Sal. The cause of innocence should be the cause
Of all—Confess thee, lord, was't nobly done,
To let those bold, those rude assailants loose,
And give a sanction to such foul proceedings?

Ray. Pilgrim, hast thou forgot thee? Who am I?

Lord Sal. Who art thou! Ask, ask thy deeds,
And they will answer. The breath of Fame hath told
How base they have been; they are gone abroad,
And the pure air is tainted with their foulness.

Ray. Presuming slave! whoe'er thou art, for thy
Unlicenc'd bearing dearly shalt thou answer.
Hence with the bold defamer; bind him fast;
Be instant death his lot should he resist—
Seize him, I say.

Lady Sal. Oh! spare him, spare—

Lord Sal. Out, servile ministers!
Ye know not who it is ye would attempt—
Oppressive lord! whom nor the sacred bond
Of justice, nor of hospitality
Controls, regard me: while with sight
More dire than e'er of Gorgon feign'd, I strike thee—
Now, Raymond, if thou hast of noble fire
One spark within thee, draw thy sword; come on,
And meet my arm; wake all that's man within thee.
Come on—— [*Flings of his disguise.*
'Tis Sal'sbury, Sal'sbury, calls thee to the strife.

Lady Sal. Heaven shield my dearest lord!

Ray. ——Salisbury! then what am I?—

Lord Sal. Vengeance at length is arm'd; thy fate cries out,
And honour—injured honour, claims aloud
Her victim.

Ray. —Secure thou seem'st of fate, but fall who will
A victim, let the sword— [*Drawing.*

Grey. What would you do?—
[*Aside, holding his arm.*
Look not to know him, all may yet be well—
Be not abus'd, my lord: this is a plot,
Devis'd with purpose to effect thy ruin.

Lord Sal. Ha! what do'st say?

Grey. Believe him not, my lord. He!—he Lord Salisbury!
'Tis all a trick, an artful cheat, and he
A liar trac'd—

Lord Sal. Nay then my sword—
—Dishonest knights!
[*Going to attack* Ray. *he is disarmed.*

Lady Sal. Now by these tears do him no violence;
He is, he is my husband.

Grey. Regard her not:
He hath conspir'd against thee, and demands
The hand of justice.

Lord Sal. Will ye not ope, ye Heavens, and instant send
Your thunder to my aid?—Unhand me, villains,
Or, by the powers of vengeance, I will dash
You piece-meal.

Ray. Bear the traitor hence, and bind

His stubborn arms: bestow the lady safe
Within her chamber.

Lady Sal. I will not part my husband—Hold your hands—

They overpower me—Barbarous, barbarous men!

Lord Sal. Ruffians forbear your more than impious hands.

Lady Sal. Yet hear me, Raymond—by these streaming eyes,

Oh! hear me yet—

Ray. Away—

Lord Sal. Slaves! murderers!

[*They are forced off severally.*

Ray. Away with him, away—honour is lost,
And shame must henceforth be my only portion.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter RAYMOND *and* GREY.

Grey.

My lord, you waste the precious hours in cold
Irresolute delays: nor circumstance
Nor time admit of long deliberation.

Ray. —Would I had never seen this fatal mansion!

Grey. A sorry wish, my lord.—Behold the fierce,
The lordly ranger of the desart wild;
No sluggish fear he knows; he pauses not,
Nor looks behind, but onward speeds him till

He gripes the trembling prey: be ever thus
The youth, whom thirst of love and beauty fires.

Ray. —Away; call forth my train—nay murmur not:
Command that, ere the lark proclaim the morn,
They hold them each prepar'd. Here I will rest,
If rest I can, this night; to-morrow's sun
Shall see me fled for ever from these walls.

Grey. ——Go——I detain thee not.
Summon thy train, mount the swift steed, away;
The gates shall open to thy flight.—But know,
That shame and scorn shall follow at thy heels.
Yet worse; the insulted baron next pursues thee:
Nor rocks, nor mountains, nor opposing seas
Shall stay him; but with more than mortal rage
He shall assail thee;

Ray. —Are there no other means?

Grey. None.

Ray. No other way but murder? Horrid thought!—
Oh! Grey, if ere the dagger's drawn I feel
Such perturbation here!—what then, oh what
Shall prove my portion when 'tis steep'd in blood?
The drops can from the point be wip'd away,
But never from the mind.

Grey. Lift, lift thine eye,
And let it gaze upon the bright reward.
Riches and honours grace the swelling act,
While beauty, like the ruby-crowned morn,
When first she 'pears upon the mountain top,
Comes smiling on to meet you. These are objects,

My lord, would irritate the palsied arm
Itself of fear; excite the lagging blood,
And spur it on to acts of noble daring.

Ray. What would you do?—Think—Salisbury is a name
Of all beloved, of more than vulgar sway
Throughout the land; a deed unauthoris'd
As this shall never 'scape the arm of justice.

Grey. Such wary counsels shall our steps o'er-rule
As may deride suspicion—One there is,
A knight among thy vassal train, perhaps
Unnoted: soft of speech he is, and fair;
But of a heart that mocks at human feelings:
Him I have sounded with reserve; and find
Him not unapt to this our secret purpose.—
But say, what recompence, what high reward
Awaits the man, whose arm for thee enacts
Such signal service?

Ray. Half my fortunes—all
Would I on him bestow, whose prosperous arts
Should make the fair one mine.

Grey She shall be thine.

Ray. But say, my friend, what tale—what rare device
Should fruitful art explore that might amuse
Her just suspicions?

Grey. Innocence—the mask
Of innocence, and counterfeited sorrow——

Enter ELEANOR.

Ele. If beauty in distress, if dignity
Now sinking into ruin can assail

Thy pity, come, oh! come, and weep to see——

Grey. The countess, I suppose.

Ele. My lord, my lord,
'Twould melt the savage into human softness,
And make him howl forth pity to behold her——
Oh! did you see her, pale, disorder'd as
She runs, now calling wildly on her lord,
Again upon her son, again on thee.
Sometimes, alas! she beats her beauteous bosom;
Anon in frantic mood tears from her head
The silken hairs, which fall in heaps unheeded;
Wrings her white hands, and weeps and raves by turns,
Till nature spent and wearied gives her pause.

Ray. Away—we will speak comfort to her sorrows.

[*Exit* Eleanor.

—Wretch that I am!—But I will yield them up;
Son, husband—all I will resign, if so
I may appease her phrenzy.

[*Going, is detain'd by* Grey.

Grey. Be not rash.
Short is the date of every stronger passion;
Unstay'd the mind of woman; by a breath
Oft agitated, by a breath compos'd—
Yield them, my lord! it would be madness, ruin.

Ray. Which ever way I turn, it is destruction.

Grey. O'ercast with fear, thine eye takes nothing in
But fancies of the sickliest hue—For shame,
Rouse, rouse, my noble lord; awake, shake off

This weakness. Pleasure must be woo'd with toil.
Go to her, solace her; if that should fail,
Permit her as by stealth to visit Salisbury;
At sight of him this tumult shall subside.

Ray. With love and pity I am torn. In vain
I strive; too far I am advanc'd in error.
Oh! will no hand disclose a path, whereby
I may return?—Accurs'd be thou, myself;
And doubly be accurs'd that fatal hour
I turn'd mine ear to thy destructive counsels.

[*Goes out in great agitation.*

Grey. [*Alone.*]——My hopes begin to totter.
If he resign them, Salisbury is appeased,
And he retires: what then becomes of Grey?
On me, on me of course the tempest falls.
That must not be—He goes to see her now—
Who knows what new sprung hope may follow thence?
There is a charm in soft distress, that works
Upon the soul like magic; causing love
Oft times, as oft exciting loose desire—
It is most apt. I will, before he goes
To her, explore each access to his heart;
Attack each avenue that leads to virtue;
Try every winning art that may assist
The loose contagion: should he seize her beauties,
Farewell remorse; then dies the injured husband.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Opens and discovers LORD SALISBURY *on the Ground, in Chains. Enter* LEROCHES.

Ler. Alas! on the cold ground! I fear his wrongs
Have made him mad; I heard him rage—My lord—
Rise, rise, my lord, and speak to thy Leroches.
Lord Sal. —Thou art unkind.
Ler. Oh! would to Heaven that I could ease thy troubles!
Lord Sal. I had in sweet oblivion lost myself
And every care; why hast thou call'd me back
To hated recollection?—O! my wrongs,
My wrongs! they now come rushing o'er my head—
Again, again, they wake me into madness.
Ler. Thy wrongs shall be reveng'd.
Lord Sal. Torn from them both!
——Let me not think.
Ler. Think on our friends, my lord:
Perhaps even now they are at hand; and soon
Will thunder at the gates.
Lord Sal. Is't possible?
Or do my eyes but false persuade me to it?—
In trammels! and within my walls! beneath
That roof where I am sole-invested lord!—
Ler. Look, behold.
Lord Sal. I see; thou are dishonour'd.
Ler. 'Tis the will
Of Heaven, and I submit me to my fortunes.

Lord Sal. How cam'st thou hither?
Ler. By command, as I
Suppose, of—but I will not name him.
Lord Sal. Blasts
Upon him!—Didst thou see my wife?
Ler. No, my lord.
Lord Sal. Nor my son?
Ler. My lord I saw not either.
Lord Sal. Nor of either heard?
Ler. No, my good lord;—I trust that they are safe.
Lord Sal. Hear me, sweet Heaven! ye throned powers above,
Dread arbiters of mortal doings, hear—
Dry not instant up the springs of life,
But grant me measure of revenge. Unbind,
For pity these dishonour'd limbs unbind,
And give this monster to my willing arm:
If I not firmly gripe, if I not tear
With more than savage force his hated form—

Enter a Knight.

Traitor!
What hast thou done? Bring forth my honour'd dame—
Haste, bring her instant; give her to my arms,
Uninjur'd, undefil'd, or, by the souls
Of the most holy and unspotted saints——
Spare me, good Heaven—I am, I am to blame.
Imports thy coming aught with me?
Knight. Behold
In me thy better angel, come to warn

Thee of unguarded danger—Oh! my lord,
My lord! beware of horrid treachery—
Whatever knight thou not'st, that, traitor like,
Approacheth thee with smiles; that, with the charm
Of honey'd speech, would practice on thy hearing,
Of him beware—They seek thy ruin; chance
Betray'd their purpose; I was touch'd with pity.
[*Going.*

Lord Sal. Nay, go not yet.

Knt. Suspicion's on the watch;
My thoughts are scarce my own.

Lord Sal. It is for guilt,
Not conscious honesty, to taste of fear.

Knt. Know then, my lord, tho' strict necessity
Enrolls me in the list of Raymond's train,
Yet doth my soul abhor the unhallow'd service.

Lord Sal. Be thou but faithful and discover all
Thou know'st, so shalt thou thrive in Salisbury's favour.

Knt. Fear not my faith. But shall Lord Salisbury prove
A friend indeed? For I shall need thy arm
And interest both against so great a foe.

Lord Sal. Now by my honour, ever yet held dear,
I will protect thee, 'gainst whatever foe.

Knt. Morton desires but this—Know then, that late
As by the western porch I stood, my ear
Was met by certain voices: strait I turn'd;
And thro' the crevice of th' adjoining door
Was known that same insidious knight and Grey,

In low, but earnest converse. Thee they nam'd;
And I could hear the latter, whilst he said,
'A dagger is the best. With honest smiles,
'And fair-instructed speech you must essay him.
'Thy peace and fortunes on this feat depend.'

Lord Sal. I thank thee for this warning; and ere long
Shall recompense thy love.

Mor. Had I the power
To serve thee, as the will, thou should'st not wear
Those marks of shame——But oh! the unhappy Countess!

Lord Sal. What, what of her?

Mor. Alas! to think the pangs
She feels this moment, torn as she hath been
By rude barbarians from her lord and son.

Lord Sal. But is she safe? Hath not dishonour reach'd her?

Mor. Oh may she never know dishonour!—Yet Lord Raymond——

Lord Sal. Perish the detested name
For ever! for it makes my blood outcourse
The wholesome speed of nature.

Mor. It is true,
He holds her in his power—

Lord Sal. He does, he does;
And I do live to know it!

Mor. But I trust
He will not use that power—Farewell, my lord;
I will away, and gather all I can
Of their condition.

Lord Sal. Thou shalt win my love.
See, see my wife, oh! see her if thou can'st:
Speak comfort to her. Say the only pangs I feel
Are for her safety. Bid her hope for timely aid;
But to remember still, the virtuous mind
Will welcome death itself before dishonour.

Mor. To see her, is a task I fear will foil
My utmost; but no art shall be untried. [*Exit* Mor.

Lord Sal. Is there no way to freedom?—Oh my friends!
My friends! Haste, Ardolf, haste to my revenge.

Ler. Thy fierce impatience, thy untoward will
It is, my lord, that hath betray'd our safeties.
To Ardolf deaf, thou would'st not wait his succours;
Deaf too to me, thou would'st approach the castle.

Lord Sal. Fear not: this stranger, like Heav'n's brighter star,
Hath risen propitious—Heav'ns! but what of that?
My wife!—perhaps even now within the gripe
Of fell incontinence she struggles—Beware
That thought—down, down, or I shall rage to madness.

Ler. My lord, he would not——

Lord Sal. Hark!—

Ler. He would not, dare not, sure: or if he dare,
Her inborn dignity, her virtue—

Lord Sal. Peace!—

Lady Sal. Hold off your brutal hands! [*From without.*

Lord Sal. 'Tis she! 'tis she!
The slave assails her—Let me forth——
Slaves! murderers! instant let me forth, or I——
Lady Sal. Hast thou no touch of pity?
Lord Sal. Horror! horror!
Out hair! out by the roots! nor let a grain
Be left to tell there grew such honours there.
Lady Sal. O, my lord! my lord!——
Lord Sal. By Heav'n I will not be restrained——
[Ler. *strives to stay him.*
Nor all your bolts, nor barriers, all the powers
Of hell united shall withhold me from her——
Ler. Preserve him, Heaven! I fear
Some act of horrid import——Oh! she comes!
Wild, wild as the rough ocean vex'd with storms.
[*Bursts forth.*

Enter LADY SALISBURY, ELEANOR, *and* MORTON,

Lady Sal. I will have vengeance. Such an outrage—No,
I will not weep. They think I have no means:
'Tis false: I will resume a spirit.
Ele. Alas! alas!
Lady Sal. I had a son: sweet William!—thou hast heard
Him prattle: there was music on his tongue.
Ele. Can Heav'n behold such crimes, and not awake
It's thunders?
Lady Sal. Weep'st thou? I can weep myself;

I have some cause——He is my husband—who
Will part us?—Cold, cold, cold. The rains beat sore,
And the winds make a noise; 'tis a rough night;
No little star to guide his darkling steps——
The Heavens do rain down pity for me.

Ele. Rave
Not thus, dear lady; oh! be comforted.

Lady Sal. Yes, yes; I know: these trifles have disturb'd me.
The bird is rifled.
Poor flutterer! oh! it was nought to spoil
Her of her little hope—— Did'st thou not see
Her valiant mate, how fierce he shook his plumes,
And peck'd at them? Did he not?——He had sav'd
His mistress from the spoilers, but they snar'd him.

Lord Sal. [*Entering.*] Where is the slave? I will not brook delay.

Lady Sal. He's come! he's come——Now ruffians, I have found
Him, we will die together ere you part us.

Lord Sal. Hell! what are your blackest horrors to this?

Lady Sal. We will have justice—Bury Grey alive.

Lord Sal. She's lost!

Lady Sal. Say you!—Put Raymond to the torture.

Lord Sal. I will tear him joint by joint.

Lady Sal. But they will part us——
They come—You shall not—no; no power on earth
Shall force me—Now they pull—Hold, hold, my lord—
Yet closer——now, now, now.

Lord Sal. My wife, my Ela!
Lost as thou art, oh! do not leave me.
Mor. Distressful sight! Oh, most inhuman Grey!
Ele. Nature, my lord, unequal to the conflict,
Has for a space retir'd within herself;
But shortly to return. This interval
Of death-like quiet will, I trust, recall
Her safer senses——She revives.
Lady Sal. But this is strange——
Ele. My lord,
Speak to her; sooth her, and she will be calm.
Lord Sal. Speak to her, sooth her——what have I with her? with thee?
Oh agonizing hour! Had I but perish'd
In the safe wave that buried my lov'd friends,
It had been well—'Twas cruelty to save me.
Lady Sal. Am I indeed awake?—Let me stand up—
What is the matter?
Lord Sal. My poor, injur'd wife!
Lady Sal. Nay, but inform me, I am overdoubtful;
I would believe, I know—if what I now
Behold, be not a dream, you are my husband?
Lord Sal. The wretch that was so call'd.
Lady Sal. Alack! alack!
Sure I have been afflicted sore—My lord!
My life!—why dost thou start from me? Oh take
Me to thy arms, for I have need of comfort!
Lord Sal. Art thou not undone?
Lady Sal. Indeed I have wept.
Lord Sal. Lost, stain'd, dishonour'd by a villain?

Lady Sal. How
My lord! Think'st thou that I have other wrongs
To weep than thou hast seen?

Lord Sal. I heard thee cry.

Lady Sal. I know not what I did—Dishonoured!—O!
The thought wakes every pulse to indignation.

Lord Sal. What! did he not assail thee?

Lady Sal. No—Assail me!

Lord Sal. Then thou art safe, thy honour unassay'd?

Lady Sal. So witness Heaven!

Lord Sal. The God of Heaven be prais'd!

Lady Sal. —And could'st thou think so meanly of me?—Oh!
I had let the life-blood from this bosom forth
Ere I had brook'd dishonour.

Lord Sal. Best of thy sex—Thy cries like daggers pierc'd me:
And fearful fancy pictur'd such a scene
As hurried me to madness—But thou art safe,
My wife is safe! and I am blest again.

Lady Sal. My heart o'erjoys—Then wherefore do I fear?

Lord Sal. I had forgot—our son; for him thou fear'st?

Lady Sal. Not only for my son, but for thyself,
Thy precious self I trembl'd—Oh, this fiend!
The slaves and agents of destruction, black
And bold, are station'd round him, and but wait
Their master's nod.

Ler. Would we were safe bestow'd
Without this fearful prison!
Lady Sal. Would we were!—
Think, think, my lord, is there no way of flight?
Lord Sal. Thou hast recall'd to my remembrance what,
If seconded by this our plighted friend,
May claim a serious and attentive hearing.
Mor. Small is the service I can boast my lord;
In all my best I shall be prompt to aid you.
Lord Sal. Hear then.—Deep underneath this vaulted ground,
Curious and close, by our forefathers scoop'd,
I do remember me there is a dark
And secret mine, which leads by many a maze
Without the castle.—Not far thence there stands,
Within the bosom of an aged grove,
An house for pious uses set apart,
The hallow'd seat of godly brethren: there
I fear not we shall rest secure of ill.
Lady Sal. Most opportune as could our wishes frame—
But oh! our little hope! our younger care!
Mor. My life shall answer for Lord William's safety.
Lady Sal. Then let us forth.
Mor. The night is over young;
The castle's yet awake, and would but mock
The attempt.
Lord Sal. Say, what shall be the appointed hour.

Mor. Some three hours hence, my lord; or ere the clock
Perchance have told the second watch—And now
That squint suspicion mar not, let us part.

Lady Sal. Then must we part?—But 'tis to save us all.
Three hours—farewell!—Oh! they will be three long,
Long hours to me!

Lord Sal. Farewell my best!—Mean time,
Leroches, we will rest us here apart.—Farewell,
Farewell! thou soother sweet of every care!
The God, that loves the unsullied mind, descend,
And be thy guardian till we meet again! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Forest and Cottage. Enter ARDOLF *and a* Knight.

Ardolf.

THE storm is laid; and from the parting clouds
See where the moon steps forth, pale goddess,
Chearing the dark, dull brow of hagard night.—
This is the forest—that the cottager's,
Or I do err, th' appointed place of meeting.

Knt. It is; behold the rock, as was describ'd,
The torrent foaming down his rugged side.

Ard. See, the bright harbinger of morning climbs
The steep of Heaven: they're in the first repose—
Wake, peasant, wake—How balmy sweet the sleep
Of him, who stretches under rustic roof!

His task of labour o'er, content he lays
Him on his rushy couch; nor elves, nor goblins,
(The coinage of swoln surfeit or of guilt)
Approach his peaceful pillow.—Wake, I say:
Peasant, awake.

Enter a Peasant *from the Cottage.*

Pea. Who calls?
What is your business, that at this late hour
You make the forest echo with your cries?
Ard. Peasant, are there not certain travellers
Within thy cottage?
Pea. No.
Ard. What! saw you not
Two stranger pilgrims pass this way?
Pea. I did.
Two such arrived ere the lark had risen
From her moss cabin, or the cock
Gave note of morn.
Ard. Say, gentle cottager,
Where may they now be lodg'd?
Pea. Nay, stranger, that
I know not. They went hence about the time
The bat began her twilight play.
Ard. 'Tis strange
They should depart—Left they no message?
Pea. None.——
They said, they wish'd to see the neighbouring abbey;
But would to-night partake our homely fare.
[*Returns into the Cottage.*

Ard. We now are in the precincts of the castle;
But whether to proceed, or wait, perchance
If they return, I know not.—Hark! some one
Approaches—who is there?

Enter LEROCHES.

Leroches!

Ler. Happily met—where are your friends?

Ard. At hand; and well appointed each—where is my lord?

Ler. In chains: in his own castle basely bound——
Torn from his wife and son.—How I escap'd—
But haste; time is too precious now for more:
His life hangs upon each eventful moment.

Ard. In chains! his life in danger!—Ho! my friends!
To horse, quick; we will rescue him, or perish.

Ler. Ardolf, pursue the eastern causeway you;
I with a chosen few will trace the path,
Which led me from the postern.

Ard. Wisely cautioned:——
Divided thus, we wage an easier war.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Within the Castle. Enter GREY *and* MORTON.

Grey. My noble Morton!——well hast thou repaid
The nicer hope which I repos'd in thee.
—Their unprovided rest outruns my wishes.

Mor. Fools! not to see through my hypocrisy!
That, in the borrow'd guise of honest friendship,
I studied but to lure them to my toils—
Conceal'd from upper light, it yields a safe
Retreat—through that they purpos'd their escape.

Grey. Within the secret womb of that same vault,
When all the castle's hush'd, their bleeding trunks
We will deposit.

Mor. Yes—we will be bloody.

Grey. Here is the weapon—Be firm, and prosper.

[Mor. *receives a dagger and goes out.*

——Thou too, unthinking fool, must this hour bleed—
Would it were over—they may chance to wake.—
Thou, Sleep! still child of sable-hooded night,
Befriend us! From thy dark Lethean cell
Up-conjure all thy store of drowsy charms:
Lock fast their lids, o'erpower each torpid sense,
That they awake not ere the deed be done—

[*Bell tolls.*

—The second watch: and like death's curfew, deep
And dismal verberates the solemn knell!

Enter a Knight.

Knt. A stranger, sir, who calls him Oswald, waits
Without the castle, and would speak with you.

Grey. Oswald!—He is our friend.

Knt. I have not learn'd
His errand; but, as it would seem, he comes
With news that much imports thy present hearing.

Grey. I'll speak with him anon.

Knt. I know not what
Their purpose; but even now, as on the tower
I stood, which high o'erlooks the eastern causeway,
Methought I heard the distant sound of horses,
As hither bent in full career.

Grey. Th' sound
Of horse!—Look out; call up our knights—away.
[*Exit* Knt.
—What can delay him?—Should my present hopes
Miscarry, I will bear the lady hence,
And make her hostage for my safety; nay,
Perchance, what I have some incentives to,
Supplant them both, the lover and the husband—
He comes!—

Re-enter MORTON.

Mor. Oh! that the earth would yawn and cover me!
Or that Heaven's quick-devouring fires had shrunk
And whither'd up this arm when it was rais'd—
Eyes! eyes! why clos'd ye not ere you beheld
The ghastly ruin?

Grey. Speak, direct——are they dispos'd?

Mor. Away!—thou hast destroy'd my peace for ever—
Had you beheld him as he lay, struggling
In the cold gripe of death; his cheeks o'erspread
With livid pale; those eyes, that late shot forth
So radiant, now quite sunk; their burning lamps
Extinct; while from the deep-mouth'd wound,
As from a copious fountain, issued forth

Life's purple springs.—
I would have fled, but horror for a space
Suspended every power.
Grey. 'Tis well—
Hast thou then slain Lord Salisbury?
At thy own peril be it—Help!—He has slain
The innocent!
They're murder'd, foully murder'd by a slave. [*Exit.*
Mor. The earth has teem'd with prodigies—this sure
Out-monsters all!

Enter RAYMOND *hastily, with his Sword drawn.*

Ray. On what purpose art thou here?
Mor. Lord Raymond cannot be a stranger sure.
Ray. A dagger!—what hast thou done?
Mor. Did not my lord approve the deed?
Ray. What deed?
Mor. How this!—My lord,
I had your sanction ratified by Grey;
With promise of nigh recompence the hour
When Salisbury should expire.
Ray. Accurs'd be he that told thee so; and thou
That gav'st him credit!
Mor. This is strange!
Ray. Approve!
I did not; by the powers of truth I did not—
Remorseless villain!—Where, where shall I hide
Me? whither shall I fly?—O deed of horror!—
Thy blood, detested hireling, shall in part
Compensate.

Mor. Hold—He cannot sure dissemble—
Wish you, my lord, this deed were yet undone?
Ray. What would the monster?—Oh! could I recall
His life by killing twenty thousand slaves
Like thee, it were a comfort!
Mor. I believe
That you are innocent:—know then, my lord—
He lives—he sleeps; and sleeps secure of harm.
Ray. Take heed thou dost not trifle.
Mor. I will confess
Me true, and Heaven forgive my foul intent!
I undertook to slay this innocent:
Approach'd him as a friend—I saw his sufferings;
Saw his distracted wife: at length I curs'd,
And in my heart abjur'd the wicked purpose.
Ray. Had'st thou the goodness! Then, perhaps—
Mor. I thought
Haply that you yourself might soon relent.
—This instrument of purpos'd cruelty,
I took; and with a fair-devised tale
Of Salisbury's death, amus'd the guilty wretch
That would ensnare your quiet.
Ray. Is this honest?
Mor. Approach, my lord, approach, and let your eye
Be witness of my truth—In doing thus,
I thought I should be deem'd Lord Raymond's friend.
Ray. Thou wert the best of friends!—Retire thou now— [*Exit* Mor.
One way there yet remains to reconcile
This double war, and heal my tortur'd bosom.—

Thou, that so soundly sleep'st, unguarded thus
[*Going to the side of the stage.*
Against whatever ill that may approach thee,
Awake!——rouse from the bed of listless sleep,
And see who comes to greet thee.

Enter LORD SALISBURY.

Lord Sal. Do I dream?
Or am I in the regions of the unblest,
Beset with monsters?——Though thou art a fiend,
I will attempt thee.

Ray. Rush not on my weapon.——
I have sought thee on a cause which honour loves;
And would not have thee mar my soul's fair purpose.

Lord Sal. Inglorious! base! Oh, shame to manhood!—Dearly
Shalt thou atone the accumulated wrongs
That I do bleed withal.——Nor sea, nor earth,
Though thou should'st traverse her remotest climes,
Shall shelter thee from my determin'd fury.

Ray. Think not that I shall fly thee; or that I
Have sought thee now, but on such terms as even
May challenge thy applause. I come a foe
Indeed, but I do come a generous foe.

Lord Sal. A generous foe!——The brave indeed aspire
To generous acts——their every thought looks up,
And honour's dictates are their only function:
But thou!—what terms would'st thou propose? What act

Of that essential virtue, that may rase
The ignoble stains wherewith thou art polluted?

Ray. The ignoble, and the brave alike have err'd;
And he that re-ascends to virtue's height,
Does often snatch a wreath, which never bloom'd
On safer wisdom's brow.——First let me loose
Those ignominious bonds, which have indeed
My own dishonour'd—not the wearer's arm.

[*Takes off his chains.*

Lord Sal. Say, to what purpose tends this honest seeming?

Ray. That I have wrong'd thee, I confess——take this, [*Gives him a sword, and draws another.*
The only restitution I have left.—
I know thou never can'st forgive, nor I
Forget:—The sword then judge between.

Lord Sal. Indeed!——
Lives there so much of honour then within thee?
Spite of the mighty wrongs which thou hast done
Me, I do thank thee.

Ray. Now fortune mark her favourite!——

[Ray. *is disarmed.*

Then she is partial, and I must submit.

Lord Sal. Take up thy sword again; my fair revenge
Disdains too cheap a conquest.

Ray. 'Tis too much.
Oh generous!—generous even to cruelty!——
Some way I would repay thee—Oh, that I

[*Takes up his sword.*

Had never seen thy wife!——It may not be——

Then let me tear for ever from my breast
The guilty passion:—thus I thank thee—thus
[*Wounds himself.*
Atone the mischiefs, that——Oh!—— [*Falls.*

Lord Sal. This indeed
Atones for all. Thou much misguided youth!
What tempted thee to stray so wide from honour?

Ray. Ask, ask that villain; he will answer all——
That villain Grey, whose wicked arts seduc'd me——
Forgive——I die, I die:—a dreadful proof
What ills await the wretch, who gives his ear
To vicious counsels.

Lord Sal. Dreadful proof indeed!——
I do forgive thee, so forgive thee, Heaven!

Re-enter MORTON.

Now where's my wife? where is my friend Leroches?

Mor. My lord, by my assistance he has fled.
——I saw how vain your purpose to escape;
His single flight was unobserved.——Your friends,
In quest of whom he hasted, are arriv'd:
That trumpet speaks it. [*A trumpet heard.*

Lord Sal. It is, it is, Sir Ardolf!—See, he comes.

Enter ARDOLF *and* Knights.

Ard. My noble friend!——safe!—crown'd with conquest too!

Lord Sal. Saw you Leroches?

Ard. My lord,
He sought the castle by a private path——
I thought he had been here by this.

Lord Sal. 'Tis well.
But where's my wife? my son?—my soul is maim'd
Of half its joys till I've again embrac'd them.

Enter ELEANOR.

Ele. My lord, my lord!——the countess and Lord William——
Send, send and save them from destruction!
With horses that outstrip the winds, the villains
Have borne her from the castle!
Lord Sal. Ravish'd by villains!——Mount your horses, haste!——
Ard. Say, which way have they fled?
Ele. West of the castle:
Heaven grant their swiftness mock not your best speed!
Ard. Now, good my lord, if I might speak——
Lord Sal. Speak not
To me; but forth and scour the country!
Ard. Hark!
Methought I heard a voice——
Ele. And I methought.——
Perhaps Heaven has been kind!—perhaps 'tis she.
Lady Sal. [*Entering.*] Now, hush'd be ev'ry fear—Where, where's my hero,
That I may once more hold him to my bosom?

Enter LADY SALISBURY *and* LORD WILLIAM, *conducted by* LEROCHES.

Lord Sal. 'Tis she! 'tis she!
My wife is in my arms again!—Speak, speak——
Oh, whence this precious, this unlook'd event?

Lady Sal. When the fell ruffian,
When Grey with impious hands had snatch'd us hence;
Then came my guardian angel—came your friend,
And rescued us from ruin.

Ler. Happy hour!
I took the path which brought me to their rescue!
The atrocious villain fell beneath this arm.

Lord Sal. My wife!
My son! my friend!—My God! my guardian God!

Ele. O joy, that they are here again!

Lord Sal. They're here! they're here!—my wife and son are here!——
Proclaim it, O ye sons of light!—spread wide
Your starry pinions, angels, spread them wide,
And trumpet loud throughout th' unmeasur'd tracts
Of highest Heaven, that virtue is made happy!

Lady Sal. Let the sun cease to shine, the planets cease,—
Drop every star from his ethereal height,
Ere I forget thee, source of every good!

Lord Sal. Friends, I am much beholden to you all.
My love! the gloom, that overspread our morn,
Is now disper'sd; our late mishaps
Recall'd shall be th' amusing narrative,
And story of our future evening, oft
Rehears'd. Our son too,—he shall hang upon
The sounds, and lift his little hands in praise
To Heaven: taught by his mother's bright example,
That, to be truly good, is to be bless'd.

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY MRS. DANCER.

THIS virgin author's such a blushing rogue——
What! no gay, lively, laughing epilogue?
'Madam,' says he, and look'd so wise! 'in Greece'—
(Greece—that's their cant) 'no jesting clos'd the piece.
'Play, epilogue, and all were grave and solemn'—
Then, sir, the town were fools that did not maul 'em.
No—let your heroine, in this laughing age,
Come thus (as Bayes says) souse upon the stage;
Then with a jaunty air—half smile, half grin,
Curtsey quite round the boxes, and begin.

A spark from court—no husband to detect him;
A pretty fellow too, and yet reject him!—
Now, ladies, let me die but it was silly——
You'll not approve such horrid prudery—will ye?—
I should have bless'd the occasion, and receiv'd him:
He should have kneel'd and vow'd, and I—believ'd him.
—Laugh'd, danc'd, and sported it till spouse came over,
Then kiss'd my dear—while Betty hid the lover.

But here again our Poet checks my flight:
'Nay, madam, you mistake the matter quite.

'My heroine liv'd in ancient, honest times;
'Cards were unknown, and gallantries were crimes.'—
Psha! what if females then were seldom rovers?
Husbands—(aye, there's the cause) were warm as lovers.
Their warlike days indeed were spent in killing;
But then, at night—no turtles were so billing.

Well—though he gives me no smart things to say;
I wish this begging face may save his play:
The thing may mend, and learn to please you better—
Do then—nay, pray you show him some good nature.

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